









**THE  
WRITINGS OF MANKIND**







# The Epsilon Sigma Alpha Sorority

Authorized Text

## THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

*Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive  
Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the  
Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philoso-  
phies and Religions, of Those Nations  
That Have Contributed Most  
to Civilization*

By

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AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"  
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES

*Illustrated*

VOLUME FIFTEEN

GERMANY - HUNGARY - FINLAND - RUSSIA



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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE EARLY ROMANTICISTS

**I**NTRODUCTORY. Goethe and Schiller were the great classical writers of the eighteenth century, but it was years before they came to be regarded as such.

In both may be seen romantic ideals, but neither can properly be called a romanticist. Even at the time of Schiller's death public enthusiasm for them had begun to wane, only to revive, however, for a different class of writers who occupied a more advanced position, so that the transition from classicism to romanticism advanced gradually and normally; and if we say that the eighteenth century was on the whole classical and that by the end of the first half of the nineteenth century romanticism was well established, we have set the limits as closely as possible.

There was a host of writers during that period whose work was highly meritorious,



and not a few whose works are still read with interest and approval by people with a literary turn of mind, but it is not important even to give a list of their names and a catalogue of their works. Our conception of different epochs and of the development of German literature will be more sharply defined if we confine ourselves to a study of the greatest writers only. Goethe and Schiller, with those whom we have already considered, are the leaders in poetry, drama, essays and history. Before leaving the epoch to which they belong, we should gain some idea of the writers of fiction, who, perhaps, more than any other class, were sensing the new romantic ideas that were finding their way from France into Germany and being developed on its own soil.

II. RICHTER. Johann Paul Friedrich Richter, better known under his pen name of Jean Paul and by his compeers and the public of his day called Jean Paul der Einzige (The Only; the Unique), was born at Wunsiedel, in Bavaria, in 1763. His father was a poor but ambitious schoolmaster, afterward ordained as a pastor, who destined his son for the latter calling, but at the university Jean Paul read omnivorously from the classics of France, Germany and England and determined to become a great writer. His first efforts in that direction were satirical in their nature and achieved little popularity. Accordingly, he returned to Hof, where his mother had dwelt in poverty since the death of her husband in 1779, and en-

deavored to earn a living for the two by his pen.

In 1793 his first successful book, *The Invisible Lodge*, appeared, and from that time forward his reputation increased rapidly. His sentimental heroes and the affecting positions in which they were placed brought tears to the eyes of his readers, as the works of Richardson and others had performed the same service for an earlier generation. Mingled with his sentimentalism was an ardent and thoroughly appreciative love of nature and an ever-present humor that consisted chiefly in plays upon words and in the bringing together of utterly incongruous ideas—a quality which rarely amuses the reader of the present day. In fact, considering the extreme vogue which Richter enjoyed during his life, it is surprising that he exists now as little more than a name and that his works are practically forgotten by the reading public.

One of his eulogists has said, "He has not lived for all men, but the time will come when he will be born for all, and all will mourn his loss. He stands patiently at the gate of the twentieth century, waiting with a smile for his crawling countrymen to come up with him," but time has proved the falsity of this prediction. If we are to look for causes of this fall from prestige, we may find them largely in his extraordinary style and the formlessness of his work. Carlyle has spoken of his "fantastic, many-colored, far-grasping, every-way per-

plexed and extraordinary mode of writing," and in so doing has characterized Richter's style more incisively than we can describe it, yet one who has time and patience at his disposal will find much that is entertaining in these very crudities. More serious is the lack of form in his works. He has no power to tell a story clearly and straightforwardly, but must ever ramble here and there at the call of every new idea and introduce extraneous matters that destroy the unity and ruin the march of events, no matter how charming are the digressions, considered independently.

In 1801 he married Caroline Meyer, and three years later the family settled in Bayreuth, where he led a peaceful, simple life, exerting great charm and fascination over his friends by his winning personality, and entertaining them with his genial nature and remarkable conversational powers.

In one respect Richter was certainly unique. In early manhood he formed a habit of making extensive notes from his reading. These he copied into blank books which he kept about him as a library in manuscript. Whenever the spirit moved or recollection suggested it, he seems to have used these notes in what he was writing, and they doubtless helped to increase his natural tendency to digression. At the time of his death he had nearly two hundred manuscript quarto volumes and a great many voluminous portfolios, filled with extracts on a great many subjects.





In 1821 Richter's son Max, an intelligent and promising young man, died from a nervous fever brought on by overwork at the university, and the loss was to Richter a blow from which he never recovered. Before this time he had become melancholy, as the following extract from a letter written in 1808 will show:

My heart is now rigid, barren and cold. The spring with all its starry heavens is nothing to me. I shall remain rigid and cold until the great world-game has been won. This however does not withhold me—it spurs me on—from working zealously with my individual powers for the general good. Let ~~him~~ whom the time strikes down, first raise himself again, and then it with him. If the plurality of devils has some power, that of angels has still more. Still more, I say, for human nature gives ten angels the balance against one hundred devils. . . . If this were not so, humanity instead of rising would long since have sunk under the preponderance of the weak, the stupid and the bad.

In the spring following his son's death he found one of his eyes was failing, and the treatment which was given it tended to increase a dropsical complaint from which he was already suffering. From this time his strength failed rapidly till the time of his death, in November, 1825.

III. THE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY." In 1825, shortly before his death, he began an *Autobiography* of a romantic nature, which, however, was left incomplete. A few passages from it will be of interest and will give as good an idea of his style as anything we can select. He is writing of his boyhood:

Four hours before and three hours after dinner our father used to give us our lessons, which consisted entirely of learning by rote—verses, catechism, Latin words, and Lange's grammar. We had to learn the long rules of the genders for each declension, together with the exceptions and the adjoined Latin examples, without understanding a word of it all. If on a bright summer day my father went into the country, we got some such confounded exceptions as *panis* and *piscis* to learn for the next morning; but my brother Adam, for whom the whole day hardly sufficed for his frolics and games of all kinds, seldom had an eighth part of them left in his head, for it was not often that he was lucky enough to get such delightful words to decline as *scamnum*, or, better still, *cornu*, in the singular, of which he could at any rate say the Latin half. Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, it was no easy matter, on a bright June day, when the allpowerful ruler was not at home, to arrest and imprison oneself in a corner, there to stamp and impress two or three pages of words into one's head; on a bright summer-day, I say, it was no easy matter—but it was harder still on a short, snowy one in December; and you must not be surprised that my brother on this account always carried away a few stripes after such days. The Professor of his own history can, however, make this general declaration,—that never throughout his whole school-life was he flogged either in part or completely; the Professor always knew his part.

Only the end of the winter evening contained a horrid wasp sting, or vampire tongue, for our hero. The children, you must know, had to betake themselves at nine o'clock to the guest-room, in the second floor; my brothers were together in one room, and I shared the guest-room with my father. Until he had finished his reading downstairs, which lasted for two hours, I lay up above, with my head under the bedclothes, in a perspiration for fear of ghosts, and in the darkness I saw the lightning in the cloudy Spirit-heaven, and it seemed to me as if man him-

self was spun of Spirit-caterpillars. Every night I helplessly suffered thus for two hours, until my father at length came upstairs and drove away the ghosts, like a morning sun chasing away the dreams. The next morning all fear was quite forgotten, as if it had been a dream, though it always returned again in the evening. Yet I have never said a word about this,—except to the world this day.

This terror of ghosts was certainly—if not created, yet—fostered by my father. He spared us not one of all the ghostly apparitions and tricks of which he had heard, and even on some occasions believed himself to have experienced; but, like the old theologians, to a firm belief in them he joined a firm courage ~~against~~ them, and Christ and the Cross were his shield against the whole ghostly universe. Many a child, physically very timid, displays at the same time great spiritual bravery, but merely from lack of imagination; while a second child, on the other hand—like myself—trembles at the invisible world, because the imagination gives it a visible form, but easily takes courage against the visible, as that never reaches the depth and height of the other. Thus any sudden appearance of physical danger—for example, a horse running away, a thunder-clap, war, or the fire alarm—made me only collected and calm, because I fear only with the imagination, not with the senses; and to me, even a ghostly form would at once congeal to an ordinary earthly body, if I had once got over the first shudder, so long as it did not drive me again, by grimaces and noises, into the endless realm of fancy. But how, then, is the instructor to guard against the preponderance of the tragic spirit-invoking imagination? Not by refutation or Biesterian and Wagnerian resolutions of the supernatural into the commonplace—for the possibility of unresolved exceptions still remains firmly grasped by the deepest feelings—but partly by prosaically leading up to, quartering on, and familiarizing with the times and places, which otherwise kindle the bewitching flames of the imagination, and partly by arming the fancy against



fancy, by opposing the spirit to the spirit, and to the devil—God.

Even in the day-time, on particular occasions, this ghostly dread would sometimes come over me. At a burial, I always had to carry my father's Bible through the church into the sacristy, before the procession with pastor, schoolmaster, children, cross and myself, set out amid psalms from the church to the cemetery near the village. Willing and courageous enough did I gallop through the gloomy silently-hearkening church into the little sacristy; but which of us can picture to himself the fearful, trembling flight-leaps with the whole spirit world pursuing at my heels, and that frightful shoot from the church-door? And if one did describe it, who would not laugh? And still I always accepted the office of Bible-bearer without a word, and silently kept my fear to myself.

The most lovely of summer birds (a delicate blue butterfly) fluttered around our hero in this beautiful season; it was his first love. She was a blue-eyed peasant girl of his own age, with slim figure, oval face, slightly marked with small-pox, but with a thousand looks which take captive the heart as in a magic-circle. Augusta, or Augustina, lived with her brother Römer, a fine young fellow, known as a choral singer and reckoner. It did not indeed come to a declaration on the part of Paul,—unless this lecture shall fall into her hands,—but he played out his love-story with spirit at a distance, she in the women's seats in church, and he in the vicar's pew, by looking at her closely enough, and not growing tired of it. But this was the beginning only! for when of an evening she drove her milch cows home, which he always knew by the unforgettable bell, he used to climb on the wall to see and beckon to her, and then ran again to the door, to the speaking-grating,—she the nun without, he the monk within,—in order to screw his hand through a chink (no more than this was allowed outside), and to drop something eatable into her hand, sugar-almonds, or some other

dainty, which he had brought from the town. Many a summer, alas! he did not three times attain to such happiness,—generally he had to consume all the good things himself, and the vexation into the bargain. Yet when for once his almonds did fall, not on stony ground, but in the Eden of his eyes, then there grew from them in his imagination a whole blossoming garden full of fragrance, wherein he would walk for weeks. For pure love wishes only to give and to become happy by making so; and if there was an eternity of perpetually-increasing capability of giving happiness, what would be more blissful than love?

. . . . .

In this focus of love Augustine remained towards Paul, and never during many years did he live to see the time when he so much as pressed her hand. Of a kiss we will not think. Even when he sometimes flew shamefaced and hastily to the lips of a plain servant girl of his parents, whom he did not love a bit, both body and soul boiled up unconsciously and innocently in the kiss; but the actual lips of a beloved one, who shone down just at the hottest, in the aphelion, on his deepest, most spiritual love would have immersed him in burning heavens, and melted and volatilized him therein into a glowing ether. And I could wish that he had been volatilized once or a few times while still at Joditz. When in his thirteenth year, he, or much more, his eye, was driven eight miles from the beloved one, as his father had received a better living, he burdened a young Joditz tailor, whom his father had taken with him, for love of the dear village he had left, and had kept for some weeks in the new and capacious parsonage, with a number of petty potentates, whom he had drawn from painted life, with grease and soot, and had colored with deceptive exactness, with the help of his paint-box; these he commissioned the tailor to deliver to Augustine with the message that the knights and princes were from him, and he gave them as an everlasting keepsake.

IV. "LEVANA." Richter did not confine his writing to novels, for he published a large number of essays on various topics and one book on education, the *Levana*, a treatise which, to use his own words, considers "neither national nor congregational education; it elevates neither state nor priest into educator; but it devolves that duty where the interest ever ought to be, on the parents, and particularly on the mother." While not now considered an authoritative production, *Levana* still may furnish to every teacher a sort of inspiration and to every parent excellent ideas for the bringing up of his children, in spite of the fact that much of the work has become entirely out of date through the progress of civilization. Richter can scarcely be called an original thinker in this line, but he has grouped together a vast amount of educational material garnered in the wide range of his reading. We make two selections from the *Levana*. The first relates to punishments:

Never let the contest of parental and childish obstinacy take place; the one in punishing persistency to obtain its object, the other in enduring refractoriness. After a certain amount of exerted authority, leave to the grieved child the victory of No; you may be certain he will the next time avoid so painful a one.

Tremblingly I venture to propose suggestive questions, presupposive of the matter—such, it is well known, are forbidden to judges, because they would thereby attach to the prisoner's answer what they had first derived from it; and because, by this blackening of forbidden wares, they would soon arrive at the blackening of the accused

thus urged to stumble. At the same time I would permit the educator occasionally to make use of such questions. If he know with every likelihood of truth that the child, for instance, has been on the ice, contrary to his order, he may, by the first question, which only concerns indifferent by-circumstances, as, how long he has been on the pond and who was sliding with him, take away from him at once the wish and the attempt to pay the inquirer with the false silver of a lie; a wish and an attempt to which the simple question, whether he had remained in the house, would have afforded room and temptation. It is impossible that wickedness and presence of mind can be so great in a child, that in this confusing assault he will declare the seeming omniscience of the parental inquiry to be a lie, by himself giving a bold lying denial of the fact. Children, like savages, have a propensity to lie, which has chiefly reference to the past, and behind which, as Rousseau's lie about the ribbon proves, the truthfulness of riper years is developed. Baser and more dangerous than lies about what is past are prospective lies, or those about the future, by which the child, else the echo of the present, annihilating himself, declares, with the consciousness of doing so, the design of a long contrary course of bad action: the lie of the past steals good money, the lie of the future coins false. The carefully moral use of a similar leading question at least renders difficult the so dangerous success of the titular truth of a lie; for one successful lie is the mother of lies; and out of every wind-egg the devil hatches his basilisks.

One word about after-anger! A serious punishment of a child is scarcely so important as the quarter of an hour immediately succeeding, and the transition to forgiveness. After the hour of storm every seed-word finds a softened warm ground; fear and hatred of the punishment, which at first hardened and struggled against what was said, are now past, and gentle instruction falls in and heals, as honey relieves a sting and oil cures wounds. During this hour one may speak much, if the gentlest possible tone of

voice be used, and soften the grief of others by showing our own. But every long winter of after-wrath is poisonous; at most an after-grief, not an after-punishment, is allowable. Mothers, viewing everything on the foundation of love, and so treating their children like their husbands, fall easily into this after-punishment, chiefly because it better agrees with their activity, gladly dividing itself into little parts, and because they, unlike the man, who sets the stem round with thorns, willingly cover the leaves with prickles. I have, dearest lady-readers, met the gentlest, mildest "Blondinas" in public places, who, nevertheless, in the nursery (and in the servants' hall too) resembled beautiful white roses, which prick as sharply as the fullest and reddest. Unfortunately it is often the case that women, like so many authors (myself, for example) do not know when to stop and say, Halt! A word which I have hitherto vainly sought in every female dictionary, and in every female street-quarrel. Now this after-anger, this should-be-punishing appearance of loving less, either passes over the child, living only in the present and resembling a beast which immediately after the greatest pain and madness eats on peaceably, without being understood and without having any effect; or, from the same sense of the present, the child reconciles himself to the want of marks of affection, and learns to do without love: or his little heart is embittered by the continued punishment of a buried fault; and so by this after-rancor the beautiful affecting passage to forgiveness is lost, which by long gradations is weakened. But afterwards this after-tax of punishment, so dear to women, may do good service when the girl is about thirteen years old, and the boy fourteen: this later, riper age counts so much past in its present that the long regretful seriousness of a father or a mother must move and influence a youth or a maiden at the time when their hearts thirst for love; in this case coldness ripens and sweetens the fruit, whereas earlier it only kills the blossom. Is there anything more beautiful than a mother who, after a punishment, speaks to her child with gentle

earnestness and serious love? And yet there is something even more beautiful—a father who does the same.

The second extract is taken from his chapter on the education of girls:

A woman feels, but does not see, herself; she is all heart; her very ears are ears of the heart. To observe herself and what appertains thereunto, viz., reasons, is too disagreeable for her. Perhaps it was on this account that our ancient jurisprudence sooner put a man upon his oath than a woman, but applied the torture sooner to her than to him. Reasons change and affect the firm man more easily than the weak versatile woman: as lightning passes better through solid bodies than through the thin air.

What then will happen? Feelings come and go, like light troops following the victory of the present: but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast. Shall we now by anatomizing it rob the heart of its fair fullness of inner life. It were sad if one could do it; but Sömmering, after the thousand ears he has dissected, still experiences the charms of harmony; and the philosopher, even after publishing his theory of morals and of taste, still feels the power of conscience and of beauty.

Let a girl learn to prove, analyze and explain, not her feeling, but the object of that feeling; and then, having experienced the wrongness of the object, she will be compelled during the whole continuance of the sensation to follow only the insight she has gained. Do not oppose the feelings, but the imagination.

This, in a picture of war, for instance, compresses the miseries of a nation into one heart; those of a day or of a year into one moment; the various possibilities into one certainty: now, if by means of the severing concave mirror of reason, we separate this fancied focus into its various individual rays, the feeling is not destroyed, but only deferred. But, dear mother, cherish and protect

every warm and tender feeling which years themselves bring and form, and do not revel in the sensibility of your youngest daughter, and lose yourself in tears of love while relating some lamentable story, or imparting such feelings in all their nakedness. For in future years either these beings will succumb to their feelings, or their feelings to them. Feelings, flowers, and butterflies live all the longer the later they are developed. Anything, whether mental or physical, which will certainly at some time come into real existence, may without injury arrive somewhat late, but not too soon; and the Germans of Tacitus preserved without disadvantage that heart full of energy which they gave for ever to one, even though it might not be a young virginal one, which had beaten for them in many battles.

Sin not against your daughters, nor blasphemously offend the spirit of God, by showing and recommending, even indirectly, any excellence they may possess, be it art, science, or the sanctuary of the heart, as a lure to men, or bait for catching a husband: to do so is truly to shoot wild fowl with diamonds, or to knock down fruit with a scepter. Instead of making heaven a means and handle for this earth, we should, in the highest possible degree, elevate this as a means of attaining that. Only an understanding of the general regulation of a house,—order, knowledge of house-keeping, and similar matters, should be spoken of as valuable for the future groundwork of the marriage tie. The so called lady-like accomplishments are, at most, but garlands of flowers by which Cupid may be bound; but Hymen, who breaks through these, and garlands of fruit too, is best guided and held by the golden official chain of domestic capability.

By persuasive speech impart clearness to principles, and, by dint of repetition, give them the force of intuitions. Especially, permit as little as possible the enjoyment of self-commiseration, which, merely for the pleasure of hugging pain, flies from every cheerful light. The hatred and correction of every humor, and war against every objectless frame of mind, are exercises. Even in

the smallest matters, let nothing willful pass unpunished in your daughters.

V. “SIEBENKAES.” A brief account of one of Richter’s novels will be sufficient. We have selected the one which bears the extraordinary title *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces; or, the Wedded Life, Death and Marriage of Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkaes, Parish Advocate in the Burgh of Kuhschnappel (A Genuine Thorn Piece)*. The fantastic element which is usually presented in the novels of Richter finds a large place in this curious story. Siebenkaes, a sensitive, poetic advocate and writer, has an intimate friend, Leibgeber, who resembles him physically in an extraordinary degree. In fact, they are readily mistaken one for the other; the only notable difference is that Leibgeber limps. In the ardor of their friendship the young men exchange names, and in so doing gave the opportunity for a tricky guardian to deny to Siebenkaes a legacy which he needs to support himself and his practical wife, Lenette. This wife possesses no trace of the romantic nature of her husband, and after a very happy honeymoon the differences between the two make life miserable for both. Lenette is persecuted by an unprincipled lord and protected by a man of means, but she remains as innocent and faithful as she is commonplace. After a long term of bickering and quarreling Siebenkaes leaves home and meets his friend Leibgeber, who introduces him to Nathalie, a young English woman, for whom he conceives a pas-



sionate love. Leibgeber is a wandering character with no fixed abode; but he has received a remunerative appointment, which he now urges Siebenkaes to accept. After much plotting, it is finally decided that Siebenkaes shall feign sickness and apparently die, and that an empty coffin shall be buried, while he accepts the position offered to Leibgeber. The latter pursues his wanderings under another name. Deceived by the stratagem, Lenette in time marries her friend, but dies in giving birth to a child. Siebenkaes, who has repented of his act, confesses to the man who has employed him as Leibgeber and returns to his former residence, where he learns what has happened to Lenette by visiting his own grave. While there he meets Nathalie, who has come to mourn over his untimely decease. Siebenkaes discloses his real identity, and the two are united. The story offends somewhat against good taste, and shows not a little of the *Sturm und Drang* opposition to conventional morality. Moreover, it is a work of nearly six hundred closely-printed pages and is so discursive as to be really wearisome, yet there are many passages of great beauty and a great deal of amusing comment, which in a way redeems the book from being considered commonplace. The following selection is descriptive of the wedding of Lenette and Siebenkaes:

The bridegroom had never yet kissed his bride. He knew, or fancied, that his face was a clever one, with sharp lines and angles, expressing energetic, active effort,

not a smooth, regular, “handsome” one: and as, moreover, he always laughed at himself and his own appearance, he supposed it would strike other persons in the same light. Hence it was that, although as an every-day matter he rose superior to the eyes and tongues of a whole street (not even taking the pains mentally to snap his fingers at them), he never, except in extraordinary moments of dithyrambics of friendship, had mustered up the courage to kiss his *Leibgeber*—let alone *Lenette*. And now he pressed her hand more closely, and in a dauntless manner turned his face to hers (for, you see, they were in the dark, and he couldn’t see her); and he wished the staircase had as many steps as the cathedral tower, so that *Leibgeber* might be a long time coming back with the candle. Of a sudden there *danced* (so to speak) over his lips a gliding, tremulous kiss, and—then all the flames of his affection blazed on high, the ashes blown clean away. For *Lenette*, innocent as a child, believed it to be the bride’s duty to give this kiss. He put his arms about the frightened giver with the courage of bashfulness, and glowed upon her lips with his with all the fire wherewith love, wine and joy had endowed him; but—so strange is her sex—she turned *away* her mouth, and let the burning lips touch her cheek. And there the modest bridegroom contented himself with one long kiss, giving expression to his rapture only in tears of unutterable sweetness which fell like glowing naphtha-drops upon *Lenette*’s cheeks, and thence into her trembling heart. She leant her face further away; but in her beautiful wonder at his love, she drew his closer to her.

He left her before his darling friend came back. The tell-tale powder-snow which had fallen on the bridegroom—that butterfly-dust which the very slightest touch of these white butterflies leaves upon our fingers (and hence it was a good idea of Pitt’s to put a tax on powder in 1795)—told some of the story, but the eyes of the friend and the bride, gleaming in happy tears, told him it all. The two friends looked for some time at each other with embarrassed smiles, and *Lenette* looked at the ground.

Leibgeber said, "Hem! Hem!" twice over, and at length, in his perplexity, remarked, "We've had a delightful evening!" He took up a position behind the bridegroom's chair, to be out of sight, and laid his hand on his shoulder, and squeezed it right heartily; but the happy Siebenkaes could restrain himself no longer; he stood up, resigned the bride's hand, and the two friends, at last, after the long yearning of the long day, as if celebrating the moment of their meeting, stood silently embracing, united by angels, with Heaven all around them. His heart beating higher, the bridegroom would fain have widened and completed this circle of union, by joining his bride and his friend in one embrace; but the bride and the friend took each one side of him, each embracing only him. Then three pure heavens opened in glory in three pure hearts; and nothing was there but God, love, and happiness, and the little earthly tear which hangs on all our joy-flowers, here below.

In this their great joy and bliss, overborne by unwonted emotion, and feeling almost strange to each other, they had scarce the courage to look into each other's tearful eyes; and Leibgeber went away in silence, without a word of parting or good night.

A curious conceit is that of the clock of human beings:

At 3 A. M. the yellow meadow goatsbeard awakes—also brides—and then, too, the stable-boy begins rattling and feeding the horses under the lodger. At 4 (on Sundays) awake the little hawksweed, and ladies who are going to the Holy Communion (*chiming* clocks these may be called) and the bakers. At 5, kitchen-maids and dairy-maids awake, and buttercups; at 6, sowthistles and cooks. By 7, a good many of the wardrobe women of the palace, and the salad in the Botanical Gardens, are awake, as well as several tradeswomen. At 8, all their daughters and the little yellow mouse-ear—all the colleges and the leaves of flowers, piecrust, and law-papers, are open. At 9, the

female aristocracy begin to stir, and the marygolds, to say nothing of a number of young ladies from the country, in town on a visit, glance out of their windows. At 10 and 11, the Court ladies, the whole staff of lords of the bedchamber, the green colewort and pippau of the Alps, and the Princesses' reader, arouse themselves from their morning slumber; and (so brightly is the morning sun breaking in through the many-tinted silken curtains) the whole Court curtails a morsel or so of its sleep. At 12, the Prince; at 1, his consort, and the carnation in her flower-vase—have their eyes open. What gets up at later hours in the afternoon—about 4 o'clock, say—is nothing but the red hawksweed and the night watchman (a cuckoo clock), and these two are but evening dials, or moon clocks. From the hot eyes of the poor devil who opens them only at 5 (with the jalap), we turn our own away in sorrow; he is a sick man, who has *taken* some of it (the jalap), and only passes from fever-fancies of being griped with hot pincers to genuine, waking spasms.

I could never tell when it was 2 o'clock, because I, and a thousand other stout gentlemen and the yellow mouse-ear, were always asleep at that hour; though I awoke, with the regularity of an accurate repeater, at 3 in the afternoon and at 3 in the morning.

Thus may we human creatures serve as flower clocks to higher intelligences when our petals close upon our last bed, or as sand-glasses when our sands of life are run so far out that they are turned over into the other world. On such occasions, when seventy of man's years have ended and passed away, these higher intelligences may say, “Another hour already! Good God! how time flies!”

The following selection will show something of Richter's appreciation of nature and its beauties. Siebenkaes is leaving home secretly for the meeting at which Leibgeber introduces him to Nathalie:

The watchman's last call at length drew him from his sleeping chair out into the starlight, breezy morning; but, first, he crept once more into the bed-room to the rose-maiden dreaming there, warm and happy, pulled the window to (for there was a cool air from it falling upon her unprotected breast), and would not suffer his lips to touch her in an awakening kiss. He gazed at her by the light of the stars and early blush of dawn, till he turned his eyes away (fast growing dim) at the thought, "perhaps I may never see her again."

As he passed through the sitting-room, her distaff seemed to look at him as if it were a thing of life; it was wrapped in broad bands of colored paper (which she had put on it because she had not got silk); and there was her spinning-wheel, too, which she used to work at in the dark mornings and evenings when there was not light enough for sewing. As he pictured her to himself working industriously at them while he was away, every wish of his heart cried out, "Ah, poor darling! may all go well with her, always, whether I ever come back to her or not."

This thought of the *last time* grew more vivid still when he was out in the open air, and felt a slight giddiness produced, in the physical part of his head, by agitation and broken sleep, as well as natural regret at the sight of his home receding from view, and the town growing dimmer, and the foreground changing into background, and the disappearance of all the paths and heights on which he had so often walked a little life into his benumbed heart, frozen by the past winter. The little leaf whereon, like a leaf roller, or miner-worm, he had been crawling and feeding, was falling now to earth behind him, a skeleton leaf.

But the first spot of foreign, unfamiliar soil, as yet unmarked by any "Station of his Passion," drew, like a serpent-stone, an acrid drop or two of sorrow-poison out of his heart.

And now the solar flames shot higher and higher up upon the enkindled morning clouds, till, at length, hun-

dreds of suns rose in an instant in the sky, in the streams and pools, and in the dew-cups of the flowers, while thousands of varied colors went flowing athwart the face of earth, and one bright whiteness broke from the sky.

Fate plucked away most of the yellow, faded leaves from Firmian's soul, as gardeners remove those of plants in spring. His giddiness diminished rather than otherwise as he went on; the walking did it good. As the sun rose in heaven, another, a super-earthly sun, rose in his soul. In every valley, in every grove, on every rising ground, he broke and cast away a ring or two of the chrysalis-case of wintry life and trouble (which had been clinging so tightly to him), and unfolded his moist upper and nether wings, and let the breeze of May waft him away, on four outspread pinions, up into the bright air among the butterflies, but higher than they, and over loftier flowers.

And then with what a burst of power the life within him began, under this new impetus, to boil and seethe, as, issuing from a diamond-mine of a valley all shade and dew-drops, he walked a pace or two up through the heaven-gate of the spring. It was as if some great earthquake had upheaved a new-created flowery plain, all dripping from the ocean, stretching further than the eye could reach, all rich in youthful powers and impulses. The fire of earth glowed beneath the roots of this great hanging garden, and the fire of heaven flamed above it burning the colors into the trees and flowers. Between the white mountains, as between porcelain towers, stood the bright tinted, flowery slopes like thrones for the fruit goddesses. And all over the face of this great camp of gladness, the cups of the flowers and the heavy dewdrops were pitched, like peopled tents. The earth teemed with young broods, and sprouting grasses, and countless little hearts; and heart after heart, life after life, burst forth into being from out the warm brooding-cells of Mother Nature—burst forth with wings, or silken threads, or delicate feelers—and hummed, and sucked, and smacked

its lips and sang. And for every one of these countless honeysucking trunks a cup of gladness had long since been filled and ready.

In this great market-place of this living city of the sun, so full of glory and sounding life, the pet child of the infinite Mother stood solitary—gazing, with bright and happy eyes, delighted, around him into all its innumerable streets. But his eternal Mother wore her veil of immeasurable immensity, and it was only the warmth which pierced to his heart which told him that he was lying upon her breast. Firmian reposed from this two hours' intoxication of heart in a peasant's hut. The foaming spirit of a cup of joy like this went quicker to the heart of a sick man such as he than to those of the commoner run of sufferers.

When he went out again the glory had sobered down into brightness, and his enthusiasm into simple happiness. Every red ladybird fluttering on its way, every red church-roof, and every sparkling stream as it glittered and glistened with dancing stars, shed joyous lights and brilliant colors upon his soul. When he heard the cries of the charcoal burners in the wood, the resounding cracking of whips, and the crash of falling trees, and then, when coming out into the open, he saw the white chateaux and roads standing out against the dark-green background like constellations and milky ways, and above the shining cloud specks in the deep blue sky; while lights flashed and darted everywhere, now down from trees, now up from streams, now athwart saws in the distance—there was no such thing as a foggy corner left in his soul, nor a single spot in it all unpenetrated by the spring sunshine: the moss of gnawing, corroding care, which can grow only in damp shade, fell from his bread-trees and trees of liberty out here in the glad, free air, and his soul could not but join in the great chorus of flying and humming creatures which was rising all round him, singing:

“Life is beautiful, and youth is lovelier still; but spring is loveliest of all.”

VI. THE SCHLEGELS. The Romantic school, if so vague an association may be given a name, began with the Schlegels, Tieck and Hardenberg, who were associated to a certain extent, had some ideas in common, and began the use of the word "Romantic" as applied to the writings of their friends and others. August Wilhelm von Schlegel was born at Hanover in 1767, and five years later his brother, Karl Wilhelm Friedrich, was born at the same place. Both were educated at home and at Göttingen, and while they pursued their careers independently, yet some of their work was produced in common and the two names are usually associated in literature.

It is probable August Wilhelm's chief title to fame is in his excellent translations of seventeen of the plays of Shakespeare, which he turned into idiomatic German with a remarkable skill, especially in bringing out the meaning of Shakespeare and in the peculiar reproduction of line for line. In other respects critics find the translations faulty, but their effect was to introduce Shakespeare to the German people in such a way that his popularity has continued to increase, and his influence on literature and life in that country has been as great as though he were of their own nationality. Universally as Shakespeare is known, no other language has contained such excellent translations. The original writings of August were uninfluential and have been almost forgotten.



In perfecting his translations from Shakespeare, Schlegel was assisted by his wife, Karoline, the highly-educated daughter of a Göttingen Orientalist. She had led an erratic life, and in 1803 was divorced from Schlegel and married the philosopher Schelling. What was her share in the translations of Shakespeare cannot be definitely ascertained, but after her divorce Schlegel translated no more plays. From 1804 he lived with Madame de Stael at Coppet, Geneva, except for a short period when he was court secretary to the crown prince of Sweden. From 1818 to the time of his death in 1845 he was professor of literature at Bonn.

Friedrich von Schlegel, having joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1809, became court secretary at Vienna, where he continued his writing for many years. His wife, Dorothea, whom he abducted from her home, was the distinguished daughter of Moses Mendelssohn. His death occurred in 1829. The writings of Friedrich are numerous, and they produced a very considerable effect upon the literature of Germany, but he set himself up as critic and philosopher, wrote in a dictatorial style and with a lack of literary skill and originality that make him of little interest to the general reader, however influential he may have been with students. Among his principal writings are the *Philosophy of History*, a *History of Literature*, a *Philosophy of Life* and a number of essays and more extended works on aesthetics and history.

VII. THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL. The origin of the word "Romantic" as applied to literature is not exactly clear, and it is even more impossible to determine exactly what is meant by the expression. The general idea seems to have been to unite in one all the prevalent methods of thought and composition and to extend it to all writing, fiction, poetry and philosophy. A "Romantic" writer, it appears, might be anything, so long as he was popular. When asked to furnish a definition of "Romantic," Schlegel wrote that he could not very well send it, as his definition was one hundred twenty-five pages long. If there was a vagueness and indefiniteness in the use of the word then in Germany, it has persisted elsewhere to the present time, and it is unwise now to attempt to confine within the limits of a definition a great movement whose natural result was to release writers from the bonds of classicism and to enable each to follow the call of his own genius in such forms as he might himself approve.

The association of the two Schlegels with the movement was close and very real. In the first place, they started the *Athenaeum*, which ran a brief career and passed away without regret, but from its publication is dated the beginning of German romanticism. Friedrich was the leader in the publication, and his assumption of supreme judgment was generally accepted, while his extraordinary enthusiasm for Goethe was instrumental in extending that

author's influence and in bringing his style into a more general acceptance.

VIII. NOVALIS. Friedrich von Hardenberg, better known by his nom de plume, Novalis, was born in 1772 and died of consumption in his twenty-eighth year. Highly regarded by Tieck and the Schlegels, he has found many admirers outside his own country. The English critic, Carlyle, says:

As a poet Novalis is no less idealistic than as a philosopher. His poems are breathings of a high, devout soul, feeling always that here he has no home, but looking, as in clear vision, to a "city that hath foundations." He loves external nature with a singular depth, nay, we might say, he reverences her, and holds unspeakable communings with her; for Nature is no longer dead, hostile matter, but the veil and mysterious garment of the Unseen; as it were, the Voice with which the Deity proclaims to man. These two qualities,—his pure religious temper, and heartfelt love of nature,—bring him into true poetic relation both with the spiritual and the material world, and perhaps constitute his chief work as a poet.

Novalis studied at Jena, Leipzig and Wittenberg, after which he went to Armstadt, where he met a young girl, Sophie von Kühn, then only twelve years of age, and conceived for her a passion not unlike that of Dante for Beatrice. Tieck speaks of her as follows:

All persons that have known this wondrous loved one of our friend, agree in testifying that no description can express in what grace and celestial harmony this fair being moved, what beauty shone in her, what gentleness and majesty encircled her.

Two years later Sophie died, and Novalis was left to mourn inconsolably. During this period he composed five poems, written in prose intermingled with verse, which he called *Hymns to the Night*. Carlyle speaks of this work as the most ideal of the idealists, and the poems treat, to quote the words of the writer, of the vague longings or aspirations of the soul as higher and truer than all science and philosophy. The seventh hymn, called *Longing for Death*, has been, with a few changes, thus translated by Helen Lowe:

Into earth's bosom let me go,  
Far from light's realms descending!  
These stinging pains and this wild woe  
Portend a blissful ending.  
The narrow bark shall waft us o'er,  
Full soon to land on Heaven's calm shore.

Praised be that everlasting night;  
Praised, never-broken slumber;  
Day with its toils hath worn us quite,  
And cares too long encumber;  
Now vain desires and roamings cease,  
We seek our Father's House in peace.

What should we do in this cold world  
With Love and Truth so tender?  
Old things are in oblivion hurled,  
The new no gladness render:  
O sorrowful his heart and lone  
Who reverent loves the past and gone!

Those ages past, whose purer race,  
High thoughts with ardor fired,  
When man beheld our Father's Face,

And knew His Hand desired ;  
While many a simple mind sincere  
Resembled still His image clear.

Those days of old, when spreading wide  
Ancestral trees were growing ;  
When even children joyful died,  
Their deep devotion showing ;  
While though life laughed and pleasure  
    spake,  
Yet many a heart for strong Love brake.

Those times of yore when God revealed  
Himself in young life glowing ;  
With early death His Passion sealed,  
His precious Blood bestowing ;  
Nor turned aside the stings of pain  
Us nearer to Himself to gain.

Through deepening mists how vainly gaze  
Our fond thoughts, backward turning ;  
Nought in this dreary age allays  
The thirst within us burning ;  
We must arrive our home within  
That ancient Holiness to win.

What still delays our wished return ?  
The Loved have long been sleeping ;  
Their graves our earthly journey's bourne—  
Enough of fear and weeping !  
With fruitless striving long annoyed  
The heart is weary, the world a void.

Strange rapture ever new, unknown,  
Through the faint frame is thrilling ;  
Hark ! the soft echo of our moan  
The hollow distance filling ;  
Whence toward us our loved ones bend,  
Their breathings of desire ascend.

Down to the loved bride we go,  
To Jesus gone before us;  
Be of good comfort, mourners; lo!  
Gray twilight deepens o'er us;  
A dream dissolves our chains unblest,  
Our Father, take us to His Rest.

About a year after the death of Sophie, Novalis met Julie von Charpentier and became engaged to her. At about the same time, too, he formed a friendship with the Schlegels and with Tieck, all of whom encouraged him, and the young poet's life seemed to be relieved from the melancholy that had overshadowed it. However, his joys were brief, for he fell sick, and in March, 1801, he died at the home of his parents, listening to the music of the piano, which he had asked his brother to play. Tieck paid the following tribute to him:

The expression of his face was very much like that of John the Evangelist, shown in Albert Dürer's glorious engraving. His friendliness, his geniality, made him universally beloved. He could be as happy as a child; he jested with cheerfulness, and permitted himself to become the object of jests for the company. Free from all vanity and pride of learning, a stranger to all affectation and hypocrisy, he was a genuine true man, the purest and most lovely embodiment of a noble immortal spirit.

Beside the *Hymns to the Night*, a collection of *Devotional Songs*, and his fragments, a collection of idealistic writings on various subjects, his chief work and perhaps the most important novel of German romanticism is his

*Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, an incomplete story founded on *Wilhelm Meister*, but vastly different from that work in its treatment. Of Protestant lineage, Novalis nevertheless found in Catholicism the strongest appeal to an aesthetic, and though he never joined the Church, as did Schlegel, his tendencies were toward it, and had he lived it is quite within the range of probability that he would have united with it. In the Middle Ages he finds the legendary minnesinger, Heinrich Ofterdingen, and uses him as the hero whom he intends to put through all the experiences of life, learning the meaning of art, religion and statesmancraft, and gradually acquiring all that philosophy could offer. The immensity of his conception made the completion of the work almost impossible, and at times he carries his symbolism so far that his meaning can be understood only partially. The childhood of Heinrich has been spent in Eisenach, where he has caught a glimpse of a wonderful blue flower, which becomes the symbolic goal of his spiritual longing. His life is a search, then, for the blue flower. Early he accompanies his mother on a visit to his grandfather in Augsburg, and on the way falls in with merchants, who discuss literature and art, and from these discussions Heinrich dates his entrance into poetry. In Augsburg he selects Klingshor for his master and learns from him the romantic mysteries of poetry. He loves the daughter of Klingshor, who dies as Sophie has died, and then Heinrich, as did Novalis

himself, finds consolation in a new love. Of a higher type than Wilhelm Meister, Heinrich has a definite object of search, the kingdom in which he was to find the blue flower, in the possession of which he was to reach the joy and fruition of all his labors. As we have said, the novel is incomplete, and what the blue flower really symbolized still remains a mystery.

IX. TIECK. Johann Ludwig Tieck (1773-1853) was the youngest of the Romantic school and the friend of the Schlegels and Novalis. His works show more clearly, perhaps, than any other writer the complete change from the *Sturm und Drang* to romanticism, for his first production, the novel *William Lovell*, belongs with the former epoch, though there are traces of romanticism in it. Incomplete, with a hero evidently modeled on Wilhelm Meister but still very different in temperament, the novel is full of action and incident, mostly of the melancholy and horrific type. However, the style is such that one rises from its reading more with the impression of disconnected descriptions of crimes and horrors than of a tragic tale.

A different phase of Tieck's genius is shown in his plays, which, however, were written not to be acted, but to be read, and are dramas only in the sense of form. One of these, a version of *Puss in Boots*, is considered one of the best of satiric dramas in the German language.

A native of Berlin, W. H. Wackenroder, a gentle, boyish man, was the intimate friend



of Tieck, and to him the latter owes the best part of his romantic inspiration. Together they wandered on foot through Germany, becoming more and more intimately acquainted with nature, and discussing together philosophy, art and the new movement. While Wackenroder's personal contributions to literature were not extensive, his influence was remarkable, and it was he who called to the attention of Tieck the mine of wealth contained in the old folk-stories. The latter tells these tales in a most romantic manner, reveling in the supernatural like a child and bringing all nature, the trees, the birds, the flowers and even land and sea into romantic connection with all that he writes. The *Kaiser Octavianus* is a long medieval tale which glorifies that epoch and shows how strong a hold medievalism had upon the romanticists and upon Tieck in particular; but it never led him into the Catholic communion, as it did some of his friends. Some of his writings indicate in him the same ideas and temperament which afterwards found expression in the school described as pre-Raphaelite.

X. "ECKBERT." Without going further into detail concerning Tieck's writings, we can give an excellent idea of his contributions to literature by reciting in a condensed form his little masterpiece, *The Blond Eckbert*:

Residing in the Hartz Mountains was a fair-haired knight, Eckbert by name, who had reached middle life and was living in temperance and sobriety. Though

usually lively, yet there was a taint of melancholy in his disposition. His only intimate friend and most frequent guest was Philip Walther, whose manner of thought was similar to that of his friend. Walther's residence was in Franconia, but frequently he appeared in Eckbert's neighborhood and would often stay for half a year at a time gathering and studying plants and minerals, in which occupation Eckbert was a frequent companion. One autumn evening, after their intimacy had become well established, Walther was sitting with his friend after supper when the latter called in his wife Bertha and suggested to Walther that he listen to the tale of her childhood, which was remarkable enough.

Having declared that strange as her narrative might appear it was nevertheless strictly true, the wife gave an account of her early childhood in a cruel peasant family, in which the father and mother quarreled incessantly and the father particularly was extremely unjust to the little girl. One day, after having been punished in the most violent manner, she retired to her room, but not to sleep, and after a restless night, rose from her bed and ran away. Through the woods and over streams she passed and finally came to the mountains, which, from the tales she had heard in the peasant home and from their forbidding appearance, terrified her soul. Nevertheless, she entered them and climbed high among their summits, where at last, on a mossy nook, she lay down to spend a night of terror, in which the sounds of the wilderness were frightfully real.

“When the light shone upon my face, I awoke. Before me was a steep rock. Up this I climbed, hoping to discover some outlet from the wilderness and perhaps to see houses and men; but when I reached the top, still as far as I could see there was nothing but crags and precipices covered with a dim haze. The day was dark and cloudy and no tree, no meadow, not even a shrub could I find,—only a few stunted and shaggy bushes growing in the clefts of the rocks. My longing to see any human creature, any living mortal, was unutterable

and I should have rejoiced even though I had feared an attack. Hunger tortured me and I became so faint that I sat down and made up my mind to die. After a while, however, the desire to live overmastered my misery. I roused myself and all day wandered forward, weeping and sobbing heartbrokenly. As night came on, I was so tired and spent that I sank down in despair, wishing to live and yet fearing death. The country had grown a little less savage and as I looked about once more the wish to live grew strong in my thoughts. It seemed to me that I heard the sound of a mill in the distance and hastening my steps I soon reached the edge of the barren, rock-bound summits and saw before me woods and meadows with soft green hills in the distance. It seemed as though I had stepped out of hell into paradise and my loneliness and helplessness no longer terrified me."

The mill, however, turned out to be only a water-fall, and when the child was taking a drink from the hollowed palm of her hand, she heard a slight cough behind her and turning saw an old woman dressed in black, with head and almost all of her face covered with a black hood. As the little one begged food, the old woman gave her some bread and wine and told her to follow along.

"The offer delighted me, strange and forbidding as was the old woman's look and voice. Limping rapidly away on her crutch, and at each step twisting her face curiously, I felt as though I must laugh. More and more the wild rocks retired behind us and evening came on apace. All things seemed melted into the softest golden red; the trees were standing with their tops suffused by the sunset; on the fields lay a mild brightness; even the leaves upon the trees were standing motionless; the brilliant sky was like an open paradise; and the gushing of the brooks and from time to time a gentle rushing of the leaves resounded through the serene air as a pensive joy. Here for the first time my soul was taken with the thought of the world and its vicissitudes. I forgot my-

self and my leader; my spirit and my eyes wandered among the shining clouds.”

Having reached a little hut, the travelers were met by a nimble little dog, who danced around the old woman, fawned on her, and wagged its tail, then came toward the girl, viewed her on all sides, and looked back in a friendly way to its mistress. From the hut came the curious song of a bird, which ran like this:

“Alone in wood so gay  
 ’Tis good to stay,  
 Morrow like to-day,  
 For ever and aye;  
 Oh, I do love to stay,  
 Alone in wood so gay.”

When they had entered the hut it was already dusk, but the little girl could see how neat and clean everything was and discovered in the dim light a bird in a cage, which sang the song she had heard, again and again. The old woman was now exhausted, but she patted the dog, spoke to the bird, and finally brought out supper. After a second evening prayer, the old woman pointed out a bed in which the child lay down to rest, and with the birches rustling before the window and the song of a distant nightingale, the child passed from one strange dream into another all night long. In the morning, the old woman put her to work spinning and gave her charge of the bird and the dog. By daylight she was able to see the exquisite beauty of the winged songster with its feathers glittering in all possible colors, the finest deep blue and most flaming red alternating about neck and body, all of which beautiful feathers were thrust out in the most charming manner whenever the bird sang.

For years the little girl lived with the old woman, spinning her daily task, caring for the dog and bird, learning little, but wondering more. After a time the old woman seemed to place more confidence in her and told her a secret. Every day it seems that the bird laid a

tiny egg, in each of which was a valuable pearl or other jewel. These were gathered carefully and put away in jars hidden here and there about the house. Oftentimes the old woman went away and sometimes stayed for months at a time. During the quiet and retirement of these long absences, the little girl brooded over her condition and dreamed of the future and what it might contain. Ideas of love entered her mind and in her imagination she created a beautiful knight, who some time would come, relieve her from her irksome tasks, and take her away to live in some splendid castle. So vivid were these imaginary pictures that the child learned to welcome the absence of the old woman and really dreaded her return; yet at all times she was treated like a daughter and her daily wants liberally supplied.

One day the old woman spoke to her, saying: "Thou art a good girl, and if thou remainest so, all will be well with thee, but no one ever prospers when he leaves the straight path; punishment will overtake him, though it may be late." Such advice surprised the child, who thought about it continually and wondered why the old woman should have suggested such a thing to her. At fourteen such ideas breed rapidly and discontent follows in the train of dreaming. One day the idea of running away entered her mind and when the old woman next left, this idea had grown to such proportions that she determined to set out.

"I never tended the dog and bird with such care as I was now doing, for they had grown much nearer my heart than formerly. After the old woman had been gone some days, I rose one morning in the mind to leave the cottage, take the bird, and set forth to see the world so much talked of. My heart was burdened with a wish to stay where I was, and yet the idea of that afflicted me. My soul was torn by strange contentions as between two discordant spirits. One moment most beautiful seemed my peaceful solitude, but the next the image of a new world did enchant me. I did not know what to

make of it. The dog was leaping up continually about me; the sunshine was spreading abroad over the fields; the green birch trees glittered. I felt as though there was something I must do in haste, so I caught the little dog, tied him in the room, and took the bird in the cage under my arm. The dog writhed and whined at this strange treatment and looked at me with begging eyes, but I feared to take him with me. Still, I took one pot of jewels and concealed it, leaving the rest behind. I took the direction opposite to the wild rocks, and it touched my heart to hear the dog still whining and barking. The bird, too, tried to sing, but the shaking of the cage prevented him. The farther I went, the fainter grew the barking and at last it ceased altogether. I wept and had almost turned back, but the longing to see something strange and new still hindered me.”

The journey of the little girl was not without its adventures, the most important of which was that one day, carrying the cage, she wandered into a little village and was surprised to find it the one in which she was born. Joy filled her soul as she went to the cottage of her peasant parents and when she opened the door strange faces only greeted her and she was informed that both father and mother had died years ago, so she withdrew quietly and in tears left the village. Finally she found a pleasant little village where she hired a small house and garden, took a maid, and though unable to forget the old woman and the unkind way in which she had been left, nevertheless lived a contented life. The bird had ceased to sing for a long time, but one day he broke forth with a new rhyme:

“Alone in wood so gay,  
Ah, far away!  
But thou wilt say  
Some other day,  
’Twere best to stay  
Alone in wood so gay.”

From this time the bird continued to sing the same song over and over until its loud, shrill notes and clear song grew so trying to Bertha that she opened the cage and grasped and wrung its neck. When she loosened her fingers, the bird was dead and she buried him in the garden. Soon after this Sir Walther appeared and offered his hand. With the acceptance of him her story ended. "But with our tattle," added Bertha, "it is getting very late. We must go to sleep." As she was about to depart for her chamber, Walther kissed her hand and wished her good-night, saying, "Many thanks, noble lady, I can see you with your singing bird and feeding poor little Strohmian."

Eckbert found himself unable to sleep, for he could only think of what now seemed to him the unwisdom of telling the story to Walther. Moreover, he became suspicious of his friend and wondered if Walther would not endeavor to obtain possession of the jewels or spread the story of his wife's childhood. It seemed to him as though Walther had not taken leave of him as cordially as he might have expected, and the feeling grew, every trifle seeming to confirm it. Yet, he reproached himself incessantly for his suspicions and at breakfast-time met his friend as usual, though he noticed that the latter was rather cool. Bertha, the wife, did not feel able to come to breakfast, her health gradually failed and a real sickness became more and more apparent. Walther very rarely came to the castle and when he did stayed but a short time and then left with a few meaningless words. Both Bertha and her husband were very much disturbed by this action. One morning the former sent to her husband and gave the cause of her illness; she had been worrying because of Walther's attitude while she told the story and because of the strange remark he made when she was through. She remembered very well that she had not pronounced the name of the bird, yet *Strohmian* was what it was called. Eckbert, after a few moments of silent thought, tried to comfort his wife, but quickly went out, more than ever disquieted. To relieve

the strain, he took his bow and started out to hunt. It was a rough, wintry day, with snow lying on the hills and bending down the branches of the trees. His ill-humor increased rather than diminished, and finally, when he saw Walther at a distance gathering moss from the trunks of the trees, he raised his bow and, in spite of a threatening gesture, shot an arrow, which lodged in the heart of his friend. This by no means quelled the torment in his soul and his life thereafter was one of remorseful agony.

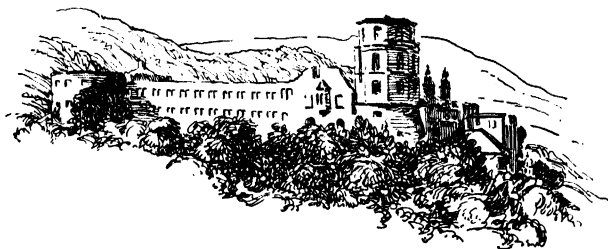
A young knight named Hugo appeared and the two became inseparable. Eckbert, however, was still tormented by remorse and felt an insatiable longing to unbosom himself to his friend, and finally, driven to despair, he yielded to his desire and asked Hugo if he could love a murderer. Hugo received the confidence in a kindly manner, but immediately Eckbert began to grow suspicious of him and thought that he could always see malice in his smile; and when finally on an occasion Hugo was discovered talking with an old knight, who had always been an enemy of Eckbert's, the latter was satisfied that they were discussing him and his crime. Moreover, as he gazed, the face of Hugo took on the appearance of Walther and Eckbert believed that it was in reality his slain friend who was talking to the old knight. Almost insane at the spectacle, Eckbert fled from home, became entangled in a labyrinth of rocks in the mountains, and only after a long and difficult climb did he meet an old peasant, to whom he offered some coins for guidance. The peasant would not take the coins, and again in his face Eckbert saw the lineaments of Walther. At a distance he heard the sound of lively barking and from the birch trees, among which he had emerged from the hills, he heard a bird singing in the strangest notes:

“Alone in the wood so gay,  
Once more I stay;  
None dare me slay,



The evil far away :  
Ah, here I stay,  
Alone in wood so gay."

The world around him seemed enchanted and he was incapable of thought or recollection, so confused that he was unable to separate dream from reality, and wondered whether he had ever had a wife or a friend Walther. Just then a crooked, misshapen old woman hobbled, coughing, up the hill on her crutch. "Art thou bringing me my bird, my pearls, my dog?" she cried to him. "See how injustice punishes itself. I was Walther, I was none other than Hugo." "God of Heaven," exclaimed Eckbert to himself, "in what frightful solitude has my life been passed?" "And Bertha was thy sister," said the crone, as Eckbert sank to the ground. "Why did she leave me so treacherously? Her time of trial was nearly finished and all would have been well. She was the daughter of a knight, who had had her nursed in a peasant's house. She was the daughter of thy father." "Why have I always felt the presence of this dreadful thought?" cried Eckbert. "Because in early youth thy father told thee. On account of his second wife he could not keep Bertha with him." Eckbert lay dying on the ground. Faint and bewildered, he heard the words of the old woman, the barking of the dog, and the bird endlessly repeating its strange song.



OLD HEIDELBERG CASTLE



## CHAPTER XV

### THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM

**T**HE SECOND PERIOD. The works of those authors whom we considered in the last chapter belong to the first period of the romantic movement. Immediately following came Arnim, Brentano and their friends. Numerous were the writers, and glowing their enthusiasm. They condemned devotion to the classics as narrow and cold, inimical always to real culture and progress. The ancient world to them was separated from the modern by an immeasurable distance; the new views that had been advanced in science, philosophy and religion, and the changes that had occurred in modes of thought, in customs and manners had made old methods and ideals in literature of little value. In the Middle Ages they found their inspiration, and as over

the crudeness and misery of those dark years they threw a veil of romance, from under its folds they conjured scenes of surpassing beauty. Not in poetry alone, but in all literature, in painting, sculpture and architecture, as well, the glowing spirit of imperishable youth appeared, no longer rebellious and overwhelming, as in the *Sturm und Drang*, but refined, inspiring and elevating. Such enthusiasm naturally led to extravagances which injured the cause and hastened its decay, but all Germany was influenced more or less by the movement, and in general for the good.

Among the writers of the school were many of excellence, but, excepting a very few, none rose to the first rank and produced masterpieces that remain still popular. Of Werner, Arndt, the Von Arnims and Brentano, as well as of some others, it would be interesting to write, had we the space, but the introduction of so many brief studies might serve only to befog the reader's conception of a movement which, as we have intimated, was somewhat vague. More will be accomplished by an intensive consideration of a few writers.

To conclude this section, let us quote from Heinrich Heine:

That the Romantic school in Germany was something very different to what passes by the same name in France, that the tendencies of German Romanticists had little in common with those of French Romanticists, will be apparent from what follows. What, then, was the Romantic school in Germany? It was simply the re-awaking of

medieval poetry as manifested in the songs, the sculpture, the architecture, the art and life of those times. This poetry, however, was a special development of Christianity; it was a passion-flower which sprung from the blood of Christ. I know not if the melancholy flower that we in Germany call the passion-flower bears the same name in France, or whether French folklore ascribes to it the same mystic origin. It is that strangely discolored flower in whose calyx are represented the instruments of torture which were used at the Crucifixion, the hammer, pincers, nails, etc.—a flower by no means repulsive, only spectral; nay, as we gaze at it we feel a gruesome pleasure like the bitter-sweet sensations which the twinges of physical pain may sometimes excite in us. In this respect the passion-flower might serve as the fittest symbol of Christianity itself, for the very secret of Christianity, which at once attracts and repels us, is the deification of suffering.

II. NAPOLEONIC INFLUENCES. The rise of the Romantic school was coincident with Napoleon's career, and was more than a little influenced by it. Heine, in his lecture on the movement, says:

We might very well have endured Napoleon, but our rulers, while hoping to rid themselves of him by Heaven's help, at the same time indulged the fancy that the concentrated forces of their peoples might be called in to coöperate with Providence. With this intention they went about to stir up a common sentiment of race among the Germans, and even the most exalted personages began to talk of German nationality, of a common Fatherland, of the union of the Christian German family, of the unity of Germany. We were ordered to be patriots, and we were patriots, for we do all that our rulers bid us.

But this patriotism must not be confounded with the feelings which bear the same name in France. To a Frenchman patriotism means that his heart is warmed,

that this warmth extends and diffuses itself, that his love embraces not only his immediate belongings, but the whole of France, the whole of the civilized world.

A German's patriotism, on the contrary, means that his heart contracts, that it shrinks like leather in the cold, that he hates all that is foreign, that he is no more a citizen of the world, no more a European, but only a narrow German. Thus arose that ideal boordom which Herr Jahn reduced to a system. Thus began that mean, coarse, uncultured opposition to a sentiment the highest and holiest that Germany has begotten, I mean to that humanity, that universal brotherhood, that cosmopolitanism which our great writers, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Richter, and every educated man in Germany has always maintained.

What next occurred in Germany you know only too well. When Providence, snow, and the Cossacks had destroyed Napoleon's best forces, we Germans got our orders from the highest quarters to free ourselves from the foreign yoke, and we flared up with manly indignation at the servitude we had borne too long, and inspired ourselves with the good tunes and bad poetry of Körner's songs, and fought and won our freedom; for we do all that our rulers bid us.

The period of preparation for this struggle was naturally the most favorable soil for a school which set itself against all that was French and extolled all the national peculiarities of German life and art. The Romantic school chimed in with the views of the governments and secret societies, and A. W. Schlegel conspired against Racine with the same object that the minister Stein conspired against Napoleon. The school swam with the stream, the stream that was flowing backwards to its source. When at last German patriotism and German nationality were victorious all along the line, a no less signal triumph was assured to the national-German-Christian-Romantic school, to "Neo-German-religious-patriotic art." Napoleon the giant classic, a classic like Alexander and Caesar, bit the dust, and the brothers

August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel, the dwarf Romanticists, as romantic as Hop-o'-my-Thumb and Puss-in-Boots, rose as victors.

III. “THE BOY’S MAGIC HORN.” Achim von Arnim (1781–1831) and Clemens Brentano (1778–1842) had both collected folk-songs, and when they became friends they decided to work together. The first volume of their collection was published in 1805, under the peculiar title of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (*The Boy’s Magic Horn*). Our account of this interesting work is from Heine:

This joint production is a collection of ballads gathered partly from the lips of German peasants and partly from fly-leaves and scarce old chap-books. I cannot praise the work too highly. It contains the very quintessence of our national genius, and to any one who wishes to see the German nation in one of its most pleasing aspects, I would recommend these folk-songs. The book lies open before me as I write, and I seem to catch the faint fragrance of our German lindens. Indeed, the linden-tree is a marked feature in these ballads; lovers sit and chat at twilight in its shade; it is their favorite tree, perhaps because a linden-leaf is shaped like a heart. This observation I once heard made by a German poet, my favorite poet—I mean myself. On the title-page of the book is a boy blowing a horn, and if a German in a foreign land looks long enough at this picture he will think he hears the familiar note, and he is like to be stricken with homesickness, as was the Swiss volunteer who was standing sentinel on the bastion of Strasburg, and hearing the *ranz des vaches* in the distance, threw away his pike and swam the Rhine, but was afterwards captured and shot as a deserter. The subject forms one of the most touching ballads in the *Boy’s Magic Horn*:

At Strasburg, on the fort,  
Ah, then began my woe :  
The Alpenhorn, I heard it ringing clear,  
Of fatherland it whispered in my ear—  
Swim, swim, it said, and you'll be there !  
It was not so.

The hour it was one,  
When I was all undone ;  
They caught and haled me to the captain's quarters ;  
Ah, God ! they fished me up from the Rhine's waters.  
Yes, I'm undone.

To-morrow at ten o' the clock  
The regiment's on parade,  
They'll bid me pardon crave.  
But my life that will not save,  
I know too well.

Farewell, my messmates all,  
To-day's my last roll call ;  
That cowherd, he's alone, alone to blame,  
That Alpenhorn has brought me thus to shame,  
They are to blame.

A beautiful poem. There is a peculiar magic in these folk-songs. Artistic poets try to imitate these productions of nature after the fashion in which artificial waters are prepared ; but even if by a chemical process they are able to combine the constituent elements, yet the most important part of all must be wanting—the sympathetic force of nature, which defies all analysis. In these ballads we feel the very pulse of the German heart ; its melancholy mirth and its mad sanity are both revealed. German wrath beats its big drum, German raillery plays its penny whistle, and German love bills and coos. There is the sparkle of honest German wine and honest German tears, and the tears are often more precious even than the wine—is there not iron and salt

in them? In German faith what *naïveté*, in German un-faith what honor! What an honest fellow is poor Schwartenhals, though he is a highwayman. Hear with what pathetic phlegm he tells his own tale:

“And who are you?” mine hostess cried,  
As I stopped at the sign of the Checkers;  
“Poor Schwartenhals, sirs,” I replied,  
“And I like good meats and liquors.”

They led me in, they made me room,  
My glass with good liquor filling;  
As around I look my hand so shook,  
That the wine went nigh to spilling.

They set me like a merchant king  
At head o’ the board, but when I  
Was called to pay the reckoning,  
In my purse was ne’er a penny.

With toil oppressed I asked to rest,  
To the hayloft then they sent me.  
Poor Schwartenhals, thou’lt rue thy jest;  
Too late I did repent me.

To the hayloft as I took my way,  
And crept i’ the hay to nestle;  
Brambles and brake kept me awake,  
With many a prickly thistle.

At break of day I left my hay,  
The roof with rime was hoary;  
At my own plight I laughed outright,  
My figure was so sorry.

I took my good sword in my hand,  
And girt it well my side on;  
Poor wight, I needs must trudge afoot,  
I had no steed to ride on.



So take the road and warm thy blood,  
Nor stay indoors to shiver.  
I met a wealthy merchant's son,  
'Twas "Stand and eke deliver!"

Poor Schwartenhals is the most thoroughly German character I know. What calm, what conscious power his ballad displays! But I must introduce you also to our Maggie. She is an honest lassie, and a favorite of mine. It is John who says to his Maggie:—

"Now busk thee, Maggie, busk thee,  
And haste with me to roam;  
The corn is reapt and garnered,  
The wine all pressed at home."

And Maggie answers rapturously:—

"Ah, Johnnie, dearest Johnnie,  
Let me be ever thine;  
On weekdays at the reaping,  
On Sundays by the wine."

Then by the hand he took her,  
Her little lily hand;  
And far afield they wandered  
To where an inn doth stand.

"Bestir thee now, mine hostess,  
A stoup of wine, I say;  
Maggie's brave clothes, I reckon,  
Must pay the score to-day."

To greet full fain was Maggie,  
Her heart was very sore;  
With pearly tears of sorrow  
Her blue eyes brimmèd o'er.

"Oh, Johnnie, dearest Johnnie,  
You ne'er spake word like this,

When from my daddie’s homestead  
You drew me by your kiss.”

By her little hand he took her,  
Her hand of lily white,  
And far afield they wandered  
Unto a garden bright.

“Ah, Maggie, dearest Maggie,  
Ah, why so sore complain?  
Dost rue thy maiden fancy,  
Dost rue thine honor’s stain?”

“I rue not my maiden fancy,  
Nor yet mine honor’s stain,  
But much I rue the brave new clothes  
I ne’er shall see again.”

Generally, however, these songs are composed by the vagabond tribe—tramps, soldiers, traveling scholars or journeymen, more especially the last. I have often on walking tours joined company with these gentry, and noticed how under the excitement of any unusual occurrence they would now and again improvise a snatch of folk-song, or whistle it in the air. The birds in the branches above overheard it, and then another young fellow with his staff and knapsack would stroll by, and the birds would whistle the snatch of song in his ear, and he would add the missing verses, and the *Volkslied* was made. The words drop from heaven into the stroller’s mouth, and he has only to let them well forth again, and they are sure to have more poetry in them than all the fine poetical phrases that we pump up from the depths of our heart. These folk-songs are impregnated with the strange genius of the German journeyman, and a remarkable character he is. Without a *sou* in his pocket he wanders through Germany from end to end, innocent, merry, and free. I generally found them going on the tramp in threes. Of the trio one was always the wran-

gler; he would wrangle with a humorous display of temper about anything and everything that turned up—a pied finch that flew past them, a commercial traveler that rode by—and even if they came to a poor neighborhood with miserable hovels and ragged beggars, he was ready with some ironical remark, “Providence made the world in six days, but it looks rather as if he’d not made a clean job of it.” The second companion only occasionally puts in a savage remark; he can’t open his lips without an oath; he swears and curses at every master with whom he ever worked; and his constant refrain is, “It goes to his heart not to have given that landlady a good hiding as a remembrance of him—the landlady at Halberstadt who served up cabbage and beetroot every day for dinner.” At the word “Halberstadt” the third comrade heaves a deep sigh. He is the youngest of the three, and is making his first start in the world, keeps thinking of his sweetheart’s dark brown eyes, lets his head droop, and never speaks a word.

*The Boy’s Magic Horn* is so remarkable a monument of our literature, and has exercised so important an influence on the lyric poets of the Romantic school, particularly on our excellent Uhland, that I was bound not to pass it over.

IV. KÖRNER. Not yet twenty-two, Karl Theodor Körner, son of Schiller’s editor, correspondent and friend, fell at the head of his troops on the battfield of Lützow in the war for German independence. Brilliant and already famous as a poet, loved and admired personally, he had not hesitated when the call to arms came, but had joined the Lützow Free Corps, whose fiery courage and desperate deeds may be credited largely to his inspiring personality. Just before his death he had composed his fiery *Sword Song* and was reading it



KÖRNER  
1756-1831



aloud to his troops when the signal to advance was given. After Körner's death, an accomplished young man proved with his life his devotion to his officer by dashing through the battle line and flinging himself to death with the cry, "Körner, I follow thee!"

Such was Körner who won imperishable fame in his native land, not only for his personal bravery and unalloyed patriotism, but also by his musical poems, instinct with love of Fatherland. When after his death his father collected his lyrics and published them under the title *Lyre and Sword*, they were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Set to excellent music by Carl Maria von Weber, they were sung everywhere, stimulating to greater and more noble deeds the faithful patriots who were fighting for a free Germany. If to the modern eye they seem to fall short of being great poetry, they ring true in spirit.

*My Native Land* is thus translated by C. T. Brooks:

Where is the minstrel's native land?—  
Where sparks of noble soul flashed high,  
Where garlands bloomed in Honor's eye,  
Where manly bosoms glowed with joy,  
Touched by Religion's altar brand,—  
There *was* my native land!

Name me the minstrel's native land.—  
Though now her sons lie slain in heaps,  
Though, wounded and disgraced, she weeps,  
Beneath her soil the freeman sleeps.  
The land of oaks—the German land—  
They *called* my native land!

Why weeps the minstrel's native land?—  
To see her people's princes cower  
Before the wrathful tyrant's power;  
She weeps, that in the stormy hour  
No soul at her high call will stand.  
That grieves my native land!

Whom calls the minstrel's native land?—  
She calls the voiceless gods; her cries  
Like thunder-storms assail the skies;  
She bids her sons, her freemen, rise;  
On righteous Heaven's avenging hand  
She calls—my native land!

What will the minstrel's native land?—  
She'll crush the slaves of despot power,  
Drive off the bloodhounds from her shore,  
And suckle free-born sons once more,  
Or lay them free beneath the sand:  
That will my native land!

And hopes the minstrel's native land?—  
She hopes—she hopes! Her cause is just.  
Her faithful sons will wake—they must.  
In God Most High she puts her trust;  
On his great altar leans her hand,  
And hopes—my native land!

G. F. Richardson renders thus *The Three Stars*:

There are three cheering stars of light  
O'er life's dark path that shine;  
And these fair orbs, so pure and bright,  
Are song, and love, and wine!

For oh! the soul of song hath power  
To charm the feeling heart,  
To soothe the mourner's sternest hour,  
And bid his griefs depart!

And wine can lend to song its mirth,  
Can joys unwonted bring,  
And paint this fair and lovely earth  
In charms of deathless spring.

But thou, O love! of all the throng  
Art fairest seen to shine;  
For thou canst soothe the soul like song,  
And cheer the heart like wine!

Then deign, fair orbs! to shed your ray  
Along my path of gloom,  
To guide me through life's lonely way,  
And shine upon my tomb!

For oh! the song, the cup, the kiss  
Can make the night divine;  
Then blest be he who found the bliss  
Of song, and love, and wine!

From C. T. Brooks's translation of *The Sword Song*, the following stanzas are taken:

Sword, on my left side gleaming,  
What means thy bright eye's beaming?  
It makes my spirit dance  
To see thy friendly glance.  
Hurrah!

"A valiant rider bears me;  
A freeborn German wears me:  
That makes my eye so bright;  
That is the sword's delight."  
Hurrah!

Yes, good sword, I *am* free,  
And love thee heartily,  
And clasp thee to my side  
E'en as a plighted bride.  
Hurrah!

. . . . .



Now, then, come forth, my bride;  
Come forth, thou rider's pride!  
Come out, my good sword, come,  
Forth to thy father's home!  
Hurrah!

"Oh, in the field to prance  
The glorious wedding dance!  
How in the sun's bright beams,  
Bride-like the clear steel gleams!"  
Hurrah!

Then forward, valiant fighters!  
And forward, German riders!  
And when the heart grows cold,  
Let each his love enfold.  
Hurrah!

Once on the left it hung,  
And stolen glances flung;  
Now clearly on your right  
Doth God each fond bride plight.  
Hurrah!

Then let your hot lips feel  
That virgin cheek of steel;  
One kiss—and woe betide  
Him who forsakes the bride.  
Hurrah!

Now let the loved one sing;  
Now let the clear blade ring,  
Till the bright sparks shall fly,  
Heralds of victory!  
Hurrah!

For hark! the trumpet's warning  
Proclaims the marriage morning:  
It dawns in festal pride;  
Hurrah, thou Iron Bride!  
Hurrah!

V. THE BROTHERS GRIMM. Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, brothers, born in Hanau in 1785 and 1786, were associated through life, and in the most insignificant accomplishment their names are inseparably joined. Both were librarians with independent work, and both produced independent books, but their joined labors have proved more popular and of greater importance to literature. Their first articles were published in a short-lived romantic journal of Heidelberg, and though they laid the foundation for the study of philology in German, their tales are much more characteristic of the men. At the present day no other romantic work is so universally known or is as popular among such widely differing classes as their fairy tales, which were published under the name of *Kinder- und Haus-Märchen* (1812-1815) and the *Deutschen Sagen* (1816-1818). Resembling in many respects the *Wunderhorn*, they are, however, derived more directly from the heart of the common German people.

Having become interested in the collection of folklore, they entered upon the study in a truly scientific spirit and reproduced with faithful exactness the tales as they were told to them. Not fewer than thirteen years were spent collecting the stories of one volume, and they were taken, as has been said, directly from the lips of the best story-tellers living in Hanau and in Hesse. The latter district was one of the most retired in Germany, and the old cus-

tom of story-telling was better observed and less corrupted there than elsewhere. The brothers were fortunate, too, in finding interested friends to help them and, more than that, in discovering near Cassel a woman, about fifty years of age, the wife of a cowherd, who possessed a perfect genius for story-telling. Grimm says:

Her memory kept a firm hold of all sagas. She herself knew that this gift was not granted to every one, and that there were many who could remember nothing connectedly. She told her stories thoughtfully, accurately, and with wonderful vividness, and evidently had a delight in doing it. First, she related them from beginning to end, and then, if required, repeated them more slowly, so that after some practice it was perfectly easy to write from her dictation.

So, the brothers took the tales down word by word, with the aim which they expressed as follows:

Our first aim in collecting these stories has been exactness and truth. We have added nothing of our own, have embellished no incident or feature of the story, but have given its substance just as we ourselves received it. It will, of course, be understood that the mode of telling and carrying out of particular details is principally due to us, but we have striven to retain everything that we knew to be characteristic, that in this respect also we might leave the collection the many-sidedness of nature. For the rest, every one engaged on a work of this kind will know that this cannot be looked on as a careless or indifferent method of collection, but that, on the contrary, a care and skill which can only be gained by time are required to distinguish the version of the story which is simpler, purer and yet more complete in itself, from

the falsified one. Whenever we found that varying stories completed each other, and that no contradictory parts had to be cut out before they could be joined together, we have given them as one, but when they differed, we have given the preference to that which was the better, and have kept the other for the notes. The authors express great regret that in so many cases they have been obliged to give the stories in High-German, which, though it has gained in clearness, has "lost in flavor, and no longer has such a firm hold of the kernel of the thing signified."

Translators in all modern languages have reproduced these tales, especially in a form suitable for children. In doing so, they have taken great liberties with the original form, and have adapted them to juvenile minds by omissions and changes innumerable. While these versions are better adapted to the reading of children, they fail to give an adequate idea of the stories themselves or to indicate the very serious purpose that the Grimm brothers had in mind. The complete edition, with its scholastic notes, is a highly learned work intended for adults, and as such it stimulated a vast amount of research and laid the foundation for romantic criticism in the nineteenth century.

The origin of these tales, the method of their distribution, and the manner of their preservation are still questions of great interest to the antiquarian. One reason for their great popularity everywhere is that they are really the common heritage of the Aryan race, and the origin of many of them may be traced back to

a remote past, before the great migrations had scattered the common ancestors of us all. The supernatural and irrational elements in the tales probably originated in the uncultivated imaginations of the earliest peoples, and they continue to be accepted with the same trusting faith by modern children in the same stage of development. In that lies one of the principal charms of the stories. Their incongruities and absurdities never disturb the child, whose own imagination is rioting in just such things. As human fancy appears to be the same under all circumstances, we can probably account for the diffusion of the tales in that fact. To say that the printing of books and the reading habits acquired by children have destroyed oral dissemination is a commonplace, and it is now rarely that we find a group of people, young or old, gathered around an experienced and talented story-teller, as was of daily occurrence in olden times.

The relation which the folklore of races bears to mythology is not always clear, but it seems to occupy an intermediate place between the rude tales of the savages and the myths of the early civilizations. However, many of the household tales of Germany, for instance, seem to be what Andrew Lang calls "the detritus or worn and battered relics of the old mythologies." Unfortunately, we cannot more than glance at the questions involved in the study of folklore, but we suggest to our readers the exceeding interest it possesses. Nor does it

seem wise to introduce here any of the familiar household stories, but our readers may be interested in a tale which, typical of many, shows the freedom with which the story-teller treated the most sacred subjects, though the lesson she taught must be considered a good one. *Our Lady's Child* is given, as translated by Margaret Hunt:

Hard by a great forest dwelt a wood-cutter with his wife, who had an only child, a little girl of three years old. They were, however, so poor that they no longer had daily bread, and did not know how to get food for her. One morning the wood-cutter went out sorrowfully to his work in the forest, and while he was cutting wood, suddenly there stood before him a tall and beautiful woman with a crown of shining stars on her head, who said to him, "I am the Virgin Mary, mother of the child Jesus. Thou art poor and needy, bring thy child to me, I will take her with me and be her mother, and care for her." The wood-cutter obeyed, brought his child, and gave her to the Virgin Mary, who took her up to heaven with her. There the child fared well, ate sugar-cakes, and drank sweet milk, and her clothes were of gold, and the little angels played with her. And when she was fourteen years of age, the Virgin Mary called her one day and said, "Dear child, I am about to make a long journey, so take into thy keeping the keys of the thirteen doors of heaven. Twelve of these thou mayest open, and behold the glory which is within them, but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, is forbidden thee. Beware of opening it, or thou wilt bring misery on thyself." The girl promised to be obedient, and when the Virgin Mary was gone, she began to examine the dwellings of the kingdom of heaven. Each day she opened one of them, until she had made the round of the twelve. In each of them sat one of the Apostles in the midst of a great light, and she rejoiced in all the magnificence and

splendor, and the little angels who always accompanied her rejoiced with her. Then the forbidden door alone remained, and she felt a great desire to know what could be hidden behind it, and said to the angels, "I will not quite open it, and I will not go inside it, but I will unlock it so that we can just see a little through the opening." "Oh, no," said the little angels, "that would be a sin. The Virgin Mary has forbidden it, and it might easily cause thy unhappiness." Then she was silent, but the desire in her heart was not stilled, but gnawed there and tormented her, and let her have no rest. And once when the angels had all gone out, she thought, "Now I am quite alone, and I could peep in. If I do it, no one will ever know." She sought out the key, and when she had got it in her hand, she put it in the lock, and when she had put it in, she turned it round as well. Then the door sprang open, and she saw there the Trinity sitting in fire and splendor. She stayed there a while, and looked at everything in amazement; then she touched the light a little with her finger, and her finger became quite golden. Immediately a great fear fell on her. She shut the door violently, and ran away. Her terror too would not quit her, let her do what she might, and her heart beat continually and would not be still; the gold too stayed on her finger, and would not go away, let her rub it and wash it never so much.

It was not long before the Virgin Mary came back from her journey. She called the girl before her, and asked to have the keys of heaven back. When the maiden gave her the bunch, the Virgin looked into her eyes and said, "Hast thou not opened the thirteenth door also?" "No," she replied. Then she laid her hand on the girl's heart, and felt how it beat and beat, and saw right well that she had disobeyed her order and had opened the door. Then she said once again, "Art thou certain that thou hast not done it?" "Yes," said the girl, for the second time. Then she perceived the finger which had become golden from touching the fire of heaven, and saw well that the child had sinned, and said for the third

time, "Hast thou not done it?" "No," said the girl for the third time. Then said the Virgin Mary, "Thou hast not obeyed me, and besides that thou hast lied, thou art no longer worthy to be in heaven."

Then the girl fell into a deep sleep, and when she awoke she lay on the earth below, and in the midst of a wilderness. She wanted to cry out, but she could bring forth no sound. She sprang up and wanted to run away, but whithersoever she turned herself, she was continually held back by thick hedges of thorns through which she could not break. In the desert, in which she was imprisoned, there stood an old hollow tree, and this had to be her dwelling-place. Into this she crept when night came, and here she slept. Here too, she found a shelter from storm and rain, but it was a miserable life, and bitterly did she weep when she remembered how happy she had been in heaven, and how the angels had played with her. Roots and wild berries were her only food, and for these she sought as far as she could go. In the autumn she picked up the fallen nuts and leaves, and carried them into the hole. The nuts were her food in winter, and when snow and ice came, she crept amongst the leaves like a poor little animal that she might not freeze. Before long her clothes were all torn, and one bit of them after another fell off her. As soon, however, as the sun shone warm again, she went out and sat in front of the tree, and her long hair covered her on all sides like a mantle. Thus she sat year after year, and felt the pain and misery of the world. One day, when the trees were once more clothed in fresh green, the King of the country was hunting in the forest, and followed a roe, and as it had fled into the thicket which shut in this bit of the forest, he got off his horse, tore the bushes asunder, and cut himself a path with his sword. When he had at last forced his way through, he saw a wonderfully beautiful maiden sitting under the tree; and she sat there and was entirely covered with her golden hair down to her very feet. He stood still and looked at her full of surprise, then he spoke to her and said, "Who art thou? Why art thou



sitting here in the wilderness?" But she gave no answer, for she could not open her mouth. The King continued, "Wilt thou go with me to my castle?" Then she just nodded her head a little. The King took her in his arms, carried her to his horse, and rode home with her, and when he reached the royal castle he caused her to be dressed in beautiful garments, and gave her all things in abundance. Although she could not speak, she was still so beautiful and charming that he began to love her with all his heart, and it was not long before he married her.

After a year or so had passed, the Queen brought a son into the world. Thereupon the Virgin Mary appeared to her in the night when she lay in her bed alone, and said, "If thou wilt tell the truth and confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door, I will open thy mouth and give thee back thy speech, but if thou perseverest in thy sin, and deniest obstinately, I will take thy new-born child away with me." Then the Queen was permitted to answer, but she remained hard, and said, "No, I did not open the forbidden door;" and the Virgin Mary took the new-born child from her arms, and vanished with it. Next morning, when the child was not to be found, it was whispered among the people that the Queen was a man-eater, and had killed her own child. She heard all this and could say nothing to the contrary, but the King would not believe it, for he loved her so much.

When a year had gone by the Queen again bore a son, and in the night the Virgin Mary again came to her, and said, "If thou wilt confess that thou openedst the forbidden door, I will give thee thy child back and untie thy tongue; but if thou continuest in sin and deniest it, I will take away with me this new child also." Then the Queen again said, "No, I did not open the forbidden door;" and the Virgin took the child out of her arms, and away with her to heaven. Next morning, when this child also had disappeared, the people declared quite loudly that the Queen had devoured it, and the King's counselors demanded that she should be brought to justice.

The King, however, loved her so dearly that he would not believe it, and commanded the councilors under pain of death not to say any more about it.

The following year the Queen gave birth to a beautiful little daughter, and for the third time the Virgin Mary appeared to her in the night and said, "Follow me." She took the Queen by the hand and led her to heaven, and showed her there her two eldest children, who smiled at her, and were playing with the ball of the world. When the Queen rejoiced thereat, the Virgin Mary said, "Is thy heart not yet softened? If thou wilt own that thou openedst the forbidden door, I will give thee back thy two little sons." But for the third time the Queen answered, "No, I did not open the forbidden door." Then the Virgin let her sink down to earth once more, and took from her likewise her third child.

Next morning, when the loss was reported abroad, all the people cried loudly, "The Queen is a man-eater! She must be judged," and the King was no longer able to restrain his councilors. Thereupon a trial was held, and as she could not answer, and defend herself, she was condemned to be burnt alive. The wood was got together, and when she was fast bound to the stake, and the fire began to burn round about her, the hard ice of pride melted, her heart was moved by repentance, and she thought, "If I could but confess before my death that I opened the door." Then her voice came back to her, and she cried out loudly, "Yes, Mary, I did it;" and straightway rain fell from the sky and extinguished the flames of fire, and a light broke forth above her, and the Virgin Mary descended with the two little sons by her side, and the new-born daughter in her arms. She spoke kindly to her, and said, "He who repents his sin and acknowledges it, is forgiven." Then she gave her the three children, untied her tongue, and granted her happiness for her whole life.

VI. FOUQUE. Of this German writer of the period Heine says:

Zacharias Werner was the only dramatic writer of the school whose plays were produced on the stage and applauded by the pit. Baron de la Motte Fouque was the only epic poet of the school whose romances appealed to the general public. Ludwig Uhland was the only lyric poet of the school whose songs have made their way to the hearts of the multitude, and still live in men's mouths.

As for Werner's works, they are forgotten or at least practically unknown outside of Germany, but because of one charming story the name of Baron de la Motte Fouque (1777-1843) will remain long a favorite with romantic readers. Let us recur again to Heine for our characterization:

The admirable Freiherr de la Motte Fouque was born in Brandenburg in 1777, and appointed professor at the University of Halle in 1833. Before this he was a Major in the Prussian service, and one of the bard-heroes or hero-bards whose lyre and sword rang loudest in the so-called War of Freedom. His laurels are of the true sort; he is a genuine poet, and the consecration of the Muses rests upon his head. Few writers have excited such universal admiration as our excellent Fouque once did. His readers are now confined to the public of the lending libraries, but this, after all, is a considerable public, and Herr Fouque can boast that he is the only one of the Romantic school whose works have been appreciated by the lower as well as the higher classes. While the aesthetes at Berlin tea parties were turning up their noses at the fallen knight, I found in a little town in the Harz a marvelously pretty girl, who spoke with rapturous enthusiasm of Fouque, and confessed with a blush that she would gladly give a year of her life to be allowed to kiss the author of *Undine*. And I never saw a girl with prettier lips.

And what a delicious poem *Undine* is! The poem is itself a kiss; the genius of poesy kissed the sleeping

Spring, who opened her eyes with a smile, and all the roses breathed forth their scent, and the nightingales their song, and the scent of the roses and the song of the nightingales our admirable Fouque clothed in words, and named the whole *Undine*.

It is the story of the lovely water-fay, who is soulless, and only gets a soul by falling in love with a knight—but, alas! together with this soul she gets her share of our human pains and sufferings; her knightly husband proves faithless, and she kisses him to death. Death in this book is, even as life, a kiss.

Undine may be looked upon as the muse of Fouque's poetry. Though she is infinitely beautiful, though she suffers like one of us, and bears her full burden of earthly troubles, she is after all not a real human being. Now our age rejects all these creatures of air and water, however beautiful they may be; it requires real living forms; emphatically, does *not* require nixies who fall in love with noble knights. Thus it was that this retrograde tendency, this harping on the praises of high birth, this constant glorification of old feudal times, this everlasting playing at chivalry, could not fail in the long run to displease cultivated middle-class feeling, and the German public turned a cold shoulder on the bard as a living anachronism. This constant sing-song of harness and barbed steeds, *chatelaines*, worshipful masters of the guild, dwarfs, varlets, castle chapels, *devoir* and devotion, and Heaven knows what else of medieval jargon, began at last to pall; and when the ingenious Hidalgo Friedrich de la Motte Fouque plunged deeper and deeper into his books of chivalry, and by dreaming of the past lost all sense of the present, even his best friends were compelled to shake their heads and leave him alone.

His later works are dull. The faults of his earlier writings are accentuated and aggravated. His knightly characters are all iron and sentiment, without either flesh or common sense. His women are lay figures, dolls with golden locks rippling over pretty flower-like faces.

. . . . .

Fouque is a prolific writer, and the name of his romances is legion. *The Magic Ring* and *Theodolph the Islander* deserve special commendation. In his metrical dramas not written for the stage there are passages of great beauty. In particular, *Sigurd the Snake-slayer* is a daring attempt to dramatize the old Scandinavian legends of heroes, giants, magic, and all the rest of it. The leading character, Sigurd, is a gigantic figure, strong as the crags of Norway, and furious as the ocean that lashes them; he is bold as a hundred lions, with the wit of two asses.

Fouque has also written songs which are grace itself; light, brilliant, rainbow-hued, flitting hither and thither like sweet lyric humming-birds.

VII. UHLAND. The most powerful of the romantic poets and the one whose workmanship was most refined and excellent, was the Swabian, Johann Ludwig Uhland, who was born in 1787 at Tübingen, where his father was secretary of the university. As a child he gave evidence of remarkable talent, and was entered at the university to study law. Not far away were the Hohenstaufen and Hohenzollern ancestral castles; the whole region roundabout was filled with places of legendary interest, and the boy Uhland readily yielded to his romantic surroundings. Then the *Boy's Wonder Horn* fell into his possession, and reading its treasured lines with youthful enthusiasm, he found it the guide for his growing genius, so that before he was twenty he had abandoned the law and was a poet.

The Napoleonic Wars interested him very little, but when the question of a constitution

for Württemberg arose he threw himself into the contest with all his soul. In 1815 he published his first collected works and saw them received with unbounded popular enthusiasm. Thenceforth literature became his profession, though he was prominent in politics and in scholarly pursuits till his death in 1862.

In many respects the typical romantic poet, Uhland nevertheless showed traces of a realism that really was the beginning of a revolt against romanticism, which was successfully completed by "Young Germany" at a later date. Uhland remarked that "A region is romantic when spirits walk there," but though he found his greatest inspiration in the past, he was not blind to the value of the present. "I never had," he said, "any leaning toward poetry as something dissociated from the life of the people and expressing only individual sentiments; whatever attracted me had its root in the people, their customs and religion."

He was a painstaking writer who corrected and polished his work with much care, and his total output is comparatively small. Nevertheless, when one considers the number of poems that are still prime favorites with the Germans, he seems to have accomplished a great work. No poet stands higher among his countrymen, and none has been more widely imitated and translated in foreign tongues. Some of his ballads are as familiar to us as those of our own poets, as, for instance, *The Luck of Edenhall*, translated by Longfellow:

Of Edenhall the youthful lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revelers all,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,—  
The house's oldest seneschal,—  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking-glass of crystal tall  
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall*.

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"  
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys:  
A purple light shines over all;  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light:—  
"This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-sprite;  
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

" 'Twas right a goblet the fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
We drink deep draughts right willingly;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;  
Then mutters at last, like the thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper, takes a race of might  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall:  
It has lasted longer than is right:—  
Kling! klang! with a harder blow than all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
And through the rift the flames upstart;  
The guests in dust are scattered all  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword!  
He in the night had scaled the wall;  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
The graybeard,—in the desert hall  
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside;  
Down must the stately columns fall:  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,  
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall.”

Another of Longfellow's translations is *The Castle by the Sea*:

“Hast thou seen that lordly castle,  
That castle by the sea?  
Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.

“And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow.”—

“Well have I seen that castle,  
That castle by the sea,



And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly.”—

“The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme?”—

“The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly;  
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
And tears came to mine eye.”—

“And sawest thou on the turrets  
The king and his royal bride,  
And the wave of their crimson mantles,  
And the golden crown of pride?

“Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there,  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair?”—

“Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride:  
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;  
No maiden was by their side!”

W. W. Skeat thus translates *The Minstrel’s Curse*:

There stood in former ages a castle high and large;  
Above the slope it glistened far down to ocean’s marge;  
Around it like a garland bloomed gardens of delight,  
Where sparkled cooling fountains, with sun-bow glories  
dight.

There sat a haughty monarch, who lands in war had won;  
With aspect pale and gloomy he sat upon the throne:

His thoughts are fraught with terrors, his glance of fury  
    blights;  
His words are galling scourges, with victims' blood he  
    writes.

Once moved towards this castle a noble minstrel pair,  
The one with locks all golden, snow-white the other's hair :  
With harp in hand, the graybeard a stately courser rode ;  
In flower of youth, beside him his tall companion strode.

Then spake the gray-haired father : "Be well prepared,  
    my son :  
Think o'er our loftiest ballads, breathe out thy fullest  
    tone ;  
Thine utmost skill now summon—joy's zest and sorrow's  
    smart ;—  
'Twere well to move with music the monarch's stony  
    heart."

Now in the spacious chamber the minstrels twain are seen ;  
High on the throne in splendor are seated king and queen :  
The king with terrors gleaming, a ruddy Northern Light ;  
The queen all grace and sweetness, a full moon soft and  
    bright.

The graybeard swept the harp-strings,—they sounded  
    wondrous clear ;  
The notes with growing fullness thrilled through the  
    listening ear :  
Pure as the tones of angels the young man's accents flow ;  
The old man's gently murmur, like spirit-voices low.

They sing of love and springtime, of happy golden days,  
Of manly worth and freedom, of truth and holy ways ;  
They sing of all things lovely, that human hearts delight,  
They sing of all things lofty, that human souls excite.

The courtier train around them forget their jeerings now ;  
The king's defiant soldiers in adoration bow ;

The queen to tears now melted, with rapture now possessed,  
Throws down to them in guerdon a rosebud from her breast.

“Have ye misled my people, and now my wife suborn?”  
Shouts out the ruthless monarch, and shakes with wrath  
and scorn;  
He whirls his sword—like lightning the young man’s  
breast it smote,  
That ’stead of golden legends, bright life-blood filled his  
throat.

Dispersed, as by a tempest, was all the listening swarm;  
The youth sighs out his spirit upon his master’s arm,  
Who round him wraps his mantle, and sets him on the  
steed,  
There tightly binds him upright, and from the court doth  
speed.

Before the olden gateway, there halts the minstrel old;  
His golden harp he seizes, above all harps extolled:  
Against a marble pillar he snaps its tuneful strings;  
Through castle and through garden his voice of menace  
rings:—

“Woe, woe to thee, proud castle! ne’er let sweet tones  
resound  
Henceforward through thy chambers, nor harp’s nor  
voice’s sound:  
Let sighs and tramp of captives and groans dwell here  
for aye,  
Till retribution sink thee in ruin and decay.

“Woe, woe to you, fair gardens, in summer light that  
glow:  
To you this pallid visage, deformed by death, I show,  
That every leaf may wither, and every fount run dry,—  
That ye in future ages a desert heap may lie.

“Woe, woe to thee, curst tyrant! that art the minstrel’s  
bane:

Be all thy savage strivings for glory’s wreath in vain!  
Be soon thy name forgotten, sunk deep in endless night,  
Or, like a last death murmur, exhaled in vapor light!”

The graybeard’s curse was uttered; heaven heard his  
bitter cry:

The walls are strewn in fragments, the halls in ruins lie;  
Still stands one lofty column to witness olden might—  
E’en this, already shivered, may crumble down to-night.

Where once were pleasant gardens, is now a wasted land;  
No tree there lends its shadow, nor fount bedews the sand:  
The monarch’s name recordeth no song, nor lofty verse;  
’Tis wholly sunk—forgotten! Such is the Minstrel’s  
Curse!

*The Passage* is thus translated by Sarah  
Taylor Austin:

Many a year is in its grave,  
Since I crossed this restless wave;  
And the evening, fair as ever,  
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside  
Sat two comrades old and tried,—  
One with all a father’s truth,  
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,  
And his grave in silence sought;  
But the younger, brighter form  
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene’er I turn my eye  
Back upon the days gone by,  
Saddening thoughts of friends come o’er me—  
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,  
 But that soul with soul can blend?  
 Soul-like were those hours of yore:  
 Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—  
 Take,—I give it willingly;  
 For, invisible to thee,  
 Spirits twain have crossed with me.

*Ichabod: The Glory has Departed* is translated as follows by James C. Mangan:

I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,  
 Where moon is none and no stars lend light,  
 And rueful winds are blowing;  
 Yet oft have I trodden this way ere now,  
 With summer zephyrs a-fanning my brow,  
 And the gold of the sunshine glowing.

I roam by a gloomy Garden-wall;  
 The death-stricken leaves around me fall,  
 And the night blast wails its dolours:  
 How oft with my love I have hitherward strayed  
 When the roses flowered, and all I surveyed  
 Was radiant with Hope's own colors!

But the gold of the sunshine is shed and gone,  
 And the once bright roses are dead and wan,  
 And my love in her low grave molders;  
 And I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,  
 With never a star to bless me with light,  
 And the Mantle of Age on my shoulders.

VIII. HEINE. Heinrich Heine was born in December, 1797 or 1799, probably the latter, at Düsseldorf, of poor Jewish parents. A wealthy uncle tried to make a merchant of Heinrich, but the lad was so opposed to a



HEINE  
1797-1856



commercial life that he was permitted to enter the university with the idea of studying law. At Bonn he met A. W. Schlegel and under his tutelage developed a love for literature that intensified his dislike for the legal profession. Leaving Bonn at the end of the first term, he entered Göttingen, from which, however, he was soon expelled for engaging in a duel. Thereupon he went to Berlin, and it was there that he published his first collection of poems, which, however, met with little better reception in this edition than did two unsuccessful plays which he produced soon after. Discouraged by these failures, he returned to his studies at Göttingen, and in 1825, shortly after he had joined the Lutheran Church, he took his degree.

For four years Heine had been in love with the daughter of the uncle who had educated him, but the young lady had not returned his passion, and now he transferred it to her younger sister. With the publication of his *Tour in the Hartz* in 1826 he became famous, and his *Book of Songs*, which appeared a year later, made him the most popular poet in Germany.

In 1831 Heine removed to Paris and permanently severed his connection with Germany, probably because his irony and bitterness against the government had made life in that country intolerable. The French welcomed him royally and he soon was surrounded by a group of talented and famous friends,



romanticists of his own type—Hugo, De Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Chopin, Berlioz and others. Eugenie Mirat, known as “Mathilde,” a badly educated, shallow-minded grisette, he met in 1834, and after living with her for six years married her with the rites of the Catholic Church, and, strangely enough, their mutual regard seemed unwavering in spite of the differences in position and education.

From the time he took up his residence in Paris his pen was rarely idle, and while his best work emanated from that city, he remained essentially German in his sympathies. In 1847 the spinal affection that made the last years of his life a period of intense suffering first made its appearance, and a year later it had made such progress that he was thereafter unable to leave the house. In excruciating agony and partial paralysis he was held fast a prisoner for eight years, but never lost his indomitable will, for he continued writing almost to the end, and preserved his sense of humor to the last. It is said that Hector Berlioz called upon the poet only a few days before his death and met a tiresome German professor just leaving the house. When Berlioz entered the sickroom, Heine exclaimed, “I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow! The fact is, I have just been exchanging thoughts with Dr. —.”

Heine’s will was a curious document, in which he asked that no religious ceremonies should accompany his funeral and that al-

though himself a Lutheran, no clergyman of that denomination should be called to officiate. During the last four years, he said, his pride in his philosophy had failed, he felt once more the power of religious truth, and asked forgiveness for any offense he might have given to good manners or morals. He had lived in the simplest manner in three small rooms on a third floor with his wife, an old negress as a servant, and the parrot Cocotte. After his death it was discovered that for many years he had received an annual pension of about a thousand dollars from the French government, a fact which subjected him to much unjust *post mortem* criticism. It is an interesting fact that during the long period of his intense suffering he wrote to his mother the most cheerful letters, in which there was no mention of his illness, and the need of an amanuensis was accounted for by the fact that he had a slight trouble with his eye, from which he would soon recover!

The following appreciative of his character was written just before he died by one who knew him intimately and was conversant with his terrible affliction:

It may be said that Heine bears within him all the misery of a mighty literature that has fallen from his ideal. Let this be his excuse. But now his eyes are closing on this perishable world, whose contradictions and wretchedness provoked his painful gayety; another world is opening on his mind. There, no more misery, no more irritating contrasts, no more revolting disenchantments; there, all problems are solved, all struggles

cease. If irony, in the case of a capricious and ardent intelligence, could be the faithful mirror of things below, there is no room save for confidence and respect in that spiritual world that his soul's looks are fast discovering. He sought for serenity in that light raillery which enveloped the whole universe, and played his part in it with grace; but this serenity was incomplete and false, and often suffered his ill-cured sorrows to break forth. True serenity is a higher thing; it is to be found in the intelligence and adoration of that ideal which nothing can affect, that truth which no shadow can obscure.

Heine was a romanticist in all but his intellect, which led him to write of his school in terms of raillery and irony, while his own works were among the best productions of the Romantic movement. His early poems show that he considered himself of a melancholy temperament, sensitive, misunderstood, a German Byron, when the literary world admired a poet of that type. Combined with such a temperament, however, was a strain of irony and satiric humor which every now and then appeared at the surface and not infrequently mingled with his appealing melodies in such a manner as to destroy their sentimental tenor and make the reader conscious of the mocking, irreverent nature of the man. At times malicious, malevolent and merciless in his satire, he was again sentimental to the point of being ridiculous; sometimes expressing himself in the supremest poetry of passion, he was at other times even coarse and brutal in his characterization of love. It was as though he were a man with a dual personality, and even he him-

self never knew which mentality would be uppermost, for often that lyric which began in pure and lofty sentiment terminated in lines of satiric wit and violence that shock the reader into insensibility toward the earlier charms. In lyric beauty and simple, suggestive and melodious expression, however, Heine ranks above any of the successors of Goethe. Gautier says: "Heine combined the purest Greek form with the most exquisite modern inspiration; he was a true Euphorion, the child of Faust and lovely Helen."

In the preceding sections of this chapter we have taken occasion to quote from his *Romantic School*, as translated by Storr. His *Travel Pictures* mark a new era in books of that character. With himself as the leading character, he wanders about, picking up tales and legends and telling them in prose and poetry; describing scenery, towns, universities and men and women; combining beauty, wit and audaciously biting sarcasm in bewildering profusion. Nothing is too sacred for his cutting irony, no human proclivity safe from his sarcastic comment. Brilliant, amusing and wicked, the *Pictures* took Germany by storm. We have space for a few extracts, from the translation of Francis Storr. The *Tour in the Hartz* opens as follows:

Snowy wristbands, courtly ruffles,  
Coats of black and stockings blue,  
Curtseys, compliments, caresses,  
Soulless, heartless, out on you!

Heartless, bloodless, loveless puppets,  
Who rehearse your lovers' parts!  
How I loathe your empty mouthings,  
"Woes and throes" and "darts and smarts!"

To the mountains I will hie me,  
Simple, honest folk are there;  
There the breast exults in freedom,  
Quaffs the liberal mountain air.

To the mountains, where the fir-trees  
Rear their dark tops 'gainst the sky,  
Runnels bicker, wood-birds warble,  
And the clouds roll proudly by.

So farewell to polished salons,  
Ladies, gentlemen polite!  
Soon shall I look down upon you,  
Laughing from my mountain height!

The town of Gottingen, so celebrated for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains 999 inhabited houses, various churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a university prison, a library, and a Town Hall tavern, where the beer is excellent. The stream that flows past the town is the Leine, and serves in summer for bathing. The water is very cold, and in some places it is so broad that Ponto had to take a really good run to clear it. The town itself is pretty, and presents the most agreeable aspect—when we have turned our backs upon it. Of its antiquity there can be no doubt, for I remember when I matriculated there five years ago (just before I was requested to take my name off the books), it had the same gray, knowing look about it that it has now, and was as fully provided as now with Charleys, beadles, dissarbatons, *thés dansants*, washer-women, cram-books, pigeon-pies, Guelfic orders, graduates' visiting coaches, pipe-bowls, court-councilors, law-councilors, rustication councilors, bull-dogs, and other

sad dogs. Some authorities actually maintain that the town dates from the days of the barbaric invasions, and according to them each German tribe dropped on its way a rough copy of itself, which accounts for all the Vandals, Frisians, Swabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, etc., who may be found in Gottingen even to the present day. Our young barbarians still go in hordes, and you may distinguish them by the colors of their caps and pipe-tassels. They lounge along the Weenderstrasse on their way to the sanguinary battle-fields of Rasenmuhle, Rit-chenkrug, and Bovden, where they are always pitching into one another. Their manners and customs are survivals from the age of the barbaric invasions, and they are governed partly by their *Duces* (prize cocks they style them), partly by their primitive code styled the *Comment*. It well deserves a place among the *leges barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Gottingen may be roughly classified under the heads of student, professor, philistine, and brute; but between these four estates there is no clearly marked distinction. The most important class are the brutes. To commemorate by name all the students and all the regular and irregular professors, would exceed my limits, and at the present moment I cannot call to mind the names of all the students, while of the professors many have, as yet, no name. The Gottingen philistines must be numerous as the sand, or rather as the flakes of scum on the sea-shore; indeed, when I see them in the morning, planted before the gates of the academic court with their white bills and dirty faces, I can hardly conceive how God can ever have created such a pack of rascals.

I left Gottingen at an early hour, and the learned Eichhorn was doubtless still in bed and dreaming, as usual, that he was walking in a beautiful garden, the flower-beds planted with nothing but slips of white paper inscribed with quotations. These paper flowers were radiant with sunlight, and in his dream he went about

plucking one and another, and carefully transplanted them to a new bed, while the nightingales enraptured his old heart with their sweetest melodies.

Near the Weender gate I was met by two small school-boys, both genuine natives. One of them was saying to the other, "I really must cut that Theodore; he's a cad; why yesterday he actually did not know the genitive of *mensa*." Trivial as these words may sound, I feel bound to report them, and I should even like to inscribe them straightway on the gate, as the town motto; for according to the proverb the young birds peep as the old birds pipe, and these words are a sign and summary of the dry, narrow pedantry of the learned University of Gottingen.

As I left the street for the high road a fresh morning breeze was blowing, the birds were singing merrily. My spirits gradually rose, and I, too, felt fresh and gay again. I needed such refreshment. I had long been tied up in the stables of the Pandects; my brain was still filled with cobwebs of Roman casuists; my heart was cabined and confined between the iron paragraphs of selfish legal systems; my ears were still bedinned with names like Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenian, Asinian, and I positively mistook a pair of lovers sitting hand in hand under a tree for an edition of the Corpus Juris with clasps. Early as it was the road was beginning to grow alive. Milk-women passed me; donkey-drivers, too, with their gray-coated charges. Past Weende I came upon the Shepherd and Doris, not the idyllic pair of Gessner's poem, but a couple of regulation university bull-dogs, whose office it is to keep a sharp look-out that no students fight duels at Bovden, and that no speculative private tutor smuggle into the university any new ideas—the appointed quarantine for such wares being at Gottingen a score or two of years. The Shepherd greeted me quite as a colleague, for in fact he, too, is an author, and has often mentioned me in his half-yearly publications, let alone the fact that he has often *cited* me, and whenever he did not find me at home, most kindly written the invitation in chalk on my oak. Now and again too, a one-

horse carriage bowled past me, crammed with students departing for the holidays or for ever. In a university town like Gottingen there is a constant coming and going. Every three years sees a new generation of students. Life there is a flood, each term is a wave that presses on the last one, and the only fixed points in this universal movement are the old professors, immovable like the Pyramids of Egypt—only in these Gottingen pyramids no wisdom lies hidden.

Some twenty pages further on may be found the following:

The next morning I had to lighten my knapsack again. I threw overboard the pair of boots it contained, and journeyed on my way to Goslar. I got there somehow, but I can't say how. All I remember is sauntering again uphill and downhill, looking down on many a pretty dell; the rippling of silver rivulets, the sweet twittering of wood birds, and tinkling of cow-bells; while the varied greens of the woodland were all tinged with gold by the bright sun, and, above, the blue silken canopy of the heavens was so transparent that one could gaze straight into the very holy of holies, and see the angels sitting at God's feet, and studying in His features their thorough bass. I, however, was still absorbed by a dream of the night before that I could not get out of my head. It was the old tale of a knight descending into a deep well-spring, beneath which the loveliest of princesses lies as dead under the spell of a magic sleep. I was the knight, and the well the dark Klausthal mine; and suddenly there appeared a multitude of lights, and out of every cranny leapt the guardians of the mine—dwarfs who made angry faces, cut at me with their short swords, blew a shrill blast on their horns, which brought more and more to the rescue, their big heads wagging horribly. As I struck out at them, and blood began to flow, it flashed upon me that these were the red-bearded thistles growing by the roadside whose heads I had struck off with my stick the day before. So the dwarfs were all



scattered and fled, and I entered a brightly lighted state chamber. In the middle, veiled in white, cold and motionless as a statue, stood the lady of my heart; and I kissed her mouth, and, by the living God, I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet trembling of her lips. It was as though I heard God saying, "Let there be light!" I was dazzled by a sudden ray of the eternal light, but instantly it was night again, and all was chaos, mingled and merged in one wild waste of waters. A wild waste of waters! over the yeasty ocean scudded the ghosts of the dead, their white shrouds fluttered in the wind; behind them, hounding them on with cracking whip, ran a motley harlequin, and the harlequin was I—— And suddenly from the dark waves the monsters of the deep raised their misshapen heads and rushed at me with their claws, and with terror I awoke.

Alas, how often the loveliest fairy tales come to nothing. Properly the knight, on finding the sleeping princess, should cut a piece out of her veil, and when by his daring her magic sleep had been broken and she is sitting again in her palace on her golden throne, the knight should approach her, and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou know me?" And she should answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not." And then he shows her the bit he cut from her veil, which exactly fits the gap in it, and they fall into each other's arms, and the trumpets blow, and the marriage is celebrated.

It is, indeed, part of my usual bad luck that my love-dreams rarely have such a happy ending.

A shepherd on the Brocken calls forth this:

By the position of the sun it must have been midday when I came upon one of these herds, and the herdsman, a gentle, fair-haired youth, told me that the mountain at whose feet I stood was no other than the world-famous Brocken. For miles round there is not a house, and I was glad enough when the young man invited me to share his meal. We sat down to a *déjeuner dinatoire* consisting of bread and cheese. The sheep nibbled the

crumbs, the pretty sleek heifers skipped about us, roguishly jingling their bells, and laughing at us with their great beaming eyes. We fared royally; indeed, my host seemed to me a genuine king, and as he is the only king of whose bread I have hitherto eaten, I will be his poet laureate.

Yes, the shepherd boy is monarch,  
And his throne this grassy down;  
On his head the sun smites fiercely;  
'Tis his heavy golden crown.

At his feet the flock is browsing,  
Red-crossed flatterers of his court;  
And like cavaliers the heifers  
Strut and prance and frisk and sport.

And the kids are his court-players,  
And his choristers the birds,  
Piping birds his chamber-music,  
With the tinkling of the herds.

Voice and instrument so sweetly  
Blend with distant melodies  
Of the waterfall and forest,  
That the monarch droops his eyes.

So the minister must govern,  
While the king is sleeping sound;  
That's the collie dog, whose barking  
Echoes sullenly around.

Dreamily the young king murmurs,  
" 'Tis a weary task to reign!  
Would that I were home and resting  
By my queen's side once again!

"There my royal head reposing  
On my queen's breast I sleep sound  
And my queen's eyes, deep and tender,  
Make my empire without bound."

## Sunrise on the Brocken:

From this uproar I was awoke by the landlord, who called me to see the sunrise. I found on the tower some of the visitors already waiting and rubbing their half-frozen hands; others came stumbling in only half-awake. At last the silent congregation of the night before were all assembled, and we gazed in silence at the small crimson ball rising in the East, shedding a feeble wintry light; the mountains swimming in a sea of white vapor which hid all but their peaks. We seemed to be standing on a low hill in the midst of a flooded plain, with only here and there a knoll emerging from the waters. To fix my impression in words, I wrote the following little poem:—

Fast the Eastern sky is brightening;  
Lo! the first faint ruddy streaks:  
Islands in a sea of vapor,  
Float the countless mountain-peaks.

Oh, for seven-leagued boots to bear me,  
Swifter than the winds to roam,  
O'er the distant mountain summits,  
To my pretty maiden's home!

To her bedside when she slumbers,  
Oh, so lightly would I trip,  
Draw the curtain, kiss her forehead,  
Lightly kiss her ruby lip.

Lightly kiss her, lightlier whisper  
In her little lily ear:  
Dream on, dream we ne'er were parted,  
Dream that I am near and dear.

---

Heine's account of his visit to Goethe will raise a smile: "When I called on him in Weimar and stood before him, I involuntarily

glanced at his side to see if the eagle were not there with the lightning in his talons. I nearly spoke to him in Greek, but as I saw that he understood German I remarked to him that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. For many a long winter night had I thought what deep and sublime things I would say to Goethe if I ever saw him—and when at last I saw him I remarked that the plums were very good! And Goethe smiled.”

---

Heine is one of the best-known lyric poets of Germany, and one of the most universally admired. The Latin races have championed his merits, the French have proclaimed them, the English read him as generally as their own bards, and the *Book of Songs* alone has been one of the most influential of lyrical productions upon the poets of the world. Outside of Germany Heine's vogue is second only to Goethe's.

*Atta Troll*, the hero of which is a dancing bear, is Heine's longest and most sustained poem. The plot is weak enough: *Atta Troll*, the dancing bear, escapes from his keeper, returns to his family in the Vale of Roncevaux (Roncesvalles), and discourses to them on what he has seen while touring with his wife, Mumma. Finally the bear is shot. Using this weak framework, the poet satirizes political poetry and whatsoever of kindred nature comes within the range of his vision. His description

of the bear den in the Vale of Roncevaux is thus rendered by E. A. Bowring in the meter of the original:

Ronceval, thou noble valley!  
Whensoe'er I hear thy name,  
That blue flower so long departed  
O'er my bosom sheds its fragrance!

Then the glitt'ring dream-world rises  
Which for thousand years had faded,  
And the mighty spirit-eyes  
Gaze upon me, till I'm awe-struck!

Rattling sounds awake. There struggle  
Saracen and Frankish knight;  
As though bleeding and despairing  
Ring Orlando's bugle-notes.

In the vale of Ronceval,  
Hard beside Orlando's gap—  
Christen'd thus, because the hero,  
Seeking how to force a passage,

With his trusty sword Duranda  
Struck with such death-dealing fury  
On the wall of rock, that plainly  
To this day are seen its traces—

There within a gloomy hollow  
Close surrounded by a thicket  
Of wild fir-trees, safely hidden,  
Lies the cave of Atta Troll.

In the bosom of his fam'ly  
Rests he after all the hardships  
Of his flight and the distresses  
Of his public show and travels.

Sweet the meeting! all his young ones  
Found he in that happy cavern  
Where with Mumma he begot them,—  
Four his sons, and daughters two.

Well-lick'd maidens were the latter,  
Fair their hair, like parsons' daughters,  
Brown the youths, the youngest only  
With the single ear is black.

Now this youngest was the darling  
Of his mother, who when playing  
Happen'd once to bite his ear off,  
And for very love she ate it.

He's a very genial stripling,  
At gymnastics very clever,  
And he turns a somersault  
Like the posture-master Massmann.

Sprig of autochthonic humor,  
He his mother-tongue loves only,  
And has never learnt the jargon  
Of the Grecian and the Roman.

Fresh and free and good and merry,  
Soap he holds in detestation,  
(Luxury of modern washing,)  
Like the posture-master Massmann.

But our young friend is most genial  
Where upon the tree he clambers,  
Which along the steepest rock-side  
From the deep abyss upriseth,

And extendeth to the summit,  
When the family at night-time  
Gather all around their father,  
Toying in the evening coolness.

Then the old one loves to tell them  
What he in the world has witness'd;  
How he many men and cities  
Had beheld, and greatly suffer'd.

In *Germany: A Winter Tale*, which gives an account of a journey to Hamburg in 1843 for the purpose of visiting his mother, Heine displays his wit and sarcastic raillery uninterruptedly. It is one of his most remarkable poems, and much of it was censored by the strict German officials. As humorous as anything in the poem is the visit he pays in a dream to Frederick Barbarossa, after he has visited Kyffhauser Mountain:

I sleepy grew, and at length went to sleep,  
And as for my dream, this is it:  
To the Emperor Barbarossa I  
In the wondrous mount paid a visit.

On his stony seat by the table of stone  
Like an image no longer I saw him,  
Nor had he that very respectable look  
With which for the most part they draw him.

He waddled about with me round the halls  
Discoursing with much affection,  
Like an antiquarian pointing out  
The gems of his precious collection.

In the hall of armor he show'd with a club  
How the strength of a blow to determine,  
And rubb'd off the dust from a few of the swords  
With his own imperial ermine.

He took in his hand a peacock's fan,  
And clean'd full many a dusty

Old piece of armor, and many a helm,  
And many a morion rusty.

The standard he carefully dusted too,  
And said, "My greatest pride is,  
That not e'en one moth hath eaten the silk,  
And not e'en one insect inside is."

And when we came to the second hall,  
Where asleep on the ground were lying  
Many thousand arm'd warriors, the old man said,  
Their forms with contentment eyeing:

"We must take care, while here, not to waken the men,  
And make no noise in the gallery;  
A hundred years have again passed away,  
And to-day I must pay them their salary."

And see! the Emperor softly approach'd,  
While he held in his hand a ducat,  
And quietly into the pocket of each  
Of the sleeping soldiery stuck it.

And then he remark'd with a simpering face,  
When I observ'd him with wonder:  
"I give them a ducat apiece as their pay,  
At periods a century asunder."

In the hall wherein the horses were ranged,  
And drawn out in rows long and silent,  
Together the Emperor rubb'd his hands  
While his pleasure seem'd getting quite vi'lent.

He counted the horses, one by one,  
And poked their ribs approving;  
He counted and counted, and all the while  
His lips were eagerly moving.

"The proper number is not complete,"—  
Thus angrily he discourses:



“Of soldiers and weapons I’ve quite enough,  
But still am deficient in horses.

“Horse-jockeys I’ve sent to every place  
In all the world, to supply me  
With the very best horses that they can find  
And now I’ve a good number by me.

“I only wait till the number’s complete,  
Then, making a regular clearance,  
I’ll free my country, my German folk,  
Who trustingly wait my appearance.”—

Thus spake the Emperor, while I cried :  
“Old fellow ! seize time as it passes ;  
Set to work, and hast thou not horses enough,  
Then fill up their places with asses.”

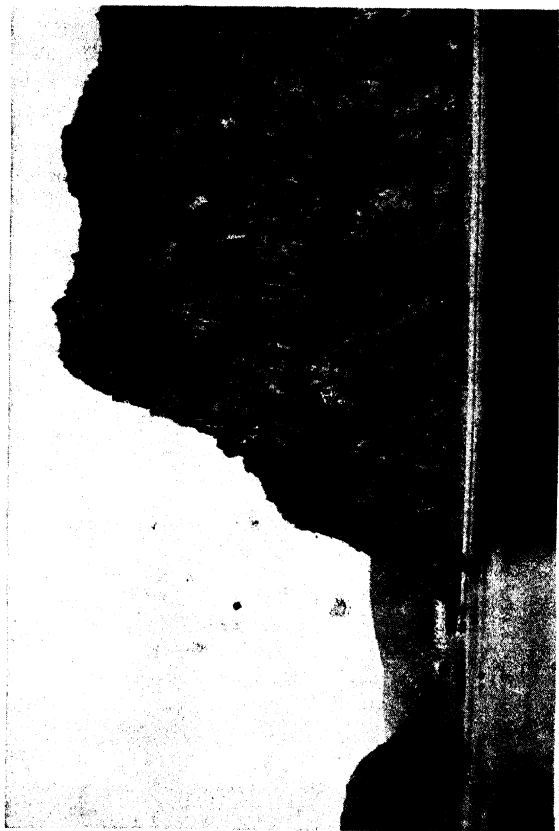
The *Lorelei* is a translation published in the  
*Edinburgh Review* :

I know not whence it rises,  
This thought so full of woe ;  
But a tale of times departed  
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,  
And calmly flows the Rhine ;  
The mountain peaks are sparkling  
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,  
The fairest of the fair :  
With gold is her garment glittering,  
As she combs her golden hair ;

With a golden comb she combs it ;  
And a wild song singeth she,  
That melts the heart with a wondrous  
And powerful melody.



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### THE LORELEI

THE FAMOUS ROCK ON THE RHINE, CELEBRATED IN SONG AND STORY FOR ITS ECHO, WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE  
LEGEND THAT THE ROCK WAS THE HOME OF A SIREN.



The boatman feels his bosom  
With a nameless longing move;  
He sees not the gulfs before him,  
His gaze is fixed above;

Till over the boat and boatman  
The Rhine's deep waters run:  
And this, with her magic singing,  
The Lorelei has done!

The following is one of the most charming  
of his minor lyrics:

A myriad years unmoving  
The stars have shone above,  
On one another gazing  
With the pangs of faithful love.

They speak a wondrous language,  
So richly sweet and grand,  
That none of the wisest scholars  
A word can understand.

But I have learned their language,  
And naught can its words erase,  
For the textbook that I studied  
Was my little sweetheart's face.

The following lyrics are from the *Book of Songs*, in Bowring's translation:

## 1.

My songs with poison are tainted,  
But how could it otherwise be?  
My blossoming life thou hast poison'd,  
And made it hateful to me.

My songs with poison are tainted,  
But how could it otherwise be?  
In my heart many serpents I carry,  
And thee too, my dearest love, thee.

## 2

In vision I lately was weeping,  
 I dreamt thou wert laid in thy grave;  
 I awoke, and the tears unceasing  
 My cheeks continued to lave.

In vision I lately was weeping,  
 I dreamt I was left, love, by thee;  
 I awoke, and weeping continued  
 Both long and bitterly.

In vision I lately was weeping,  
 I dreamt thou wert kind as of yore;  
 I awoke, and my tears in torrents  
 Continued to flow as before.

## 3

## CELEBRATION OF SPRING

O list to this spring time's terrible jest!  
 In savage troops the maidens fair  
 Are rushing along with fluttering hair,  
 And howls of anguish and naked breast:—  
 Adonis! Adonis!

The night falls fast. By torchlight clear  
 They sadly explore each forest track,  
 Which mournful answers is echoing back  
 Of laughter, sobs, sighs, and cries of fear:—  
 Adonis! Adonis!

That youthful figure, so wondrous fair,  
 Now lies on the ground all pale and dead;  
 His blood has dyed each floweret red,  
 And mournful sighs resound through the air:—  
 Adonis! Adonis!

## 4.

## HELENA

Thou hast call'd me forth from out of the grave  
 By means of thy magic will now,

And fill'd me full of love's fierce glow—  
This glow thou never canst still now.

O press thy mouth against my mouth,  
Man's breath with heaven is scented;  
Thy very soul I'll drain to the dregs,  
The dead are never contented.

## 5

All the trees with joy are shouting,  
All the birds are singing o'er us—  
Tell me, who can be the leader  
In this green and forest chorus?

Can it be the gray old plover,  
Wise nods evermore renewing?  
Or yon pedant, who is ever  
In such measured time coo-coo-ing?

Can it be yon stork, the grave one,  
His director's airs betraying,  
And his long leg rattling loudly,  
Whilst the music's round him playing?

No, the forest concert's leader  
In my own heart hath his station,  
All the while he's beating time there,—  
Amor is his appellation.

Heine's ballads and objective poems are the work of a master, as the following will show. What can be finer than *The Grenadiers*, written before he was twenty and one of the many tributes the poet paid to the great conqueror?

Two grenadiers travel'd tow'ards France one day,  
On leaving their prison in Russia,  
And sadly they hung their heads in dismay  
When they reach'd the frontiers of Prussia.

For there they first heard the story of woe,  
That France had utterly perish'd,  
The grand army had met with an overthrow,  
They had captured their Emperor cherish'd.

Then both of the grenadiers wept full sore  
At hearing the terrible story ;  
And one of them said : " Alas ! once more  
My wounds are bleeding and gory. "

The other one said : " The game's at an end,  
With thee I would die right gladly,  
But I've wife and child, whom at home I should tend,  
For without me they'll fare but badly.

" What matters my child, what matters my wife ?  
A heavier care has arisen ;  
Let them beg, if they're hungry, all their life,—  
My Emperor sighs in a prison !

" Dear brother, pray grant me this one last prayer :  
If my hours I now must number,  
O take my corpse to my country fair,  
That there it may peacefully slumber.

" The legion of honor, with ribbon red,  
Upon my bosom place thou,  
And put in my hand my musket dread,  
And my sword around me brace thou.

" And so in my grave will I silently lie,  
And watch like a guard o'er the forces,  
Until the roaring of cannon hear I,  
And the trampling of neighing horses.

" My Emperor then will ride over my grave,  
While the swords glitter brightly and rattle ;  
Then armed to the teeth will I rise from the grave,  
For my Emperor hasting to battle ! "

The following version of *Belshazzar* is, like the other poems of this section, in the meter of the original:

The midnight hour was coming on,  
In deathlike calm lay Babylon.

But in the monarch's castle nigh  
Held the monarch's attendants gay revelry.

And in the regal hall upstairs  
A regal feast Belshazzar shares.

The servants in glittering circles recline,  
And empty the goblets of sparkling wine.

The servants are shouting, the goblets ring,  
Delighting the heart of the ruthless king.

The king's cheeks feel a ruddy glow,  
The wine doth swell his ardor so.

And blindly led on by his ardor's wiles,  
The Godhead with blasphemous words he reviles.

And wildly he curses and raves aloud,  
Approvingly bellow the serving crowd.

The king commands with a look that burns,  
The servant hastens and soon returns.

Many golden vessels he bears on his head,  
The spoils of Jehovah's temple dread.

And the monarch straight seized on a sacred cup  
With impious hand, and fill'd it up.

And down to the dregs he drains it fast,  
And with foaming mouth exclaims at last:



"Jehovah, thy power I here defy,  
The King of Babylon am I."

But scarcely had sounded the fearful word,  
When the heart of the king with terror was stirr'd.

The yelling laughter is silenced all,  
And deathlike silence fills the hall.

And see! And see! On the wall so white  
A human hand appears in sight.

And letters of flame on the wall so white  
It wrote, and wrote, and vanish'd from sight.

The king the writing with wonderment sees,  
As pale as death, and with trembling knees.

The awestruck servants sat around,  
And silent sat, and utter'd no sound.

The magicians appear'd, but none 'mongst them all  
Could rightly interpret the words on the wall.

But Belshazzar the king the selfsame night  
Was slain by his servants,—a ghastly sight.

The pathos of *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar* is  
not lost in the translation:

## 1

The mother stood by the window,  
The son in bed lay he.

"Wilt thou not rise up, William,  
The fair procession to see?"—

"I am so ill, my mother,  
I neither see nor hear;  
I think of my poor dead Gretchen,  
My heart is breaking near."

“Arise, let’s go to Kevlaar,  
Take book and rosary too;  
The mother of God will heal thee,  
And cure thy sick heart anew.”

In church-like tones they are singing,  
The banners flutter on high;  
At Cologne on the Rhine this happens,  
The proud procession moves by.

The crowd the mother follows,  
Her son she leadeth now,  
And both of them sing in chorus:  
“O Mary, blessed be thou!”

## 2

The mother of God at Kevlaar  
Her best dress wears to-day;  
Full much hath she to accomplish,  
So great the sick folks’ array.

The sick folk with them are bringing,  
As offerings fitting and meet,  
Strange limbs of wax all fashion’d,  
Yes, waxen hands and feet.

And he who a wax hand offers,  
Finds cured in his hand the wound,  
And he who a wax foot proffers,  
Straight finds his foot grow sound.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches  
Who now on the tight rope skip,  
And many a palsied finger  
O’er the viol doth merrily trip.

The mother took a waxlight,  
And out of it fashion’d a heart:  
“My son, take that to God’s mother,  
And she will cure thy smart.”

The son took sighing the wax-heart,  
Went with sighs to the shrine so blest,  
The tears burst forth from his eyelids,  
The words burst forth from his breast :

“Thou highly-favor’d blest one!  
Thou pure and godlike maid!  
Thou mighty queen of heaven,  
To thee my woes be display’d!

“I with my mother was dwelling  
In yonder town of Cologne,  
The town that many a hundred  
Fair churches and chapels doth own.

“And near us there dwelt my Gretchen,  
Who, alas! is dead to-day;  
O Mary, I bring thee a wax-heart,  
My heart’s wounds cure, I pray.

“My sick heart cure, O cure thou,  
And early and late my vow  
I’ll pay, and sing with devotion:  
‘O Mary, blessed be thou!’ ”

## 3

The poor sick son and his mother  
In their little chamber slept,  
The mother of God to their chamber  
All lightly, lightly crept.

She bent herself over the sick one,  
Her hand with action light  
Upon his heart placed softly,  
Smiled sweetly and vanish’d from sight.

The mother saw all in her vision,  
Saw this and saw much more;  
From out of her slumber woke she,  
The hounds were baying full sore.

Her son was lying before her,  
And dead her son he lay,  
While over his pale cheeks gently  
The light of morning did play.

Her hands the mother folded,  
She felt she knew not how;  
With meekness sang she and softly:  
"O Mary, blessed be thou!"

The volume called *Romancero* is divided into three books, *Histories*, *Lamentations* and *Hebrew Melodies*. In the first book appears *The Battlefield of Hastings*:

The Abbot of Waltham deeply sigh'd  
When he heard the tragical story  
That Harold the king had lost his life  
On Hastings battle-field gory.

Two monks, named Asgod and Ailrik, he  
As messengers then selected,  
To seek at Hastings amongst the dead  
For Harold's body neglected.

The monks went forth with sorrowing hearts,  
And return'd with faces averted:  
"O Father, the world goes wrong with us now,  
We seem by Fortune deserted.

"The better man has fallen in fight,  
O'ercome by that bastard demon;  
Arm'd thieves amongst them divide the land,  
And make a slave of the freeman.

"The veriest rascal in Normandy now  
Is lord of the island of Britain;  
A tailor from Bayeux with golden spurs  
We saw as gay as a kitten.

“Woe, woe to the man of Saxon birth!  
Ye Saxon sainted ones even,  
Ye had better take care, ye’re not safe from disgrace,  
E’en now in the kingdom of heaven.

“The meaning now we can understand  
Of the blood-red comet which lately  
On a broomstick of fire rode through the sky  
One night, and astonish’d us greatly.

“At Hastings there was realized  
The evil star’s prediction;  
Amongst the dead on the battle-field there  
We sought with deep affliction.

“Till every hope had disappear’d  
We sought in each direction;  
The corpse of King Harold, we grieve to say,  
Escaped our close inspection.”

’Twas thus that Asgod and Ailrik spoke;  
His hands wrung the Abbot, while moan’d he  
Then sank in deep thought, and finally said,  
As heavily sigh’d and groan’d he:

“At Grendelfield, by the bards’ old stone,  
In a hut in the forest, is dwelling  
Her whom they Edith the Swanneck call,  
In beauty once so excelling.

“They call’d her Edith the Swanneck erst,  
Because her neck in its splendor  
Resembled the neck of the swan; the king  
Loved the maid with affection tender.

“He loved, kiss’d, fondled her long, and then  
Forgot, like a faithless lover;  
Time’s fleeting on, full sixteen years  
Have since those days pass’d over.

“Now, brethren, go to this woman straight,  
And bid her return with you quickly  
To Hastings; her eye will discover the king  
’Mid the corpses scatter’d so thickly.

“And when you have found his body, with speed  
To Waltham Abbey transfer him,  
That we for his soul due masses may sing,  
And like a Christian inter him.”

At midnight’s hour the messengers reach’d  
The hut in the forest, saying:  
“Awake, O Edith the Swanneck, awake,  
And follow without delaying.

“The Duke of the Normans as victor hath come,  
And the routed Saxons are flying,  
And on the field of Hastings the corpse  
Of Harold the King is lying.

“Come with us to Hastings, we’re seeking there  
The body beneath the dead hidden,  
To bring it to Waltham Abbey with care,  
As we by the Abbot are bidden.”

Then Edith the Swanneck girded herself,  
And not one word she utter’d,  
But follow’d the monks, while her grizzly hair  
In the wind all wildly flutter’d.

The poor woman follow’d with naked feet,  
And through marsh, wood, and briar on hied they,  
Till the chalky cliffs on the Hastings coast  
At the dawning of day descried they.

The mist, which like a snowy veil,  
The battle-field was cloaking,  
Dispersed by degrees; the noisy daws  
Were flapping their wings and croaking.

Many thousand corpses were lying there  
On the earth with blood bespatter'd,  
Stripp'd naked, and mangled, with many a steed  
Among the carcasses scatter'd.

Poor Edith the Swanneck in the blood  
With naked feet now waded;  
No single spot the searching glance  
Of her piercing eye evaded.

Both here and there she sought, and she oft  
Had to scare away the devouring  
Black troop of ravens that prey'd on the dead;  
The monks behind her were cowering.

She sought throughout the livelong day,  
Till the shades of the evening were falling;  
When out of the poor woman's breast there burst  
A shriek both wild and appalling.

For Edith the Swanneck had found at last  
The corpse of the king, poor creature!  
No word she utter'd, no tear she wept,  
She kiss'd each pallid feature.

She kiss'd his forehead, she kiss'd his mouth,  
Her arms encircled him tightly;  
She kiss'd the bloody breast of the king,  
Disfigured by wounds unsightly.

Upon his shoulder she likewise spied,—  
And cover'd them over with kisses,—  
Three little scars that her teeth had made,  
The signs of their former blisses.

And in the meantime the pair of monks  
Some branches of trees collected;  
These form'd the bier, on which they bore  
The body, with hearts dejected.

To Waltham Abbey the body they took,  
To bury it rightly and duly,  
And Edith the Swanneck follow'd the corpse  
Of him she had loved so truly.

The litanies for the dead she sang  
In childlike pious fashion.  
And in the night they fearfully rang,—  
The monks pray'd, full of compassion.

IX. KLEIST. Moody, disappointed in nearly everything he undertook, dissatisfied with himself, neglected by those whom he considered his friends, and dead before the fame that now is his had reached his name, Heinrich von Kleist is one of the most tragic figures in German literature. Born in 1777 into a poor family of the lower nobility, his soul burned with a patriotism that found little to satisfy it in the condition of his country during the Napoleonic wars, though he fought bravely in her armies for a time. Taking up literature, and honoring Goethe above all other writers, he was coolly treated by the great poet and unable to achieve popularity and scarcely to gain a hearing during his brief life, although by the strange irony of fate he is now considered one of Germany's greatest writers and the greatest of dramatists after Goethe and Schiller. Finally, in despair of seeing Germany a country worthy of his love and respect, and led by his passion for Henriette Vogel, the wife of a Berlin merchant, he eloped with her to Potsdam, and keeping the agreement the two had made, on a November day in 1811 he shot her and killed himself.



Since that fatal day fame has dealt kindly with the unfortunate young man, and there are now competent critics who consider him the greatest of Prussian dramatists. His first work was a romantic tragedy, the *Schroffenstein Family*, a wild, extravagant and fatalistic drama in verse, in which one horror follows another with gloomy certainty.

In 1808 he produced *The Broken Jug*, an amusing verse-comedy, suggested by an engraving which he saw at the house of some friends in Switzerland. A lecherous individual enters a young woman's room at night, and, escaping in fright, accidentally breaks a jug. The wrong person is arrested and brought before a judge for trial, in the course of which that official entangles himself in the evidence and is proved to be the real culprit. Goethe divided the skit into three acts, and this may have been one of the causes of the failure of the play when put on the stage at Weimar.

*Penthesilea* is not divisible into acts, and his Amazon queen is an impossible personage, yet the dramatic poem contains some of Kleist's best poetry; in fact, he felt that he had poured into it "all the pain and all the splendor of his soul." The plot is concerned only with the superhuman scorn and hatred of the Queen for Achilles when she thinks he despises her and has spoken slightly of her power as a warrior. In her rage she kills him with an arrow, tears his body with her teeth, and then calmly compasses her own death.



*From Painting by Paul Thumann*

RETURN OF VICTORIOUS GERMANS UNDER ARMINIUS (HERMANN) FROM TEUTOBERG FOREST



*Katie of Heilbronn, or The Fiery Trial*, now the most popular drama written by Kleist, was not played in the poet's lifetime. It is a medieval production of the *Sturm und Drang* style, with knights, ladies and even the Emperor among the characters, and incidents full of action and interest. Katie, a simple Swabian girl, is deeply in love with Wetter vom Strahl, whom she follows about like a dog, sleeping with his horse and finding no duties too menial for her to perform, no harshness on his part sufficient to drive her away. An armorer in Heilbronn, the man who is supposed to be Katie's father, accuses Wetter vom Strahl of being a sorcerer, but her valiant defense frees him of the charge. The burning castle of Thurneck puts her to the "fiery trial," and afterward she saves him from marriage with an adventuress. Eventually the Emperor recognizes her as his daughter, and thus raised in rank she is able to marry Wetter, whose heart has been won by her devotion.

*Hermann's Battle* is one of the most successful attempts of the Germans to make a national hero of Arminius, and at the same time is a wonderful exposition of political conditions in 1808 and a moving appeal to German patriotism. Any person could read France for Rome, Prussia for Hermann, Austria for Marbod and Napoleon for the Roman.

*The Prince of Homburg* is recognized as Kleist's dramatic masterpiece; it is regarded as one of the greatest historical dramas in

Germany, in spite of the author's failure to secure a place for it on the stage. The Prince Friedrich, half hero, half coward, is condemned to death by a court-martial, and even the pleas of Nathalie, the niece of the Elector, who loves Friedrich, cannot move the ruler to pardon him. The petition of the entire army has no better success, but finally the Elector is led to place the matter entirely in the hands of the Prince and allow him to decide whether or no his sentence shall stand. Both dreamer and man of action, the Prince shakes off his cowardice and nobly meets the terrible crisis. His decision that the sentence has been just and that he deserves death, however, raises him so in the estimation of the Elector that a pardon is granted.

In 1810 Kleist published in two volumes a collection of eight tales (*Erzaehlungen*), of which the first and by far the most important was *Michael Kohlhaas*, which, though somewhat romantic, is in most respects a straightforward, realistic narration worthy of the best modern writers; in fact, it is sometimes spoken of still as the greatest short novel in the German language.

Michael Kohlhaas was a horse-dealer, who lived in the sixteenth century with his wife and two children on a farm of his own on the banks of the Havel. One day he started with a drove of fine young horses which he expected to dispose of to great advantage at a neighboring fair. He had not gone far when he was stopped

by a gate across the road where toll was demanded, though such a thing had never happened before. Here he learned that the old lord who had lived in the castle hard by was dead and that his son Wenzel von Tronka, who ruled in his stead, had begun the levy of toll. Moreover, after Michael had reluctantly paid, Wenzel's castellan met him and demanded a passport, though none had been required previously. In fact, Michael was not allowed to proceed until he had left two fine horses as security for his return with the passport. Having sold the remainder of his stock in Leipzig, Michael proceeded to Dresden and obtained his certificate, but learned that Lord Tronka had acted without warrant. Irritated by the discovery, but resolved to make the best of a bad matter, the horse-dealer returned to the castle of his oppressor and there found that the servant whom he had left to care for the horses had gone away. When Michael asked for his property he was shown two wretched old hacks, all skin and bone, and was told that they were the animals he had left. Controlling his anger, he asked what had become of Herse, his servant, and was told that he had been dismissed for grave misconduct. Unable to obtain further satisfaction and doubting the story told him, Michael hurried away to get at the truth of the matter.

When he reached home he learned that Herse had been shamefully treated, had been beaten into insensibility, in fact, and was still in a

precarious condition, that his horses had been treated no less rigorously, and that other property left at Tronka's had been confiscated. Incensed beyond bearing at the tale his servant told, Michael set out for Dresden to seek redress, but even at court he found the influence of Tronka too strong, and he returned so disgusted with a country that would not protect her citizens that he sold his farm and prepared to move elsewhere with his wife and children. His wife, however, recollecting some friends at court, persuaded her husband to allow her to make an appeal to the Elector in person. This attempt was far more disastrous than the other, for in a few days his wife returned lying in the carriage, fatally injured by a pike-thrust from one of the Elector's own guards. She recovered consciousness, but with strength only sufficient to point to that verse which says, "Love your enemies—do good to those that hate you," and to look lovingly at her husband before passing away.

Michael's only thought was, "If I forgive Wenzel, then may not the Lord forgive me." No sooner was his wife buried than the half-crazed dealer began upon projects for revenge by sending to Lord Tronka a demand that in three days' time he should present himself with the horses and serve them in person until they were restored to their former condition. As was to be expected, Wenzel paid no attention to the demand, and Michael proceeded with his plans. At dusk of the third day, with his

servants and the friends he had collected, he attacked the castle, burned the outbuildings and slaughtered the servants right and left. With his own hands he seized one of the retainers by the throat and threw him into a corner, spattering his brains upon the walls. The fire passed all control and consumed the stables with their horses, and even the castle itself. Michael raged like a demon, but search as he might everywhere he could not find Wenzel, who had fled at the first sign of alarm to hide in a convent. The maddened avenger attacked the convent, but failed to secure his prey; other malcontents gathered about him; he defeated an army sent against him and laid siege to Leipzig itself.

Here Luther interfered with a proclamation against Michael; this act weakened the allegiance of some of the followers of the rebel, so that he sought and obtained a personal interview with Luther and laid the case before him. Not doubting the injustice of the treatment which had been accorded to Michael, Luther knew that the injured horse-dealer had become both a robber and a murderer and disliked to interfere, but finally, yielding to the pleas of the offender, agreed to use his influence to obtain for Michael a chance to present to the tribunal at Dresden his demands, namely, that the nobleman should be chastised according to the letter of the law, the horses be restored to their former condition, and that ample compensation should be made to his servant Herse.



Michael was an intensely religious man and ardently desired confession and communion, but though he was willing to forgive his other enemies, he could not forgive Tronka, and still felt that he must demand the return of his horses. Despairing of making any impression upon the embittered man, Luther adhered to his promise, secured a general amnesty, and procured a safe conduct for Michael.

Reassured by the promise, the bereaved man returned home, bought back his farm and awaited the return of his horses. But again his enemies triumphed; he was treacherously arrested, tried and condemned to death for murder. At the place of execution it was discovered that Michael's lawyer had obtained a partial triumph, for the Elector had returned the horses sleek and prancing, as well as all that had been taken from Michael at the castle of Tronka, and had decreed two years of imprisonment for its lord. Michael was allowed to pet his horses, dispose of them and all the rest of his property as he saw fit, and then was told that he must answer to the Emperor for the outrages committed. Having bidden farewell to his children and his friends, the horse-dealer announced his readiness, and sustained by the sense of justice done, went willingly to his doom. The Elector knighted Michael's sons and brought them up among his own pages.

X. "PETER SCHLEMIL." Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838), poet, botanist and teller of

stories, is noted for his fantastic and lurid romantic ballads, but more widely for a wonderful tale, *Peter Schlemil*, which has been translated into almost every modern language. Incredible as is the idea, it seems very real in the story when Peter sells his shadow for an inexhaustible purse of gold to an "old man in gray," who cuts it off, rolls it up, and goes on his way. In spite of his wealth, the absence of his shadow brings Peter into such difficulties that he is very glad to meet the old man again and repurchase it. But the price the devil asks is Peter's soul, and this he refuses to pay, so he throws away his magic purse, and in a pair of seven-league boots sets forth to see the wonders of the world, and in so doing regains his peace of mind.

XI. HAUFF. Although Wilhelm Hauff (1802-1827) died at twenty-five and his literary life was confined almost entirely to his last two years, yet he exhibited a wonderful genius and wrote one popular novel and a large number of interesting romantic tales. His novel *Lichtenstein*, called a historical romance, but with the history pure invention, shows the influence of Scott. Among his most successful works are short tales which he sets in ingenious frames that have more life and animation than many others. *The Caravan*, with its six tales, reminds us of the *Arabian Nights*, though the frame is very different. *The Sheik of Alexandria and His Slaves*, with its four stories, is in similar vein, but *The Inn in the Spessart* is

different in local color. His work is always delicate and refined, and he is so natural and witty a story teller that probably it will be read with interest for years to come.

The *Caliph Stork*, the shortest of the tales of *The Caravan*, we give below, slightly abridged, from the translation of S. Mendel:

The Caliph Chasid of Bagdad was sitting one fine summer afternoon comfortably on his divan: he had slept a little, for it was a sultry day, and he looked quite refreshed after his nap. He smoked a long rosewood pipe, sipped now and then a little coffee which a slave poured out for him, and stroked his beard contentedly. In short, it could be seen at a glance that the Caliph felt very comfortable. At such a time it was easy to approach him, as he was very good-tempered and affable, wherefore his Grand Vizier Mansor visited him every day about this time. This afternoon he came as usual, looking however very grave, a rare thing for him. The Caliph took the pipe out of his mouth and said: "Why dost thou make so grave a face, Grand Vizier?" The Grand Vizier folded his arms across his breast, bowed to his master and answered: "Master! whether I assume a grave appearance I know not, but down below in the palace stands a peddler who has such fine wares that it vexes me that I have no money to spare."

The Caliph, who had long desired to rejoice the heart of his Grand Vizier, ordered his black slave to fetch the peddler. In a few moments the slave returned with him. He was a little stout man, swarthy in the face, and dressed in rags. He carried a box in which he had all sorts of wares, pearls, and rings, pistols with richly-inlaid stocks, goblets, and combs. The Caliph and his Vizier inspected everything, and the Caliph at last bought for himself and Vizier a pair of pistols, and for the Vizier's wife a comb. As the peddler was about to close his box again, the Caliph caught sight of a little

drawer, and asked whether it also contained some wares. The peddler pulled out the drawer, and exhibited a snuff-box containing a black powder and a piece of paper with peculiar writing on it, which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read. "These things were given to me one day by a merchant who found them in the streets of Mecca," said the peddler; "I know not what they are; but you may have them for a small sum, for they are of no use to me." The Caliph, who was very fond of having old manuscripts in his library, though unable to read them, bought both paper and box and dismissed the peddler. The Caliph, however, thought he would like to know what the writing meant, and asked the Vizier if he did not know anybody who might decipher it. "Most gracious lord and master," answered the latter, "near the Great Mosque lives a man called Selim the Learned; he knows all languages. Send for him; perhaps he can explain these mysterious signs."

The learned Selim soon arrived. "Selim," said the Caliph to him, "Selim, it is said thou art very learned. Just look at this writing whether thou canst read it; if thou canst read it, thou gettest a new robe of honor from me; if thou canst not, thou gettest twelve boxes on the ears and twenty-five lashes on the soles of the feet, for having been called Selim the Learned without cause." Selim bowed and said: "Thy will be done, O master!" For a long time he looked at the writing; suddenly, however, he exclaimed: "That is Latin, O Master, or let me be hung!" "Say what it means," demanded the Caliph, "if it is Latin."

Selim began to translate: "Man who findeth this, praise Allah for his goodness. He who takes a pinch of this powder in this box and therewith says 'Mutabor,' can change himself into any animal, and also understand the language of animals. If he afterwards wish to resume his human form, let him bow thrice to the east and say the same word. But beware when thou art changed, that thou laughest not, or the magic word departest from thy memory for ever, and thou remainest a beast."

When Selim had read this, the Caliph was pleased beyond measure. He made the learned man swear not to reveal the secret to any one, presented him with a splendid robe and dismissed him. Then turning to his Grand Vizier he said: "This I call getting a bargain, Mansor! How glad I am at being able to become an animal! Come thou to me to-morrow morning. We will then go together into the fields, take a pinch out of the box and then listen to what is said in the air and the water, in wood and field."

Next morning, scarcely had the Caliph Chasid breakfasted and dressed himself, when the Grand Vizier appeared as ordered. The Caliph put the box with the magic powder in his girdle, and after having directed his suite to remain behind, he and the Grand Vizier set out alone on the journey. They first passed through the large gardens of the Caliph, but looked in vain for any living thing on which to try the experiment. The Vizier at last proposed to pursue their journey to a pond, where he had often seen many animals, especially storks, whose grave manners had always excited his attention.

The Caliph approved of the Vizier's proposal, and went with him towards the pond. Having arrived there, they saw a stork soberly pacing up and down looking for frogs, and chattering something now and then to itself. At the same moment they saw far up in the sky another stork hovering in this direction.

"I wager my beard, most gracious Master," said the Grand Vizier, "this long-legged pair are now having a pleasant talk. How would it be if we turned into storks?"

"Wisely spoken," replied the Caliph. "But first, let us consider once more how we may become men again. It is easy enough! If we bow thrice to the east, and say 'Mutabor,' I shall be Caliph and thou Vizier again. But for heaven's sake, no laughing, or we are lost."

While the Caliph spoke thus, he saw the other stork hovering over their heads, and slowly alighting on the ground. Quickly he snatched the box from his girdle,

took a hearty pinch, gave the box to the Grand Vizier, who did the like, and both exclaimed "Mutabor!"

Then their legs shriveled and became thin and red, the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and his Vizier changed into ugly storks' feet, their arms grew into wings, their necks shot up from their shoulders and reached a yard in length, their beards vanished and soft feathers covered their bodies.

"You have a pretty beak, Mr. Grand Vizier," said the Caliph after a long surprise. "By the beard of the Prophet, I have never seen such things in my life!" "Thanks humbly," replied the Vizier bowing; "but if I might dare to say it, I should avow that your Highness looks almost handsomer as a stork than a Caliph. But come, if it pleases you, let us listen to our comrades yonder and hear if we really speak storkish."

Meanwhile the other stork had reached the ground. It cleaned its feet with its beak, settled its feathers and walked up to the first stork. The two new storks hastened to get near them, and to their surprise heard the following conversation: "Good morning, Madam Long-legs! You are early on the meadows." "Thank you, dear Clapper-beak! I have been to get a little breakfast. Would you like to have a quarter of a lizard or a little leg of a frog?" "Much obliged; but I have no appetite this morning. Besides, I have come upon quite a different errand on the meadow. I am to dance before my father's guests to-day, and I want to practice a little quietly."

Thereupon the young stork began to caper about the field in peculiar figures. The Caliph and Mansor watched her, very much surprised. But when she stood on one leg in a picturesque attitude, and fluttered her wings to increase the effect, neither of them could resist any longer; laughter burst from their beaks, from which they only recovered a long time afterwards. The Caliph was the first to regain self-possession: "That was a joke," he exclaimed, "which cannot be bought for gold. What a pity the stupid animals should have been scared by our laughter, else they would also have sung, to be sure!"

But now it occurred to the Grand Vizier that laughing during the enchantment was forbidden. He therefore communicated his fears to the Caliph. "By Mecca and Medina, that would be a bad joke if I were to remain a stork! Do bethink thee of the stupid word; I cannot recall it."

"Three times we must bow to the east and say: 'Mu—Mu—Mu.'"

They turned towards the east and kept on bowing continually till their beaks nearly touched the ground. But, alas! the magic word had escaped them, and as often as the Caliph bowed, and however eagerly his Vizier added 'Mu—Mu—,' yet every recollection of it had gone; Chasid and his Vizier remained storks.

Sadly wandered the enchanted ones through the fields, not knowing what they should do in their misery. They could not discard their stork-plumage, nor could they return into the town and make themselves known, for who would have believed a stork that he was the Caliph? and even if one had believed it, would the inhabitants of Bagdad accept a stork for a Caliph?

Thus they wandered about for several days, living miserably on the fruits of the field, which they, however, could not swallow very well on account of their long beaks. As for lizards and frogs, their stomachs would not relish such food; besides, they were afraid of spoiling their appetite with such tit-bits. Their only pleasure in their sad situation was that they could fly, and thus they flew often to the high roofs of Bagdad to see what was going on in the town.

During the first days they remarked great uneasiness and grief in the streets. But on the fourth day of their enchantment, while sitting on the roof of the Caliph's palace, they saw down below in the street a splendid array. The drums and fifes played; a man dressed in a gold-embroidered scarlet mantle rode a richly-caparisoned horse, surrounded by a gaudy train of servants. Half Bagdad rushed about him, and everybody shouted: "Hail, Mizra! the ruler of Bagdad!"

Then the two storks upon the roof of the palace looked at each other, and the Caliph Chasid said: "Do you guess now why I am enchanted, Grand Vizier? This Mizra is the son of my mortal enemy, the mighty Magician Kaschnur, who in an evil hour swore revenge on me. But still I do not despair. Come with me, thou faithful companion of my misery; we will betake ourselves to the grave of the Prophet; perhaps at that sacred shrine the magic may be dispelled."

They rose from the roof of the palace and flew towards Medina.

They did not succeed very well in their flying, for the two storks had as yet very little practice. "O Master!" sighed the Grand Vizier after a couple of hours' flight; "with your leave I can hold out no longer, you fly too swiftly for me! Besides, it is dark already, and we should do well to seek shelter for the night."

Chasid listened to the request of his servant; and seeing beneath them in the valley some ruins which promised a lodging, they flew towards it. The place where they had settled for the night seemed formerly to have been a castle. Splendid pillars rose from among the ruins; several chambers which were still tolerably preserved testified to the bygone splendor of the building. Chasid and his companion strolled through the passages in search of some dry nook, when suddenly the stork Mansor stopped. "Lord and Master," he whispered below his breath, "were it not foolish for a Grand Vizier, and still more so for a stork, to fear ghosts! I feel very uneasy, for close by some one sighed and groaned quite distinctly." The Caliph now also stopped, and heard quite plainly a low sob, which seemed rather to come from a man than an animal. Full of anxiety, he wanted to go towards the spot whence proceeded the sound of sorrow; but the Vizier seized him by the wing with his beak and begged him entreatingly not to rush upon new and unknown perils. But all was of no avail. The Caliph, who bore a brave heart beneath his stork plumage, tore himself away with the loss of some feathers, and ran towards



a gloomy passage. Soon he came to a door which was ajar, and behind which he heard distinct sighs and moans. He pushed open the door with his beak, but stopped on the threshold in astonishment. In the ruined chamber, which was only dimly lighted by a little iron-barred window, he saw a great night-owl sitting on the ground. Heavy tears rolled out of its large round eyes, and with a hoarse voice it uttered its moans from its hooked beak. But when it saw the Caliph and his Vizier, who had also come up in the meantime, it gave a loud cry of joy. Elegantly it wiped the tears from its eye with its brown-flecked wings, and to the great amazement of both, it cried in good human Arabic: "Welcome, ye storks; you are a good omen to me of my deliverance, for through storks I am to be lucky, as it was once foretold me."

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he bowed with his long neck, set his thin legs in a graceful position, and said: "Night-owl! from thy words I believe that I see a fellow-sufferer. But alas! thy hope of deliverance through us is in vain. Thou wilt recognize our helplessness in hearing our tale."

When the Caliph had related his story to the owl she thanked him, and said: "Now also listen to my tale, and learn how I am no less unlucky than thyself. My father is the king of the Indies; I, his only unhappy daughter, am called Lusa. That Magician Kaschnur, who has enchanted you, has also brought misfortune upon me. One day he came to my father and asked me in marriage for his son Mizra. But my father, who is a fiery man, had him thrown downstairs. The wretch knew how to approach me again under another shape, and one day, while I was taking some refreshments in my garden, he administered to me, disguised as a slave, a draught, which changed me into this hideous shape. Fainting from fear, he brought me hither and shouted with a terrible voice into my ear: 'Here shalt thou remain, detestable, abhorred even by beast, to thy end, or till one of free will, himself in this horrid form, asks thee to be his wife. And thus I revenge myself on thee and on thy haughty father.'

"Since then many months have passed. Lonely and sadly I live as a recluse within these ruins, shunned by the world, a scarecrow even to beasts: beautiful nature is hidden from me, for I am blind by daylight, and only when the moon pours her wan light over these ruins does the obscuring veil drop from my eyes."

When the owl had finished, she again wiped her eyes with her wings, for the story of her woes had moved her to tears.

The Caliph, by the story of the Princess, was plunged into deep thought. "If I am not mistaken," said he, "there is between our misfortunes a secret connection; but where can I find the key to this riddle?" The owl answered him: "O Master! such is also my belief; for once in my infancy a wise woman foretold of me that a stork should bring me a great fortune, and I know one way by which perhaps we may free ourselves." The Caliph was very much surprised, and asked what way she meant. "The enchanter who has made us both unhappy," said she, "comes once every month to these ruins. Not far from here is a hall where he holds orgies with numerous companions. Often have I spied them there. They then relate to one another their vile deeds. Perhaps he may pronounce the magic word which you have forgotten." "O dearest Princess," exclaimed the Caliph, "say when comes he, and where is the hall?"

The owl was silent a moment, and then said: "You must not take it ill, but only on one condition can I fulfill your wish." "Speak out, speak out," cried Chasid. "Command all, everything of me."

"It is this, that I may also become free, which can only be if one of you offer me his hand."

The stork seemed somewhat taken aback at this proposition, and the Caliph beckoned to his servant to go out with him a little.

"Grand Vizier," said the Caliph outside, "this is a sorry bargain, but you might take her." "Indeed!" answered the Grand Vizier; "that my wife when I come home may scratch out my eyes? Besides, I am an old

man, while you are still young and single, and could better give your hand to a young and fair Princess."

"That is just it," sighed the Caliph, whilst sadly drooping his wings. "Who then has told thee that she is young and fair? That is buying a pig in a poke."

They devised one with the other for a long time. At last however, when the Caliph saw that his Vizier would rather remain a stork than wed the owl, he resolved to fulfill the condition himself. The owl was immensely pleased. She confessed to them that they could not have come at a more favorable time, for the enchanters were very likely to assemble that night.

She quitted the chamber with the storks to lead them to the hall. They went for a long time through a gloomy passage; at length, through a half-fallen wall, gleamed a bright light towards them. Having arrived there, the owl advised them to remain perfectly quiet. They could, through the gap near which they stood, overlook a great hall. It was supported all round by pillars, and splendidly decked. Many brilliant colored lamps replaced the light of day. In the center of the hall was a round table, covered with many and choicest meats. Round this table was a couch, on which sat eight men. In one of these men the stork recognized the peddler who had sold them the magic powder. His neighbor asked him to relate his latest deeds. Amongst others he also related the story of the Caliph and his Vizier.

"What sort of word hast thou given them?" asked another enchanter. "A very difficult Latin one, namely, 'Mutabor.'"

When the storks heard this at their hole in the wall they were nearly beside themselves with joy. They ran on their long legs so quickly to the threshold of the ruins that the owl could hardly follow them. There the Caliph addressed the owl with emotion: "Deliverer of my life and of the life of my friend, accept me in eternal gratitude for your spouse for that which thou hast done for us." He then turned to the east. Thrice the storks bowed their long necks to the sun, which just then was

rising behind the mountains. "Mutabor!" they exclaimed; and straightway they were changed, and in the great joy of their new-sent life master and servant fell into each other's arms laughing and crying. But who can describe their astonishment on turning round? A lovely lady, grandly dressed, stood before them. Smiling, she gave her hand to the Caliph. "Do you no longer recognize your night-owl?" she said. It was she. The Caliph was so charmed with her beauty and grace, that he exclaimed: "My greatest fortune was that of having been a stork."

The three now traveled together towards Bagdad. The Caliph found in his clothes not only the box with the magic powder, but also his purse. He therefore bought in the nearest village what was needful for their journey, and so they soon came to the gates of Bagdad. But there the arrival of the Caliph caused much surprise. People had believed him dead, and they therefore were highly pleased to have again their beloved ruler.

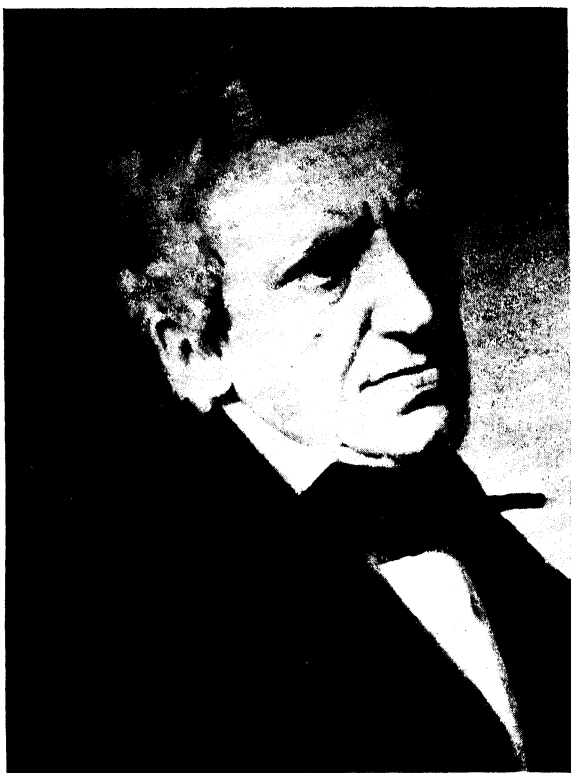
All the more, however, burned their hatred towards the impostor Mizra. They entered the palace, and took prisoner the old enchanter and his son. The Caliph sent the old man to the same chamber in the ruins that the Princess had lived in as owl, and had him hanged there. But for the son, who knew nothing of his father's art, the Caliph gave the choice whether he would die or snuff. And when he chose the latter, the Grand Vizier handed him the box. A good strong pinch and the magic word of the Caliph changed him into a stork. The Caliph had him shut up in an iron cage and placed in his garden.

Long and happy lived the Caliph Chasid with his wife the Princess. His most pleasant hours were always those when the Grand Vizier visited him during the afternoon; they then very frequently spoke of their stork adventures, and when the Caliph was very jovial, he amused himself with imitating the Grand Vizier when he was a stork. He strutted up and down the chamber with stiff legs, clapped, fluttered his arms as though they were wings, and showed how vainly the latter had turned to

the east crying all the while "Mu—Mu." This entertainment was at all times a great pleasure to Madam Caliph and her children; but when the Caliph kept on clapping a little too long, and nodded, and cried "Mu—Mu," then the Vizier threatened him, smiling, that he would communicate to Madam Caliph what had been discussed outside the door of the Night Owl Princess.

XII. GRILLPARZER. Living to a date a little later than the writers whom we have been considering, but belonging essentially to the same school, was Franz Grillparzer (1791–1872), the greatest Austrian dramatist, who was born in Vienna and achieved distinction there, though he traveled extensively in Europe and the East. Although somewhat cold and austere himself, there was in his blood a taint of insanity, for his mother and one brother committed suicide, and another brother came near to being hopelessly insane. From his mother came his poetic fancy, from his father his common sense and plain rationalism. He early entered government employ, and rarely proving restive under the restraints and close application of official life, continued his unromantic labors till he was nearly sixty years of age. Nevertheless, he was a prolific writer of dramas from youth to old age, favoring the Greek tragedy, but clothing his efforts in romance and sentiment. The lyrical tenderness of his versified plays and his skill in depicting human emotions are his most noted characteristics.

His view of the influence of Shakespeare is too excellent to omit, though it may appear slightly out of place at this juncture:



GRILLPARZER  
1791-1872



You ask what books I shall take with me? Many and few: Herodotus, Plutarch, and the two Spanish dramatists. And not Shakespeare? Not Shakespeare; although he is perhaps the greatest thing the modern world has produced—not Shakespeare! He tyrannizes over my mind, and I wish to remain free. I thank God for him, and that it was my good fortune to read and re-read him and make him mine; but now I strive to forget him. The ancients strengthen me; the Spaniards inspire me to produce; . . . but the giant Shakespeare usurps the place of nature, whose most glorious organ of expression he was; and whoever gives himself up to him will, to every question asked of nature, forever receive an answer from Shakespeare only. No more Shakespeare! German literature will be ruined in that very abyss out of which it once arose; but I will be free and independent.

The first of his early writings to win renown was *The Ancestress*, a ghost drama replete with horrors, in which the spirit of a sinful ancestress haunts her descendants until the last is in his grave.

His second drama, *Sappho*, follows classic models more closely than any other, and there is little of the romantic spirit in it. He idealizes the character of the ancient poetess, makes her lonely in her renown, and seeking for love. When this is denied her, and the love of Phaon is given to Melitta instead of to herself, she ends her troubled existence. Sappho is speaking:

*Sappho.* Gracious, immortal gods! list to my prayer.

Ye have adorned my life with blessings rich:

Within my hand ye placed the bow of song;

The quiver of the poet gave to me;

A heart to feel, a mind to quickly think;

A power to reveal my inmost thoughts.



Yes! ye have crowned my life with blessings rich.  
For this, all thanks.

Upon this lowly head  
Ye placed a wreath, and sowed in distant lands  
The poet's peaceful fame,—immortal seed;  
My songs are sung in strange and foreign climes;  
My name shall perish only with the earth.  
For this, all thanks.

Yet it hath been your will  
That I should drink not deep of life's sweet cup,  
But only taste the overflowing draught.  
Behold! obedient to your high behest.  
I set it down untouched. For this, all thanks.

All that ye have decreed I have obeyed,  
Therefore deny me not a last reward:  
They who belong to Heaven no weakness show;  
The coils of sickness cannot round them twine;  
In their full strength, in all their being's bloom,  
Ye take them to yourselves: such be my lot.  
Forbid that e'er your priestess should become  
The scorn of those who dare despise your power,  
The sport of fools, in their own folly wise.  
Ye broke the blossom; now then, break the bough.  
Let my life close e'en as it once began.  
From this soul struggle quickly set me free.  
I am too weak to bear a further strife:  
Give me the triumph, but the conflict spare.

*[As if inspired.]*

The flames are kindled, and the sun ascends!  
I feel that I am heard! I thank ye, gods!  
Phaon! Melitta! hither come to me!

*[She kisses the brow of Phaon.]*

A friend from other worlds doth greet thee thus.

*[She embraces Melitta.]*

'Tis thy dead mother sends this kiss to thee.

Upon yon altar consecrate to love,  
Be love's mysterious destiny fulfilled.

*[She hurries to the altar.]*

*Rhamnes.* What is her purpose? Glorified her form!

The radiance of the gods doth round her shine!

*Sappho* (*ascending a high rock, and stretching her hands over Phaon and Melitta*).

Give love to mortals—reverence to the gods;

Enjoy what blooms for ye, and—think of me.

Thus do I pay the last great debt of life.

Bless them, ye gods! and bear me hence to heaven!

[*Throws herself from the rock into the sea.*]

The *Golden Fleece* is a classic trilogy, in which the supernatural plays again an important part. It is not an imitation of Greek tragedy, but is a Greek tale rendered in a romantic manner, and no one, ancient or modern, has wrought out the old legend in a finer or more poetical manner. The three plays are independent, and each is complete in itself; moreover, they are not harmonious in style, though they fulfill the conditions of a trilogy far better than is usually the case. *The Guest-Friend*, the first of the trilogy, is a brief prologue in which Phryxus brings the Golden Fleece to Colchis and meets his death by the treachery of Medea's father; the second play, *The Argonauts*, shows Jason's quest for the stolen Fleece and ends with the conflict of Medea's love for Jason and the duty she owes her country and her relatives. *Medea* is the finest of the three. It delineates the working of the curse of Phryxus, which through the Fleece follows the Argonauts relentlessly. Jason and Medea are everywhere persecuted for their union, and when in Corinth they find no refuge, she gives up her magic arts; but Jason, who has learned to hate

her, spurns her, and even her children desert her. At last she can bear her agony no longer, and in wild unreasoning rage kills her children, sets fire to the palace of the King of Corinth and bears the Fleece back to Colchis, having bidden Jason an eternal farewell.

*A Faithful Servant*, taking as its theme loyalty to the throne, carries it to the point of servility, and the character of Bancban was more of a favorite with Grillparzer than with the public. While absent for a brief time, the King of Hungary leaves his old retainer Bancban in charge of public affairs. The Queen's profligate brother persecutes Bancban's pretty young wife and drives her to suicide. To save the conscienceless wretch the Queen takes the murder upon herself and incurs the anger of the people, from whom Bancban is unable to save her, though he risks his own life in the attempt. He does, however, manage to save the little Crown Prince, and on the King's return presents this child with the claim that he has in all things been a faithful servant.

One of the most successful of modern love-dramas is Grillparzer's *Waves of the Sea and of Love*, an elegant dramatization of the old story of Hero and Leander. The play opens with Hero about to take the vows of perpetual chastity as a vestal of Aphrodite, but as she is pouring incense at the altar her eyes fall upon those of Leander, who, with a friend, has stolen into the temple. The young people meet in the garden, and again at night Leander,

guided by a burning taper, swims the Hellespont and climbs the wall of Hero's prison. The ensuing scene is considered one of the finest Grillparzer ever wrote, in its happy delineation of a pure soul awakening to love. Grown reckless in love, they cause suspicion to fall upon Hero and then when in a night of storm Leander attempts to swim across to his appointment, the wind extinguishes the beacon in Hero's window, Leander drowns in the darkness, and his body is cast ashore. After pouring out her grief over her lover's body, Hero sinks lifeless beside him.

*The Dream of a Life* is an almost equally popular play. Rustan, a Persian country lad, has ambitions and desires far beyond his powers of realization. A negro slave urges him to go forth and seek his fortune, and Rustan decides to go, but as night is fast approaching, he delays his departure till morning. That night the lad dreams of his future, and to the spectator the dream seems real. Rustan kills the man who has saved the life of the King of Samarcand and takes the credit of the rescue. He rises rapidly to honor and position, and is promised the King's daughter in marriage, but his crime comes to light and he is compelled to flee for his life. A stream lies across his path, and he leaps in to escape from his pursuers, and thus is awakened from the nightmare; the illusion of the spectator is dispelled, and Rustan sees the futility of his aspirations.

XIII. HOFFMANN. Another tragic figure in German literature is Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann, composer, caricaturist and novelist, who was born in 1776 and died at the age of forty-six of spinal disease caused by his own debaucheries. However, he is regarded as one of the greatest of Romance novelists, at least one of those who exert the widest and most abiding influence. Misfortune, usually justly attributable to his own faults, followed him, and he often lived and wrote in direst poverty and under the displeasure of rulers and companions, whom he had offended alike by his drawings and his conduct. His outlook on life was often that of a humorist, but in his writing there are decadent tendencies and a constant leaning toward grewsome incidents on the borderland of the supernatural or psychological tales of minds near the breaking point. Nevertheless, his stories are extremely real and fascinating and will long be popular with those who revel in uncanniness or those who love finely written artistic tales full of romantic German charm. Contradictory as his work appears; realistic, and at the same time full of ideality; classic, and yet romantic; fantastic in plot, but elegant in execution, it is no more filled with opposing elements than was his own life.

To many he is known as E. T. A. rather than E. T. W. Hoffmann, for in his enthusiasm for Mozart he changed his name Wilhelm to Amadeus; his admiration for Beethoven also was

unstinted. As a composer, his music was meritorious, and some of his works are highly regarded, such, for instance, as the musical rendition of *Undine*.

The work which made his reputation as a writer is *The Devil's Elixir*, a skillfully constructed tale of a Capuchin monk, who, having tasted the "devil's elixir," is led through a number of terrorizing adventures before finally he is forced to bitter repentance.

Carlyle translated for his collection of German romances *The Golden Pot*, which Hoffmann wrote during the siege of Dresden. From that translation the following charming description is taken:

Stir not the emerald leaves of the palm-trees in soft sighing and rustling, as if kissed by the breath of the morning wind? Awakened from their sleep, they move, and mysteriously whisper of the wonders which from the far distance approach like tones of melodious harps! The azure rolls from the walls, and floats like airy vapor to and fro; but dazzling beams shoot through it; and whirling and dancing, as in jubilee of childlike sport, it mounts and mounts to immeasurable height, and vaults itself over the palm-trees. But brighter and brighter shoots beam on beam, till in boundless expanse opens the grove where I behold Anselmus. Here glowing hyacinths and tulips and roses lift their fair heads; and their perfumes in loveliest sound call to the happy youth: "Wander, wander among us, our beloved; for thou understandest us! Our perfume is the longing of love; we love thee, and are thine for evermore!" The golden rays burn in glowing tones: "We are fire, kindled by love. Perfume is longing; but fire is desire; and dwell we not in thy bosom? We are thy own!" The dark bushes, the high trees, rustle and sound: "Come to us, thou loved, thou

happy one! Fire is desire; but hope is our cool shadow. Lovingly we rustle round thy head; for thou understandest us, because love dwells in thy breast!" The brooks and fountains murmur and patter: "Loved one, walk not so quickly by; look into our crystal! Thy image dwells in us, which we preserve with love, for thou hast understood us." In the triumphal choir, bright birds are singing: "Hear us! Hear us! We are joy, we are delight, the rapture of love!" But anxiously Anselmus turns his eyes to the glorious temple which rises behind him in the distance. The fair pillars seem trees, and the capitals and friezes acanthus leaves, which in wondrous wreaths and figures form splendid decorations. Anselmus walks to the temple; he views with inward delight the variegated marble, the steps with their strange veins of moss. "Ah, no!" cries he, as if in the excess of rapture, "she is not far from me now; she is near!"

Then advances *Serpentina*, in the fullness of beauty and grace, from the temple; she bears the golden pot, from which a bright lily has sprung. The nameless rapture of infinite longing glows in her meek eyes; she looks at Anselmus and says, "Ah! dearest, the lily has sent forth her bowl; what we longed for is fulfilled. Is there a happiness to equal ours?" Anselmus clasps her with the tenderness of warmest ardor; the lily burns in flaming beams over his head. And louder move the trees and bushes; clearer and gladder play the brooks; the birds, the shining insects dance in the waves of perfume; a gay, bright, rejoicing tumult, in the air, in the water, in the earth, is holding the festival of love! Now rush sparkling streaks, gleaming over all the bushes; diamonds look from the ground like shining eyes; strange vapors are wafted hither on sounding wings; they are the spirits of the elements, who do homage to the lily, and proclaim the happiness of Anselmus. Then Anselmus raises his head, as if encircled with a beamy glory. Is it looks? Is it words? Is it song? You hear the sound: "*Serpentina!* Belief in thee, love of thee has unfolded to my soul the inmost spirit of nature! Thou hast brought me the lily,

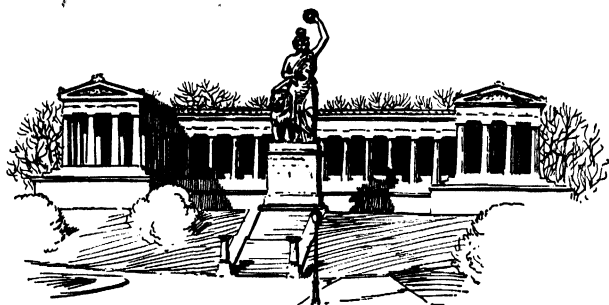
which sprung from gold, from the primeval force of the world, before Phosphorus had kindled the spark of thought; this lily is knowledge of the sacred harmony of all beings; and in this do I live in highest blessedness for evermore. Yes, I, thrice happy, have perceived what was highest; I must indeed love thee forever, O Serpentina! Never shall the golden blossoms of the lily grow pale; for, like belief and love, this knowledge is eternal."

Four volume of tales loosely set in a simple framework of conversations among friends contain his most fairly representative short stories, under the title of *The Serapion Brethren*. However, his fantastic and incomplete romance, *Murr the Tom-Cat*, shows his amiable satire most attractively, though its humor exceeds even that of Jean Paul. The cat is supposed to write his memoirs on the proofs of an artist and idealist, Kreissler, and the sheets are printed and bound together by mistake. The attenuated thread that holds all together is the love sory of Kreissler.



KREUZNACH, IN THE VALLEY OF THE NAHE





## CHAPTER XVI

### THE MIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

**Y**OUNG GERMANY." Romanticism began with an attempt to do away with the conventionalities and unrealities of the age which had preceded and to substitute therefor a more liberal and saner policy. To a great degree it succeeded, but then romanticism itself forgot its purpose, became unreal, insincere and fantastic, bringing a revolt no less sincere and effective than that in which the romantic spirit had its birth. Such is ever the history of literature, as well as of politics or social life. Connected with the revolt against romanticism was the movement against tyranny, a reflection from the French Revolution, or a development of the same spirit which brought chaos into France and from which developed a saner government.

We have not the space, nor is it in harmony with our general plan, to consider the litera-

ture of social agitation in itself, however inspiring it may have been in its time. However, in Germany the political agitators were the real literary men, and a group of these writers combined with their effort to free Germany a strong purpose to free its literature from the bondage of romanticism. The group of writers, though properly they cannot be called a school, are usually spoken of as “Young Germany,” and writings similar to theirs are usually considered under that head. In the year 1835 the federal Diet took occasion to forbid the “publication and sale of the writings of the literary school known as ‘Young Germany,’ ” and it mentioned as the men constituting that school Heinrich Heine, Karl Gutzkow, Ludolf Wienbarg, Theodor Mundt and Heinrich Laube, because all had recently published radical opinions. To suppress books which were not yet written was a personal attack, stupid in its conception and unfortunate in its effect. Moreover, it attracted an undue attention to the writers and gave them an importance which their contributions to literature did not justify.

We have already seen that the effect of this decree was to drive Heine to Paris, from which secure position he launched sarcasm and ridicule against the powers that had made life intolerable in Germany. Others of the writers mentioned joined him and kept up the long-distance fire with their literary small-arms. The result was beneficial neither to the writers nor to the German public; in fact, by their

glorification of France and French politics, the authors brought a measure of discredit upon themselves, and the very Germans whom they hoped to assist came to look upon them as justifiably expatriated, if not as traitorous. Thus we see that "Young Germany" was a political, rather than a literary movement, but in those stormy and disorganized times it occupied an important position and did a work which was productive of a greater unity and a new spirit some forty years later. The delicacy and spirituality of romanticism passed away, and in its place came the age of journalism and political propaganda. It was the reaction from "Young Germany," rather than that movement itself, which became effective for good, as it served to free the country from the tyranny of French models, to create a local taste and to unify German ideals.

Of the writers mentioned in the decree, we have already considered Heine and his works. Wienbarg and Mundt need not concern us. There remain only Gutzkow and Laube, both of whom acquired a general literary reputation in addition to their fame as political agitators,

Karl Gutzkow (1811-1878) during the last twenty years of his life was one of the most influential writers in Germany, but his fame has faded as rapidly as it arose, for one of his novels, *Wally the Doubter*, so shockingly treated of Christianity, marriage and passionate love that it earned for the author the indig-

nation of the public and three months' confinement in prison; yet it was a sparkling production containing an abundance of light witticism, which many German writers have continued to imitate. His later productions were of greater merit, and whatever fame still is his rests largely upon books written after 1848. *The Knights of the Spirit*, published originally in nine volumes, is notable as being the first of a long series of modern social novels, which follow the ideal set up in Gutzkow's preface to the work much more successfully than that author himself.

Heinrich Laube (1806-1884), an older man than Gutzkow by five years, was a poor provincial who came from Silesia, led a stormy life in the university, and first achieved distinction as dramatist and critic. Later he produced as his chief novel *The German War*, a long story depicting in a very realistic manner the stormy life of the Thirty Years' War. He was the rival of Gutzkow as a dramatist and possessed a much more comprehensive knowledge of stage requirements than others of his age. His chief drama is *Lord Essex*, in which he draws the character of Queen Elizabeth's favorite in strong and forcible lines, but unfortunately he wrote his play in verse, and Laube was not a poet.

II. POLITICAL AND PATRIOTIC LYRICS. Poems of political discontent and freedom were numerous enough in the epoch of which we are speaking, and may be found of all types, from

feeble protest to rabid attack. In 1840 Schneckenger wrote *Die Wacht am Rhein*, which, when set to music, has become known all over the world as the national anthem:

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,  
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel:—  
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!  
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

*Chorus*

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:  
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,  
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;  
With filial love their bosoms swell,  
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race  
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;  
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,  
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,  
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,  
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—  
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,  
In golden light our banner glows;  
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

About a year later Hoffmann von Fallersleben, a prolific song writer, composed a patriotic song which achieved in Germany a popularity, in her armies at least, second to nothing but

*The Watch on the Rhine. Deutschland über Alles* became the cry of a nation grown mad in thirst for power, a watchword that lost its significance in the cataclysm of the World War.

The following is a free translation by George Sylvester Viereck:

Deutschland, Deutschland, land of all lands,  
 First and foremost in the world,  
 When thy children face united  
 Every foe against thee hurled,  
 From the Meuse unto the Memel,  
 To the sea, with flags unfurled:  
 Deutschland, Deutschland, land of all lands,  
 First and foremost in the world!

German troth and German women,  
 German wine and German song,  
 Shall retain their ancient glamour,  
 Though the years be dark and long,  
 Noble deeds they shall inspire  
 In our hearts, and make us strong:  
 German troth and German women,  
 German wine and German song.

Brotherhood and right and freedom  
 Bless thee, German Fatherland,  
 For this goal we strive together,  
 One and all, with heart and hand,  
 For upon these mighty pillars  
 Evermore thy weal must stand:  
 Bloom and flourish in that glory,  
 Flourish, German Fatherland.

Hoffmann's other songs related not only to the Fatherland, but celebrated love, wine and good fellowship quite as successfully. Before

him Count Auersberg, an Austrian who wrote under the name of Anastasius Gruen, had paved the way for Hoffmann's stronger doctrine by good-natured protestation against tyranny, such, for instance, as that in which he symbolizes the Austrian people appearing before their ruler and humbly begging, "Might I take the liberty, sir, to be free?"

George Herwegh led the chorus in singing with patriotic pride of Germanic union, and he was followed a little later by his superior in art, Hermann Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810-1876), who was born at Detmold and educated for a commercial career. At seventeen he began his work as a poet in the vein of the Romantic school, as he early fell under the influence of Byron and Victor Hugo. Finding at first nothing to inspire his fervid genius in his native land, his muse led him to the East and he pictured the rough men and fierce denizens of Oriental lands. These poems attracted public attention, and Freiligrath became immediately popular.

By 1844 he had abandoned his romanticism and produced political and revolutionary poetry, which is ranked as the highest and best of that epoch. So vigorously did he incite the people to revolt that he was arrested and barely escaped conviction on a charge of treason, and though he was acquitted of that charge, he went to London and remained there for about seventeen years, engaging in the commercial life for which he had been trained. The Ger-

man victories of 1871 and the subsequent union of the Empire inspired him to further poetry, and he returned to his native land satisfied to dwell there, although he was not under the form of government for which thirty years before he had pleaded so ardently.

Chief among those who championed the other side, or rather the cause which in the end triumphed, was Emmanuel Geibel (1815-1884). Having declared his opposition to the doctrines advocated by Herwegh and his followers, Geibel was favored by the government and given every opportunity to cultivate his genius. Frederick William IV granted him a pension of three hundred thalers, an amount which was increased subsequently, and, feeling free from anxiety as to the future, he was able to sing without restriction of his dream of a Germany united under a Hohenzollern emperor. Between the period of 1848 and 1870, no one exceeded Geibel either in ability or in popularity, but his facility in the writing of verses was a misfortune, and it has not frequently been the case that a man who wrote so much and wrote it so well had so little to say that was really new. Yet, he was influential upon his successors to a greater degree, perhaps, than Freiligrath.

III. MID-CENTURY FICTION. Modern fiction had become thoroughly established in Germany in all its departments by the middle of the nineteenth century. Imitators and followers of Scott had brought the historical novel to per-



fection, or at least had put it on a level with similar works in other countries, and its vogue was at its highest. Moreover, the attention of authors had been turned from the past to the present, and modern realism was thoroughly understood. The life of the common people, of peasants as well as of villagers, was found to be as interesting as that of the higher classes, and readers of every rank enjoyed the tales that were presented to them. If Germany is lacking in really great novels, it has a superabundance of those which narrowly miss being great, and a number of her writers have world-wide recognition. In fact, by the time the nineteenth century was beginning to wane, fiction had become cosmopolitan, and in every European nation, as well as the United States, the works of all were common property by means of good translations available at very moderate expense, so that the cultured people of every nation were made acquainted with the successful novels of others almost as quickly as the readers of the author's own country. Manifestly, it is impossible to give any adequate comprehension of even the great novels of a nation in a work like this, but we can hardly leave the subject without calling attention to some of the writers.

IV. SCHEFFEL. Josef Victor von Scheffel (1826-1886) achieved fame as a poet as well as a novelist. He was born at Karlsruhe, and sixty years afterward died at the same place, a melancholy wreck. The early part of his

life was one of disappointments. His parents had intended him for the law, and he had an ardent desire to be a painter. After receiving a legal education, he determined not to follow that profession, but went to the island of Capri to paint. A few years demonstrated his inability to succeed, and he left Italy in great distress. However, a few years later he found his true art to be literature, and from the time he began to write his success was extraordinary. Without attempting to present his works in the order in which they were written or even to mention more than a few of them, it is sufficient to call attention to the *Gaudeamus*, a collection of rollicking college songs which is universally known throughout the German universities, where the songs are daily sung. Not a few of these have found their way into our own schools and are almost as popular here in translation as they are in the original.

Humor is the strongest trait in Scheffel's work, and in the *Trumpeter of Sakkingen* he gives us a sentimental and romantic tale full of playful humor, in which the humble trumpeter in time marries the high-born maiden. Interspersed in the tale are a number of amusing lyrics, and among them is the *Song of Hiddigeigei, the Tom-Cat*, of which we quote the closing stanzas:

Near the close of his existence  
Hiddigeigei stands and sighs;  
Death draws nigh with fell insistence,  
Ruthlessly to close his eyes.

Fain from out his wisdom's treasure,  
Counsels for his race he'd draw,  
That amid life's changeful measure  
They might find some settled law.

Fain their path through life he'd soften :  
Rough it lies and strewn with stones ;  
E'en the old and wise may often  
Stumble there, and break their bones.

Life with many brawls is cumbered,  
Useless wounds and useless pain ;  
Cats both black and brave unnumbered  
Have for naught been foully slain.

Ah, in vain our tales of sorrow !  
Hark ! I hear the laugh of youth.  
Fools to-day and fools to-morrow,  
Woe alone will teach them truth.

All in vain is history's teaching :  
Listen how they laugh again !  
Hiddigeigei's lore and preaching  
Locked in silence must remain.

Soon life's thread must break and ravel ;  
Weak this arm, once strong and brave ;  
In the scene of all my travail,  
In the granary, dig my grave.

Warlike glory there I won me ;  
All the fight's fierce joy was mine :  
Lay my shield and lance upon me,  
As the last of all my line.

Ay, the last ! The children's merit  
Like their sires' can never grow :  
Naught they know of strife of spirit ;  
Upright are they, dull and slow,

Dull and meager; stiffly, slowly,  
Move their minds, of force bereft;  
Few indeed will keep as holy  
The bequest their sires have left.

Yet once more, in days far distant,  
When at rest I long have lain,  
One fierce caterwaul insistent  
Through your ranks shall ring again:—

“Flee, ye fools, from worse than ruin!”  
Hark to Hiddigeigei’s cry;  
Hark, his wrathful ghostly mewling:—  
“Flee from mediocrity!”

Probably the most popular of German historical novels is Scheffel’s *Ekkehard*, in which he takes for his hero the monk Ekkehard, who, it will be remembered, in medieval times wrote *Waltharius of the Strong Hand* at the monastery of St. Gall. For the sake of local color, Scheffel resided for some time at St. Gall and made his studies there. He invented a love affair between the author of *Waltharius* and Hadwig, the historical Duchess of Swabia, and depicts her as a nineteenth century lady in the midst of the Middle Ages. Anachronisms and general historical confusion prevail, but if a person is not critical and can remain blind to its defects the story is exceedingly interesting, although the general effect is to give an erroneous impression of the manners and customs of medieval times.

V. HÄRING AND AUERBACH. W. H. Häring, under the name of Wilibald Alexis (1798–1871), wrote historical novels in the school of

Scott, but dealing with Prussian history; in fact, he was locally called the Walter Scott of Brandenburg. *Roland of Berlin*, *The Breeches of Lord Bredow* and *Keep Cool* are the best known three of his six historical novels, all of which depict in a realistic manner the masterful people among whom he grew up.

About this time the village tale was perfected, or at least made popular, by Berthold Auerbach (1812-1882), the son of Jewish parents, who, however, soon freed himself from the narrow education which his father had given him, studied broadly and began his literary career. Up to this time the novels had been historical, and political in the sense that they dealt with plans for reform and revolution, so that the people were more than ready to accept a new style of story that should depict village life in realistic colors. Auerbach, however, threw his own personality into his characters, so that they are idealized, and in spite of the details of their daily life, are not real village people. The immense popularity of his stories, however, paved the way for a better class of work from more talented individuals. *Village Tales of the Black Forest*, in which locality he had grown up, is a collection of short stories that brought his first fame, and among his longer novels, *On the Heights* is considered his best work.

VI. KELLER. Gottfried Keller (1819-1890) was born in Zurich of Swiss parentage, and began his career as an artist, only to discover

that his talent did not lie in that direction. Accordingly, he abandoned art and returned to the university, having received a small pension which enabled him to continue his work there. Later he went to Berlin, where for some years he lived in poverty and obscurity, writing poems and undertaking with great enthusiasm dramas which were never completed. In 1854, however, he produced *The Green Henry*, which in part is autobiographical and gives the history of Keller's apprenticeship to life: his temptations, dreams and disappointed struggles as an artist. A richly poetic novel, almost romantic in its nature, its intimate personal character gave it a decided interest to all readers. Its formlessness, combined with other faults which had become apparent to the author, led him to burn all unsold copies of the first edition and thoroughly revise it about twenty-five years after its first publication.

The collection of tales known as *Seldwyla Folk* treats of the inhabitants of the little Swiss village Seldwyla, and though the tales have no connection with one another, they are set in the village as a framework. The whole thing is a piece of dramatic realism, in which the foibles and peculiarities of the village folk are set forth with so unsparing a hand that Keller's countrymen criticized him for exhibiting their weaknesses so freely. However, the charm and merit of the stories brought them a popularity which has continued to increase. The first story in the collection is *The Romeo and*

*Juliet of the Village*, which has a beauty, pathos and tragic interest not excelled by the great drama from which the name of the tale was taken. Two farmers are rival claimants for a strip of land. One has a son, the other a daughter; and the two young people fall in love and are united, but the enmity of their parents destroys all hope of happiness, and the lovers die in despair. *Seven Legends* and *Martin Salander* are among the best of his later works.

VII. REUTER. In his tales, however realistic they were in other respects, Keller never employed dialect, but this art was carried to success by Fritz Reuter (1810-1874), a man who has often been called the Dickens of Germany. He was born in a little town in Mecklenburg; as a student at Jena he was condemned to death, and then on a reprieve to thirty years of imprisonment, for wearing the colors of a political club. He had served seven years of this sentence when the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerein released him. Such tyranny wrecked the life of the young student, and he had little ambition left; in fact, he was over forty years of age, an alcoholic, and socially disgraced, when his faithful wife encouraged him to write a volume, *Funny Tales and Nonsense Rhymes*, in his Mecklenburg dialect, which brought him immediate fame. The favorable reception of his first publication moved him to attempt others, which proved equally successful, and soon he was engaged

in more ambitious projects. The most popular of his early novels is *In the Year '13*, the scene of which is laid at the time of the German uprising against Napoleon. The characters are all drawn from his native village, and are realistic in the extreme. Not only in Germany, but in England and America as well, the novel became immensely popular. Among his later novels the best are *From My Prison Life* and *From My Life as Farm Steward*, both of which are delightfully humorous and contain very clever anecdotes and pictures of people and things he had known. They are so loosely organized and connected that they can scarcely be called novels, in the modern acceptation of the term, and, in fact, it may be said of all Reuter's work that its chief charm lies in its fidelity to nature and its humor rather than in plot and incident. Critics consider the work of Keller and Reuter as most likely of any mid-century fiction to endure permanently. However valuable and lasting the work of Reuter and Keller appears to be, they did not enjoy during their lifetime either the great popularity or the emoluments which should have been theirs for their excellent productions.

VIII. FREYTAG. It was left to Gustav Freytag (1816-1895) to become the great figure of his age and to receive for his work a proper compensation. Born at Kreuzburg in Upper Silesia, Freytag from the beginning devoted himself to study, and began his career



in literature with a tendency toward dramatic writing, in which, however, he succeeded only moderately. His great success came with the publication of *Debit and Credit*, in which he undertook to dignify labor, or rather, middle class commercialism. Still, his message was the same as that which other writers had addressed to the peasant class and all who labored with their hands, namely: "Your work is neither dull nor degrading, but in its daily routine there is inspiration and an opportunity for culture, idealism and patriotism." Ten years later, in *The Lost Manuscript*, he endeavored to give to the students in the universities the same message of cheer which he had earlier conveyed to those in trade. The realism of these two novels, their fidelity to things as they were at his time, and the freedom from affectation in his characters, bespeak for his work an enduring popularity; however, he lacked humor and appeared unable to picture the passionate crises in life, so that he fails of world-wide significance.

The principal scene of action in *Debit and Credit* is in the business house of the wholesale grocer, T. O. Schroter, a careful, industrious and successful merchant. Baron von Rothsattel represents the aristocracy, or governing class, in sharp contrast to the merchant. Anton Wohlfahrt, a youth in Schroter's house, is the real hero, who subsequently becomes a member of the firm, although his career is interrupted by his connection with the Baron, who

falls into the hand of a Jew money-lender and mortgages his land to obtain money for a business enterprise, in which he expects to renew his fortunes. The Baron's plan fails, and he is unable to save himself, but the Baroness secures the interest of Anton, who endeavors to get Schroter's aid. When he fails in this, Anton leaves Schroter and accompanies the Baron's family to their estate in a distant province. The real cause of Anton's interest in the Baron's affairs is his daughter Lenore, who, however, becomes engaged to a young nobleman, Fink, who has recently returned from the United States and become associated with Schroter. Finding himself unable to work harmoniously with the Baron, who will brook no interference in his affairs, Anton returns and is reinstated in Schroter's business. Though Anton marries Schroter's sister and becomes a partner in the business, it is Fink who marries the Baron's daughter and by his success shows that the old feudal nobility may find an appropriate outlet for their abilities in the commercial life.

*The Lost Manuscript* shows us Felix Werner, a professor of philology, who thinks he has discovered that the lost books of Tacitus are in existence and devotes his life to their recovery. This romantic search leads him to his wife, Ilse, who, while a girl in her father's house and later as the professor's wife in a university town, is one of the finest types of the true German woman to be found anywhere

in literature. Werner, however, becomes so absorbed in his search that he neglects his wife, whose beauty attracts the attention of the Prince, and after a series of intrigues and persecutions, during which it seems the Prince will be successful, the unsuspecting Werner discovers the evil intentions of the Prince and saves his wife. In the end he finds the covers of the lost manuscript, but the contents are missing.

IX. HEYSE. One of the most versatile German writers of this epoch is Johann Ludwig Paul Heyse, who was born at Berlin in 1830. By parentage he was half a Jew, but his education gave him a broad cosmopolitanism which is reflected in all his writings and in a measure unfitted him for depicting clearly and vigorously German scenes and characters. He is seen at his best in his short stories, and especially those of Italian or foreign location. One of the most famous of the group, as well as one of his earliest tales, is *L'Arrabbiata*, a charming idyl of Italian peasant life. Heyse is, before all else, an artist, and his stories abound in charming pictures executed with the greatest skill. His prose is full of lyrical cadences, and the whole bent of his genius is lyrical rather than dramatic. Although a voluminous playwright, his efforts in that direction have never been very popular, though a few of his plays had promising runs. Of his more serious work, two novels written with a purpose stand in the front rank. They are *Children of the World*

and *In Paradise*, the first of which, because of its happier ending, rather than because of its superior execution, has been the more popular. Both are of the type which has been made more famous, in our language at least, by the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward and others of her school. It is, of course, too early to say what permanent position Heyse will occupy in the literature of his country.

X. THE DRAMA. We have already discussed at some length the poet Gutzkow, without saying much of his dramatic works, which, however, were remarkably successful and quite in accord with the spirit of his age. Winning notice with the prose tragedy of *Richard Savage*, which has passed into forgetfulness, he poured forth a long succession of tragedies and comedies in both poetry and prose, all of which were more or less didactic or revolutionary in their tendency. The best, perhaps, is the rather gloomy *Uriel Acosta*, a tragedy whose scene is laid in Amsterdam in the time of Spinoza. A remarkable familiarity with stage requirements is one of the reasons why Gutzkow's plays proved popular, but some of his comedies, such, for instance, as the *Queue and Sword* and *The Original of Tartuffe*, have deserved the popularity which they have won.

Gutzkow's contemporary and opponent, and really his superior in dramatic art, was Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863), who made only a small impression on his contemporaries; but he was an extraordinary character, whose fame

as a writer has continued to grow, in spite of the peculiarities of his subjects and his style. The son of a poor Dithmarsch mason, he had little opportunity for education, and received nothing but criticism and punishment for his efforts to write, until he reached the age of twenty-two. At that time Amelia Schoppe, a Hamburg authoress, became interested in his writings and advised him to use law as a means of acquiring the opportunity to follow literature as a profession. A small pension which she obtained for him enabled him to pursue his studies, and he undertook the Herculean task of educating himself, with a stubbornness that was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He fell in love with Elise Lensing, a tender, affectionate little woman, whose mentality was far beneath his own, and after some years of effort to live in harmony with her, he abandoned her, although she had assisted him in every way and yielded herself to him unreservedly. *Judith*, a play which he based upon the Jewish story in the Apocrypha, was made famous by a Berlin actress who played in the title-role. It is a brutal drama, in which Judith, a wealthy and beautiful young widow, saves her native city from Holofernes, who has besieged it, by winning his love and cutting off his head after she has made him drunken with passion and wine. Crude in many ways, as was to be expected from the author's life, *Judith* nevertheless was the forerunner of a succession of remarkable plays in which ferocity and

gigantic passions mingle with supernatural intensity.

A residence of some length in Paris ripened his genius, and it was after his return to Germany that he set Elise aside and married Christine Enghausen, a successful actress, whose devotion and shrewdness did much to place him on the road to independence. A curious and unusual relationship grew out of this, for Hebbel's conscience troubled him, and he brought Elise and her children to his own home, where a friendship sprang up between the wife and the former mistress, who at one time wrote to Christine as follows:

That our relations could take so pure a color I ascribe to my sojourn there (Vienna). Though so many hours of bitterness were my lot in that unforgettable town, things would never have shaped themselves thus had I not learned to know you and all the facts on the spot itself. Our bond is now one of those of whose like there are few.

His prosperous life in Vienna was blighted by a change in the management of the local theater, whose new director proved to be an enemy of both Hebbel and his wife, but after difficulties with the Bavarian government because of some expressions in his plays, he received the offer of a position at the court of Weimar, although he was so thoroughly domesticated in Vienna that he decided to remain there. His last years were passed in quiet study and meditation. *Mary Magdalen*, *Herod and Mariamne* and *Gyges and His Ring* are

Hebbel's three most noteworthy plays, ranking in the order named.

*Mary Magdalen* is a tragedy of humble life, in which the more important character is the father of the heroine rather than the young woman herself. Mary believes that the man she loves has deserted her and gives herself to another lover, by whom she is abandoned. Then she drowns herself, not to save her own honor, but for the honor of her father, whose colossal pride and stern rectitude have brought him to the tragic position. Unlike the other two plays, the misfortunes of the principal characters are sufficiently natural and real to bring them within the range of human sympathy.

*Herod and Mariamne* is based on the historic account by Josephus, which Hebbel follows with great accuracy. Herod has been summoned to appear before Antony, and leaves his command with Joseph that should he not return within a certain time Mariamne should be slain in order that she might not become the love of another. Herod himself is believed to have slain the brother of Mariamne, and her suspicions are wrought upon by her mother, Alexandra, who hates Herod intensely. Herod returns unexpectedly and is received coolly by his wife, who has learned of the orders he gave when he left. Herod grows suspicious and departs again, leaving a similar command. A report reaches Jerusalem that he has been slain, and instead of being in mourning for her husband Mariamne is in the midst of a festival

when Herod again suddenly appears. She is tried and condemned to death, and then, too late to save her, it appears that the festival was held only as a ruse to force Herod to kill her himself, as she cannot feel that he loves her enough to trust her to destroy herself if he should die before her. So meager an outline of the play gives little opportunity to judge of its character, but the play itself is effective enough. The last scene, which implies the approaching conflict of Christianity with the old Roman civilization and Asiatic barbarism, is considered one of the remarkable achievements of German literature, though the introduction of such a scene has been criticized as out of taste. Salome is Herod's sister:

*Servant.* Three kings from out the Eastern lands are here,  
They are with costly presents richly laden  
And at this very moment have arrived.  
Never were seen more strangely striking figures  
Nor garments of more wondrous kind than these.

*Salome.* Conduct them in.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

I'll tell him this at once.

So long as they're with him he will not think

On her; and all is over soon with her.

[*She goes after* HEROD.

[*The* SERVANT *conducts in the* THREE KINGS  
FROM THE EAST. *They are dressed in strange  
and curious raiment in such a way that  
they differ from each other in every par-  
ticular. A rich retinue follows them, of  
like characteristics. Gold, incense and  
myrrh. Enter* HEROD, *and* SALOME *shortly  
after him.*

*First King.* O King, all hail!



*Second King.* A blessing on thy House!

*Third King.* A benison to all eternity!

*Herod.* I thank you. But methinks for such an hour  
The salutation's strange.

*First King.* Was not a son  
Born to you?

*Herod.* Me? Oh, no! My wife has died.

*First King.* We have no call to tarry here.

*Second King.* So there's  
A second King then here?

*Herod.* Then there would be  
None here at all.

*Third King.* There's here, beside your own,  
A second stem, it seems, of Kingly blood.

*Herod.* And why?

*First King.* It is so.

*Second King.* Yes, it must be so.

*Herod.* Of that too I know naught.

*Salome.* (to HEROD). In Bethlehem

The stem of David still has left a shoot

Remaining.

*Third King.* David was a King?

*Herod.* 'Tis so.

*First King.* Let us now go even unto Bethlehem!

*Salome.* (continuing, to HEROD). But now it plants its  
seed alone in beggars.

*Herod.* I think it, else——

*Salome.* I spoke once with a virgin

Of David's house, Mary, I think, her name.

I found her fair enough for such a lineage,

But she was to a carpenter betrothed

And scarcely lifted eyes upon my face

When I made question of her name.

*Herod.* You hear it?

*Second King.* 'Tis naught! We go.

*Herod.* You will then, ere you go,

Acquaint me what has brought you hither.

*First King.* Reverence

Before the King above all Kings.

*Second King.*

The wish

Ere yet we die to view his countenance.

*Third King.* The holy duty at His feet in homage

To lay whate'er on earth is costly-rare.

*Herod.* Who gave you tidings of Him then?

*First King.*

His star!

We journeyed not together and we knew

Naught of each other, for our kingdoms lie

To furthest East and furthest West, seas flow

Between them, lofty mountains sunder them——

*Second King.* And yet it was the self-same star we saw,

The self-same impulse that had seized our hearts;

We wandered on the self-same way and met us

At last together at the self-same goal——

*Third King.* Whether a King's son or a beggar's son

The Child this star has lighted into life

Will be uplifted high, and on the Earth

No man shall breathe that will not bow to Him.

*Herod. (aside).* So speaks the Ancient Book as well!

*(Aloud).* May I

Make offer of a guide to Bethlehem?

*First King. (pointing to Heaven).* We have a guide!

*Herod.* Then good. And if the Child

Be found, I prithee send to me the tidings

That I with you may do Him reverence.

*First King.* It shall be done. Now forth to Bethlehem!

[*The THREE KINGS with their retinue leave the stage.*]

*Herod.* It never will be done!

[*Enter JOAB and TITUS, followed by ALEXANDRA.*]

Ha!

*Joab.*

It is finished!

[*HEROD covers up his face.*]

*Titus.* She died, yes, died! But as for me, I have

A still more fearful office to perform

Than he who brought your word of blood to pass,

For I must tell you she was innocent.

*Herod.* No, Titus, no!

[*TITUS is about to speak.*]

(*Stepping close up to him.*) For were that so, you  
could not

Have let her go to death.

*Titus.* No one was able  
To hinder that but you. It gives me pain  
To be against my will your worse than headsman,  
But if a holy duty yields the dead one,  
Whoever he may be, the rite of burial,  
Still holier is the duty from a shame  
To wash him clean if he deserve it not.  
This duty now lays law on me alone.

*Herod.* I see from all you say one only thing—  
Her spell in death itself was true to her.

. . . . .

*Alex.* Almost the self-same hour  
Had Mariamne ta'en on her the oath  
To give herself, if you returned not hither,  
A sacrifice to death. I hide it not.  
For doing so I hated her.

*Herod.* Oh, fearful!  
And this—but now you tell this?

*Alex.* Yes!

*Titus.* I know  
This too. It was her latest word to me.  
But for a thousand years I had been silent,  
I would but clear her name, not give you torture.

*Herod.* Then—— (*His voice fails him.*)

*Titus.* Calm yourself! It wounds me too.

*Herod.* Ay, wounds  
You, her (*to SALOME*) and every one who here, like me,  
Has been the blinded tool of slant-souled Fate,  
But I alone have lost what on this earth  
Eternally will ne'er be seen again.  
Have lost! Oh! Oh!

*Alex.* Aha, Aristobulus,  
You are avenged, my son, and I in you.

*Herod.* What, triumphing? You think that I will now  
Wilt like a broken thing? Nay, I will not.

I am a king and I will let the world

[*He makes a gesture as though snapping something to pieces.*

Feel it and tremble! Up now, Pharisees.

Up with your rebel heads! (*To SALOME.*) And you, why shrink you

So soon from me? Why, sure, I've not yet altered

My face, but on the morrow it may happen

That my own mother shall be forced to swear

I am no more her son.

[*After a pause, in a toneless voice.*

Ah, if my crown

Were set with all the stars that flame in heaven,

For Mariamne I would give them hence

And, if I had it too, this earthen ball.

Yea, were it possible that I myself

Living as now within the grave could lay me

And ransom her from out her own, I'd do it!

With my own hands I'd dig myself therein.

Ah, but I cannot! Therefore have I still

And fastly hold what still I have. That is

Not much, but still a crown is part thereof

Which now shall fill for me the woman's place,

And who makes grasp for that—One does so now;

Why, yes, a Boy does so, a Marvelous Boy—

He Whom the Prophets have long been announcing

And Whom e'en now a star lights into life.

But, Fate, thy reckoning is sore at fault

If thou, in trampling me with iron foot,

A piecemeal thing, hast thought to smooth His course.

A soldier I; myself will fight with thee

And, as I lie, will bite thee in the heel.

(*Sharply.*) Joab!

[*JOAB approaches.*

(*In a contained voice.*) You go at once to Bethlehem

And tell the Captain there who's in command

To find the Marvelous Boy—Nay, he will not

Ransack him out, not all can see the star;

As for those Kings, they're sly as sanctimonious—

The children who within the bygone year

Were born, he is to slay upon the spot.

He leaves no single one surviving.

*Joab. (retreating).*

Good!

*(Aside.)* And I know why! But Moses was delivered Pharaoh despite!

*Herod. (still loud and strong).* I'll see to it to-morrow,

To-day with Mariamne—*(He collapses.)* Titus!

[TITUS catches him.]

*Gyges and His Ring*, as we have intimated, is usually considered Hebbel's masterpiece, in which he delves deeply into the psychological problems that always interested him and presents us with three characters, all naturally good and high-minded, who are wrecked and destroyed by one inexcusable act. It is the old story which Herodotus and others have told of Gyges and his magic ring. The young Greek, Gyges, has found in a tomb in which he hid to escape from some robbers a curious ring, which by accident he discovers to possess the marvellous power of making him invisible when worn in a certain position on his finger and of restoring the wearer to sight when turned at a different angle. Kandaules, King of Lydia and intimate friend and patron of Gyges, has a most beautiful wife, Rhodope, who, according to Oriental customs, must remain in complete seclusion from all mankind excepting her husband. Gyges as a token of affection presents the ring to Kandaules. So passionate an admirer of his wife and her beauty is the King that in a moment of wine-inspired madness he conceives the idea of convincing Gyges that Rhodope is the most beautiful woman on earth.

Accordingly, by means of the magic ring he introduces the young Greek into the Queen's room and exposes her nude to the gaze of his friend. Gyges has been reluctant to enter into the plot, and is so overwhelmed by the enormity of his act that he turns the ring and discloses himself, hoping that Kandaules will slay him on the spot. The King, however, spares him. Rhodope, having become aware of the sacrilege, soon discovers the identity of the intruder as well as the part which her husband had taken in the episode. Nothing will satisfy her outraged honor but the death of the King, and in that mood she sends for Gyges and presents the problem to him in the following manner, as given in the translation of L. H. Allen:

*Gyges.*                      Queen, if you but had the knowledge  
How he extolled you ever, and how dull,  
How brutish dull, each flaming word I heard  
Because the birds that from the bushes rustled  
Scaping my arrow's range the while he spoke  
Allured my eyes—if you should tell yourself  
How sorely such a listless childlike bearing  
He took for signal of a hid mistrust  
And a half-given belief, although it sprang  
From vagrant mood—how sore it must have stung him;  
Had you but seen us both—nay, only once,  
When side by side we roamed and loitered on  
Amid the forest, he in all his glow,  
I in my chill indifference staring stockish  
For colored pebbles scattered on the earth  
The while his fingers pointed to a sunrise;  
Oh! sure I know your look again were mild,  
For he was like a priest in whom a flame  
Irradiant burns, and who, his god to honor,

Would kindle it within another's bosom,  
 And when o'ermastered, passionately heedless  
 He bares of veil the Holy Mysteries  
 That stupored senses thus more swiftly waken  
 And idols false meet surer disenthronement,  
 Fails he so sore that he be not reprieved?

*Rhodope.* (*with a gesture of repulse*). He gave his right  
 of husband to your keeping?

*Gyges.* Name it not thus!

*Rhod.* No need then at your wine  
 To seize upon his hand and in the act  
 To draw therefrom the ring, as I had thought it—  
 He gave you back the ring himself; you came,  
 Perchance so bold, along with him?

*Gyges.* How can  
 Your heart believe it, Queen?

*Rhod.* Your years are youthful—  
 Your thought's too noble—

*Gyges.* Was I then his villain,  
 And has he e'er required that such I be?  
 Nay, nay, O Queen, nothing extenuate;  
 Your word of doom stands fast; and deem it not  
 A heartless word, 'tis mild. I took the way  
 That deep I feel I never should have taken,  
 But I have borne my curse with me as well.  
 I was grown ripe for death because I knew  
 That every good which life can e'er bestow  
 Was squandered waste, and if it chanced that night  
 I found him not, and o'er the hearth's pollution  
 My swift-let blood poured not its cleansing wash,  
 The blame is not on me—I courted him.  
 Oh, had I borne my purpose through and dared him,  
 Naught but an echo in your soul would now  
 Recall a dying shudder at the murderer  
 And make your breathing all the sweetlier drawn!  
 Ay, but your lord had stood revealed as savior  
 Nor ever been before so fiery-kissed.

*Rhod.* And things had happened that would fearfully  
 Uplift the veil and show us that the gods

Lean not upon the arm of man for vengeance,  
 When such a guilt as never finds atonement,  
 Being a thing of darkness, stains the world.  
 But they are gracious, for this hell-deed has  
 In vain enwrapped itself in utter blackness;  
 'Spite all, it blazes through. Water will seek  
 No fiery transmutation when the mouth  
 Of thirst is stretched to drink it, nor will fire  
 Wane in extinction when the breath of hunger  
 Blows o'er it on the hearthstone—nay, oh, nay,  
 The elements need not to tell the tidings  
 That Nature to her wrathful depths is fevered  
 Since in a woman she has suffered hurt.  
 We know the thing that happed!

*Gyges.* We know as well  
 What is to happen still. Only forgive!  
*[Is about to go.]*

*Rhod.* Stop! That no more!

*Gyges.* What other can I do?

*Rhod.* You must now slay him.

*Gyges.* Ha!

*Rhod.* You must—and I——  
 I must thereafter be your wife.

*Gyges.* O Queen!

*Rhod.* Now go.

*Gyges.* What, slay him?

*Rhod.* When you say to me,  
 "You are a widow now," I answer you  
 "You are my husband now."

*Gyges.* Have you not seen  
 How he departed hence, not for himself  
 Spoke any word, but gave the charge to me?  
 And I—I am to—— No!

*Rhod.* You must do this  
 As I must make demand. We both can make  
 No question if the task be hard or light.

*Gyges.* But if he were not husband he is friend.  
 None stands his better there. And can I kill him  
 For being friend in all too dear degree?



*Rhod.* You struggle still, but all in vain.

*Gyges.*

What should

Compel me if your charm could not compel?

I love you; I am strange-subdued as though

I came to earth seized with a stiffening cramp

That bent to suppleness before your gaze.

My senses, erewhile numb like drowsèd watchmen,

Had never seen nor heard; now they arouse

Each other's life, o'er mastered with their bliss

And clambering upon you; round about you

All forms are merged and melted, once so sharp

And boldly-lined they almost tore the eye

Like clouds before the radiant lines of morning,

And like a dizzied man who sees the abysm

And fears the sucking fall, I could outstretch

My hand for yours, yea, cling around your neck

Ere gulped into unbottomed nothingness.

But with no drop, no smallest, of his blood

Could I be won to buy that loftiest seat—

In rapture's maddest height I'd not forget him!

*Rhod.* 'Tis true you can refuse what I desire—

Then leave me!

*Gyges.*

Queen, what's in your heart?

*Rhod.*

A work

Of silent resolution and more silent

Fruition—Go!

*Gyges.*

You mean—you mean——

*Rhod.*

Perchance.

*Gyges.* You could?

*Rhod.*

Misdoubt it not. I can and will.

*Gyges.* Now by the gods who hold their thrones aloft

And the Erinnyes, Listeners of the Depths,

That may not be and ne'er shall come to pass!

*Rhod.* Ho, thus you speak?

*Gyges.*

You'll wake me out of slumber—

Tell me you will—when he appears in dreams

And mocks his death-wound, ever, ever smiling

Till my hair starts on end?

*Rhod.*

No more! No more!

*Gyges.* And you will press a kiss upon my lips,  
That in my anguish come no sudden stab  
To tell me why I did it—You turn away  
As though the very thought set you to shudders?  
Swear first that oath!

*Rhod.* I swear to be your wife.

*Gyges.* Pah! Why the question? I'm not conqueror yet.

*Rhod.* It means a combat then?

*Gyges.* A combat, Queen.

You hold me not so light to think I'd murder?

I challenge him to fight unto the death.

*Rhod.* And if you fall?

*Gyges.* Send no curse after me,

I can naught else.

*Rhod.* Do I not fall with you?

*Gyges.* But if I come again?

*Rhod.* Beside the altar

You find me, and prepared for either chance,

Prepared as well to lay my hand in yours

As grasp the dagger and dissolve the bond

That holds me knit unto the conqueror

If it be he.

*Gyges.* Before the sun is sunk

It is decided. Then farewell.

*Rhod.* Farewell—

And if it give you joy learn one thing more:—

You never had allured me from my home

To wrong me thus.

*Gyges.* Rhodope! Ah, you feel it?

That means I had known hotter jealousy

And keener envy, had been given more

To fear, since I'm a lesser man than he.

And yet it gives me joy that thus you feel,

And is enough for me, more than enough. [*Exit.*]

*Rhod.* Now bridal garb and deathly shroud—come on!

Gyges carries out his part of the program and returns to Rhodope, who keeps her word:

*Gyges.* I feel as though myself had lost the blood

That streamed from out his veins. I am death-cold.

*Hero.* How pale his seeming is!

*Gyges.* There is the altar—

But at another have I sought for her—

And there her maids are standing—there is she—

What means it all? [*Enter* THOAS.

*Thoas.* I offer you the crown.

*Gyges.* It passes to the Lydians, not to me.

*Thoas.* I brought it to the Lydians ere to you,

And as their herald stand before you now.

*The People.* (*without*). Hail, Gyges, Hail!

[*RHODOPE rises and turns round.*

*The People.* (*pressing in*). Gyges, our King, all hail!

*Thoas.* This shouting is no thing for pride. The neighbors

Have fallen on the land, and 'tis your task

To lead them.

*Gyges.* What?

*Thoas.* 'Twas just as I had thought.

He was too mild; there's not a soul that feared him,

And now they're here. [*GYGES puts on the crown.*

*Gyges.* 'Tis I that pay his debt.

*Rhod.* (*who has been slowly approaching GYGES*). Gyges, your own is first to pay.

*Gyges.* O Queen,

Be you the prize that draws me with its lure

When far and wide I've crushed my foes in rout.

*Rhod.* Nay, nay! You gain no hour of grace from me.

We cannot go before my Father's presence;

Then come with me and stand at Hestia's altar,

And give to me before her countenance

The hand's eternal bond I give to you.

*Gyges.* Had you but seen how he took leave of life

You'd call't a holy thing, this awed recoil

That sanctions not the mere touch of your garment,

Till I have done this thing for him. There's none

Had more o' the rich world's goods than he, and yet

He went therefrom as others come therein.

*Rhod.* If with such noble soul he trod the way

To dusky death, that realm where none renews  
The stain of sin, then with a glow at heart  
I'll meet him, though no more than on the threshold.  
Yea, I will stoop and make my hands a cup  
To draw for him from Lethe; but myself  
Shall never taste the beatific drink.  
But you—I warn you—make an end!

*Gyges.*

So be it.

Yet this I swear to thee, beloved Shade,  
I shall away as soon as e'er 'tis done.

*Rhod.* I too have sworn to do a thing.

*Gyges.*

O Queen,

The man whose hand defers a cup so brimming  
With every bliss, as mine does now, though but  
For one short hour, that man has won it well.

*Rhod.* Hush, hush! Your feet are in a holy place!

*[They walk to the altar.]*

O Hestia, Thou Guardian of the Flame  
Whose fire consumes the thing it cannot cleanse,  
I give this youth my thanks that once again  
I dare appear before thy countenance.  
And as the folk exalteth him to King,  
Be witness thou, I raise him to my Lord.

*[She gives GYGES her hand.]*

And you—regard as wedding-gift the crown  
Now flinging from your head its lordly sparkle,  
But give to me the Dead Man's Ring for pledge.

*Gyges.* Nay, that the King still bears upon his finger.

*Rhod.* Already then it has its fitting place.

*[She frees GYGES' hand.]*

And now step back. Be faithful to your vow  
As I keep faith with mine. My stain is purged,  
For none has seen me save for whom 'twas meet.  
But now I disunite me (*stabs herself*) thus from you!



## CHAPTER XVII

### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND ART

**T**HE EARLY PHILOSOPHERS.  
The leaders in intellectual progress in the Germany of early times wrote in Latin or French and contributed little to the development

of the German language, although their influence upon thought was tremendous. In the latter half of the seventeenth century a number of men of great intellectual capacity appeared, taking up and carrying to wider conclusions the ideas and doctrines elaborated by Grotius and Hobbes. One of the first of these was Samuel Pufendorf, although it was his

disciple, Christian Thomasius, who is regarded as the first German rationalist. As a teacher in the University of Leipzig the former delivered the first course of lectures that had ever been given in the German language at that university, wrote some treatises in German, and published the first German monthly magazine, which was the predecessor of a numerous group modeled on the English *Spectator*.

A much more important individual, and one of the greatest men the century produced, was Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646–1716), usually known as Leibnitz. His father, a professor of law at the University of Leipzig, died when Gottfried was but six years old. The boy was precocious and entered the university at the age of fifteen, where he studied under Thomasius and other noted teachers of the day. His career was that of a scholar, a thinker and an active man of affairs, as well as of a literary genius. Having attracted the attention of the Elector, he was soon brought into general politics, aided the Germans against the aggressions of Louis XIV by diverting the attention of that monarch to the conquest of Egypt, traveled, studied and wrote in France and in England, and might have accompanied George IV, when he became king of that country, had not ties of blood kept him in his native province. Distinguished in history, divinity, philosophy, politics, experimental science, mathematics, mining engineering and even belles-lettres, he was the most universal genius of his time; but,

while his accomplishments in every department were enormous, he is now remembered chiefly as the founder of German philosophy and the most influential man of his age in the other countries of Europe. His writings, however, were principally in Latin and French, though he advocated the use of the German language and wrote some papers in that tongue. His philosophy was more kindly and optimistic than that of Locke, and bore considerable resemblance to the idealism of Plato. He differed from Descartes and contended that the human mind at birth is not a blank tablet, but that there are certain inherited notions which are not the result of observation and impressions, although we may not be aware of them. Everything is the development of ideas obscurely possessed in the beginning. The universe consists of simple, ultimate and similar monads, which differ in quality and are self-acting. Though these series act independently, all are in harmony with each other and with God, who is the prime cause of all things and whose ultimate aim in the universe is perfection. Leibnitz recognized the presence of evil, but believed in its final suppression. His thoroughly optimistic conclusions are that this is the best possible world and that faith and reason work in harmony for the ultimate good of mankind.

His philosophy did not make immediate progress, but in the hands of Christian von Wolff it was formed into a kind of modern

scholasticism which made rapid progress, and from Halle, where Wolff taught, rationalism spread quickly throughout the German universities.

II. KANT. In what is commonly called the classical period of German literature, namely, that which began during Goethe's life and continued for some years afterward, no greater man was produced than Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), one of the most important of modern philosophers and perhaps the greatest metaphysician of the world. He was born at Königsberg and spent his life in that city, refusing many a generous offer to establish himself elsewhere. Kant never married, and his scholarly life was devoid of incidents that make an attractive biography. His parents were of Scottish descent and spelled their name *Cant*, but probably because of the confusion in pronunciation which this brought about, he changed the initial letter to *K*. For nine years he served as a private tutor in several different families and then was attached to the university, in the faculty of which he rose slowly but steadily to preëminence. He was a man who made warm personal friends and lived with them in remarkable intimacy, and the greatest griefs of his life were connected with the death or removal of some of these close associates. The devotion which he inspired in others was gloriously manifested during the closing years of his life, in which his memory failed, his intellect weakened, and he fell into a state of



complete helplessness. Physically weak from childhood, scarcely five feet high, with a sunken chest and generally delicate frame, it is probable that only the regularity of Kant's habits and his close attention to diet enabled him to live to such a good old age. Few more popular lecturers have ever spoken in a university, and his cleverness, wit and geniality were instrumental in winning all his students to him. There is little or no comparison to be made between his spoken language and the cumbersome, difficult sentences which he wrote. Kindly and always courteous in manner, he was unimpeachable in character, moral beyond question, and a fearless advocate of political liberty.

Three remarkable treatises embody his philosophy and give the results of his far-reaching thought: *The Critique of Pure Reason*, *The Critique of Practical Reason* and *The Critique of Judgment*. It was a "critical" philosophy which Kant proposed, and it destroyed the ungrounded speculation and the dogmatic metaphysics which had worked their way into German thought. It is only by a critical study of the human mind that a thinker is able to enter the province of the unknown. Basing his metaphysics, then, on an understanding of the processes and limitations of intelligence, he propounded his doctrines in the three books we have mentioned. The first of these discusses pure reason, that is, reason which is not based upon actual experience, but

upon pure thought. This still forms the basis of modern metaphysics. The second treatise analyzes practical reason, that is, the reason which is based upon practice and experience. The main thesis insists on the subordination of the practical life to the will and as the first condition of the higher life a strict and implicit obedience to the moral law. This doctrine of duty, which he considers the imperative necessity of doing the right thing because it is the right thing to do, and not from any selfish interest, has been one of the greatest factors in the development of German character and in the ultimate union of the Germans into one people. His third *Critique* laid the foundation of the aestheticism of the classical period, which we have seen developed largely by Schiller.

In a work of this kind it is manifestly impossible to go farther into detail concerning the work of so remarkable a man, the more so because as literature purely his difficult and obscure style makes his works of little value, but their influence upon the writers of his age and their successors, even down to the present time, has been incalculable. To say that no one since Aristotle has occupied the same position is but to repeat the dictum of many critics. Moreover, he inspired pupils and disciples, who took up his work where he left it and made it of practical utility to the whole human race. This is more than can be said of the old Greek philosopher, who found no one to take up his

speculations and carry them on to practical fruition. Kant's work even may be criticized for its inconsistencies and contradictory ideas, but it still remains true that there are very few principles of modern philosophy which cannot be found in Kant, either as demonstrated propositions or thrown out as mere speculation by his wonderfully fertile mind.

III. FICHTE. Kant was followed by a number of philosophical writers who elaborated different ideas of the great leader or indulged in original speculations. Besides Lessing and Herder, we may remember such names as Moses Mendelssohn, Hamann, Reinhold, Jacobi and others. The first really important successor, however, was Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762–1814). A precocious youth, he attracted the attention of one of the nobility and was sent to the University of Jena to study theology. First as a private teacher, then as a traveling tutor, he progressed in his learning and finally settled at Leipzig, where he met Kant and became his ardent disciple. Fichte has written in his autobiography the following:

All pleasure that I have ever had in my life is as nothing against the thrill sent throughout my whole soul by several passages in the *Critique of Practical Reason*. Tears of the highest rapture, how often have I not shed over this book? The very recollection, even now, of those happy days brings tears to my eyes. . . . Do I hold my own in the battle with the crushing thought with which the history of the time, like an evil demon, so often fills my soul—that the belief in the development of humanity in the whirl of human action, is an old wives'

fable, designed to restrain the child from wandering down the path of coarse pleasures, and an empty consolation for the jubilation of his comrades—do I withstand this soul-oppressing thought, then it is thy work, my teacher, my spiritual father.

In 1792 he was married, and two years later was appointed to the chair of philosophy at Jena, where his brilliant lectures secured immediate recognition. About this time he met and became intimate with Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, the Schlegels, Tieck, Novalis and others of the classic writers, but in 1798 a paper in the *Philosophical Journal*, of which he was the joint editor, attracted so much attention because of its supposedly atheistic tendencies that Fichte was obliged to resign his professorship. The remainder of his life was passed in Berlin, where he became the rector of the university and produced most important works. At first he followed Kant ardently, but later, the course of his own independent reasoning led him to break with the doctrines of that great philosopher and put himself in position to receive the severest criticism for his atheistic tendencies, which, however, it is only fair to say, he strenuously denied. Fichte's function was to carry the German idealism of Kant to a still higher point. To him subject and object are identical, and the individual mind, the *ego*, has no existence apart from the absolute ego, that is, the divine and infinite spirit of all things, God. "Knowledge is not merely knowledge of itself, but of being and of the One

Being, God, that really is." Mankind in general have only a superficial acquaintance with things, and it is left to the philosopher and the man of letters to discover and interpret the fundamental spiritual ideas, of which the appearance of things is merely a vesture. The idealism of Hegel and even the transcendental philosophy of Emerson are deeply indebted to Fichte's ideas and also to his forms of expression. Upon literary Germany his influence has been immeasurable.

IV. SCHELLING AND SCHLEIERMACHER. For a time Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling was the leading philosopher of romanticism, though he was soon displaced by Hegel. At first a follower of Fichte and then associated with Hegel, he disagreed with both and advocated his own system, which has come to be known as objective realism, in which he regarded nature philosophy and spirit philosophy as equal factors in any complete system, instead of subordinating the material to the ideal, as Fichte had done. This notion made him extremely popular with the artists, who combined both the objective and the subjective in one expression, and his attitude toward nature appears in the writings of Tieck, Novalis and other romanticists of that age, a glorification of art as the perfect union of nature and spirit.

Friedrich Ernst Daniel Schleiermacher, a contemporary of Schelling, held the same position toward the religion of the epoch that

Schelling did toward its philosophy, but his ideas were more persistent and helped materially to establish religious thinking in Germany and to place both Catholic and Protestant theologians on a new and firmer foundation, in which metaphysics had no part. His followers showed a marked leaning toward the revival of medieval Catholicism, but this was not contemplated by Schleiermacher. Many of the ideas of Schelling may be found incorporated in the writings of Coleridge and to a lesser extent in Wordsworth.

V. HEGEL. From 1830 till practically the end of the nineteenth century Hegel's philosophy ruled in Germany. Five years older than Schelling and eight years younger than Fichte, he was, owing to the precocious genius of the former, really the follower of both and their superior in the profundity, abstruseness and originality of his works. His was the philosophy of the decay of romanticism. In place of Schelling's nature Hegel placed spirit; he developed the theory that ideal beauty rather than the imitation of nature is the highest principle of art and that it should be applied in all study. The effect of his philosophy has been to stimulate in Germans their habit of keen intellectual activity and deep study into all the questions of life. Thus in laying a basis for the philosophy of history alone the influence of Hegel was enormous and immediate. His successors, however, developed three schools from his philosophy, one leading to extreme

rationalism, the other into finding the vital elements of Christianity in spiritual teaching alone, and in regarding the gospel narratives as myths, and the third, which taught that all religion should be replaced by a sentiment of humanity. Hegel's positions as teacher in Frankfort, at Jena, at Nuremberg, Heidelberg and Berlin made his acquaintance wide among all classes of students, and even during his life he received the highest honors from those who had learned from him, but his philosophy became even more influential after his death.

VI. PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHERS. In Buddhism, elsewhere discussed, it is held that existence is vain and worthless, and most religions accept the idea to a greater or less extent. In addition to this religious pessimism, which prevailed so widely, there is a metaphysical pessimism which has been advocated by a number of philosophers, the chief of whom, excepting Leopardi, have been Germans, and the chief exponents of the philosophy are Schopenhauer and Hartmann, while Nietzsche advocates it only partially. Both Schopenhauer and Hartmann consider this the worst possible world, in which humanity has no power against the blind forces of nature, which are perpetually warring against him, causing him eternal anxiety and placing him in a fierce struggle for the bare necessities of existence. Their contention is that if the world was any worse than it is, life would be utterly impossible, and since life is so difficult and the world

so bad, the only hope for mankind lies in its extinction and a return to universal unconsciousness. Schopenhauer's remedy for all these woes is suicide, and in so far as marriage tends to perpetuate the human race it is an evil institution. Hartmann's doctrines contain some modification of these ideas in the direction that it is better to continue things as they are until mankind as a whole has been educated to see their condition and to desire oblivion. That such a philosophy as these men advocate could have no very general popularity is evident, but their ideas spread widely and tinged the character of literature materially in the last half of the nineteenth century.

1. *Schopenhauer*. Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860) was born at Danzig of a family commercially prosperous. Educated at Göttingen, he became interested in philosophy, and in 1813 published his first work, called *The Four-fold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*. It was while at Weimar that Schopenhauer was introduced to Oriental philosophy and science, and in the latter direction he attained distinction as an authority on color and light. Though he lectured at Berlin for the five years following 1820, he had a very small following, owing to the popularity of Hegel's doctrines. In fact, Schopenhauer was well on in years before he acquired any fame or was even regarded seriously as a philosopher, but the publication of *The World as Will and Idea* established his position, and his fame



grew accordingly. His last work of importance was *Parerga and Paralipomena*, a collection of profound essays.

Schopenhauer denied Hegel's conception of society and argued violently against him and his school, and while he substituted what may be called only negative philosophy, yet he was instrumental to a greater extent than any other thinker in freeing intellectual Germany from the meaningless jargon into which Hegelianism had degenerated, and aroused new interest in a saner literature. Schopenhauer considered the world as merely a figment of the imagination, an image or conception, and that the real world, the only actually existent thing, is the will, that is to say, the active principle which manifests itself in all that the world contains, and particularly in humanity itself. Starting with this fundamental principle, he evolves his pessimistic doctrines as outlined at the beginning of this section.

Schopenhauer enjoys the distinction of being the one great philosopher who wrote in almost perfect prose and whose literary style was peculiarly influential upon his successors. Some passages of his works are exceedingly vivid and dramatic, particularly those which describe the unhappy condition of human beings in this worst of all possible worlds.

2. *Hartmann*. Karl Robert Edouard von Hartmann (1842-1906) was born at Berlin and educated for the army, which he left in 1865 to begin the study of philosophy. His first

book, *The Philosophy of the Unconscious*, was published four years later and met with great success, as it reconciled Schopenhauer's ideas with the idealism of Hegel and Schelling. Alone, it is not probable that Schopenhauer's philosophy would have made much progress, but when modified and made palatable to the German taste by Hartmann's handling, its rise to popularity, or at least to influence, was rapid and far-reaching.

VII. NIETZSCHE. Although manifestly unwise to go farther into so difficult and abstruse a subject as modern philosophy, we cannot afford to leave the subject without at least a passing allusion to Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844–1900), who was born near Lützen, the son of a clergyman of an aristocratic Polish family. At the universities of Bonn and Leipzig the young Nietzsche distinguished himself brilliantly, and at the age of twenty-four was appointed professor of Greek at Basel. In 1879 he was retired on a pension and ten years later became insane, in which condition he remained till the time of his death. Neuralgia and insomnia preyed upon his nerves continually, and his whole life was a ceaseless struggle against sickness. How much such a career may have colored his philosophy the reader may determine for himself. Nietzsche regards humanity as of two fundamentally different types, the one weak and the other strong; the one slavish, the other masterful; the one composing the great mob; the other,

the aristocratic few. Naturally in the struggle between these two types of humanity each depreciates the qualities which lead to success in the other and struggles to impose his ideals of morality upon the other. Meekness, compassion, poverty and renunciation are traits of the mob, while their opposites are characteristics of the ruling class. As Christianity rose from among the slave population of Rome and advocates the principles of slave morality, Nietzsche is opposed to it and would substitute the moral ideas of the strong. Out of his pessimism rises the doctrine of the Superman, the dominant being of the superior race, higher, stronger, more fully developed than any that yet exists. His writings are eloquent, forceful and epigrammatic, with a certain lyrical quality that makes them distinctive.

The work which gives him his title to literary rank is his *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, written with wonderful attractiveness and full of deep thought clothed in the Oriental magnificence of Biblical language. With unsparing hand he criticizes the conventions of society that have gathered around it, criticizes the artificial distinctions between good and evil, and advocates the return of the natural man, who wins his place by his own strength and the powerful assertion of his individuality. The function of the present time is to create not a better race, but heroes, great strong men, who can rise above the weaknesses of their fellows and rule as the *Übermensch* (The Superman). It is

the doctrine of individualism that resembles in many ways that advocated by the early romanticists, nearly a hundred years before him. What effect this philosophy, accepted widely as it has been, will have upon the German race it is too early to say, but the student of the future will be interested in tracing its connection with the great World War that ended in the humiliation of Germany. As a literary leader Nietzsche cut out of German language puerile and involved expressions and substituted for them a clearness and terseness that had never before appeared. In reality he accomplished more for the improvement of German style than any of his contemporaries, and while his chief distinction lies in his philosophy, yet he was a poet qualified to rank among the best of his time.

VIII. HISTORY. The exact and painstaking character of the German mind is nowhere shown to better advantage than in the work of its historians, many of whom have vied with the authors of more purely literary works in excellence of style and perfection of form. However, we have not space for the consideration of these writers, whose voluminous and scholarly work can be obtained in translation by those who desire to make a study of special subjects.

Barthold Georg Niebuhr (1776-1831) was a professor at Berlin, where he gained the reputation of being one of the most original and philosophical of modern historians. While

ambassador at Rome he discovered fragments of the works of Cicero and Livy and translated and published these, besides making extensive researches into the topography of ancient Rome. His conclusions in this respect have been verified to a great extent by subsequent excavations and studies, and to him should be given the credit for the earliest scientific examination of the site of that interesting city, in which work Germans have been prominent. His elaborate history of Rome is still considered authoritative.

One of the most scholarly of the nineteenth century writers was Leopold von Ranke (1795–1886), professor of history at Berlin. As a representative of his government he spent a great deal of time in carefully examining the archives of Vienna, Venice, Rome and Florence, where he found the original of many official papers extending over a period of several hundred years. While he did not have access to Papal manuscripts, he found in the collections of the families who had had representatives in the Papal chair a great number of documents of all kinds, for it had been the custom of officials on retiring from public service to carry with them as many of the government papers as possible. Ranke wrote a number of histories, all of which possess some literary value, but his most popular achievement is his *History of the Popes*, which, however, is not considered an authority by the Catholics themselves.



**MOMMSEN**  
**1817-1903**



The most prominent historian of the latter part of the nineteenth century was Theodor Mommsen (1817-1903), whose exact and minute knowledge of Roman history and critical methods of study gave him a commission to examine the Roman inscriptions in France and Italy. His report is one of the most illuminating publications of its kind, and the same may be said of the histories he wrote; but the greatest production of his pen is his *History of Rome*, in the construction of which he brought all his learning to bear and appears to have contributed the last word on the periods which he treated. The German historians, owing to political conditions at home, have labored at a serious disadvantage when they have attempted to write the history of their own country, for they met government opposition at every step if they indulged in opinions which seemed to oppose those of the reigning house. As a result they took kindly to histories of classical lands and used the events of long-past ages as a basis for expressing their ideas on politics and government. For this reason, as well as for the fact that their studies were in Greece and Rome and the Oriental countries, their productions are more allied to literature than those of the men who wrote specifically upon German history.

IX. SCIENCE. In every department of science the Germans have been and are leaders, though they were late in establishing themselves as original investigators. To give any-



thing like a satisfactory account of their discoveries and their studies would be to fill volumes where we are scarcely able to give a paragraph. It is better to leave the whole subject untouched, except, perhaps, for the mention of a few names of men whose works have affected literature closely.

One of the earliest of German travelers and naturalists with a literary and dramatic turn of mind was Johann Georg Forster (1754–1794), who was brought up in England. He sailed as naturalist with his father on Cook's second voyage around the world, and on his return wrote in English an account of it. When he returned to Germany he held a professorship in Kassel and at Vilna in Poland, but the latter position was unsatisfactory and he returned to Germany, where he became librarian at Mainz. The French Revolution roused his enthusiasm, and he was an ardent supporter of revolution, but when the horrors of that epoch came home to him in Mainz he became convinced that bloodshed and revolution were not a panacea for human ills. His most remarkable work is a book of travels through the countries of Western Europe, in which he discussed not only their government, literature and art, but also the people and natural aspects most comprehensively and in a masterly literary style that has rarely been equaled in similar books.

One of the great naturalists of the early part of the nineteenth century was Friedrich Hein-

rich Alexander, Baron von Humboldt (1769-1859), whose extensive travels through Europe and particularly on the South American continent have made him famous in this country. His voluminous works have their place in the library, and his *Cosmos* is regarded as one of the greatest scientific works published. His elder brother Wilhelm was an intimate friend of Schiller and should be given a prominent position among the founders of modern Germany, for to him as Prussian Minister of Education Germany owes the foundation of the new University of Berlin and to a considerable extent her present school system.

The first and most famous of the followers of Darwin in Germany was Ernst Heinrich Haeckel, who was born at Potsdam in 1834. After a studious career in science and medicine at a half dozen universities, he obtained a lectureship at Jena, and a year later a professorship which lasted until 1909. His chief title to distinction is his intimate knowledge of biology, especially in the lower forms, and his studies in that direction opened the way to numerous discoveries that bore fruit in advanced evolutionary theories. The work which attracted the greatest public attention, however, is his *Natural History of Creation*, in which he attempts to establish the relationship between mankind and the various orders of animals, tracing the descent of human beings from the simplest forms of life. One theory which he propounded and which has been gen-

erally accepted, particularly in educational circles, is that each individual recapitulates in himself the history of his race, passing through the same stages of development that the race has followed. Haeckel is not thought to be as exact a scientist as Darwin, and his natural tendency and the influence of his writings is more toward a complete materialism.

X. GLUCK and WAGNER. Christopher Willibald Gluck (1714–1787) enjoys the credit of having been the leader in the effort to regenerate German opera, to relieve it from the weight of the Italian spirit, which called solely for vocal excellence and neglected the romantic and literary phases. Gluck's ideals, like those of his successor and superior, Wagner, aimed to express real passion and profound sentiment in their music, and carried it out to such an extent that it then appeared a radical innovation, although at the present time his efforts seem tame in comparison with those of his successors.

After a period during which his operas were yet in the Italian style, Gluck went to England, but was unable to make any headway there against the popularity which Handel was then enjoying, and it was not until 1764 in Vienna that he met his first great success in the opera *Orpheus*. Later, in *Alceste*, *Iphigenie* and *Iphigenie in Tauris*, he gained a victory over all his contemporaries and became as famous in musical circles of Paris and London as in his native land.

Gluck's immediate follower was Wilhelm Richard Wagner (1813-1883), the greatest of German composers and a world influence in literary as well as in musical circles. Born at Leipzig, his childhood and early youth were passed in intimate acquaintance with theatrical and musical people, and in his school-days at Dresden and Leipzig his ardent love for the classics, ancient history and mythology provided him with the materials which afterwards he found so helpful in his compositions. It is said that a symphony by Beethoven gave him his first inspiration in music and created an ambition to become a great composer. After a period of intense study and practice, he became conductor of the opera at Magdeburg when he was but twenty-one years of age, and at that time he was already the author of two operas, *The Fairies* and *Love's Interdict*, neither of which, however, foreshadowed the excellence of his future work.

In 1836 he married an actress at Königsberg, whence he went to Riga to become the musical director of the new theater. At that time Paris was the musical center of Europe, and thither Wagner went with his unfinished opera, *Rienzi*, which shows indication of his freedom from the trammels of the past and is considered a remarkable work for a man of his age. *The Flying Dutchman*, his next opera, showing still greater freedom, did not meet with the success of its predecessor, though since it has achieved even greater popularity. *Tannhäuser*, pro-

duced in 1845, was a comparative failure, though Schumann awarded it great praise. Both *Tannhäuser* and *The Flying Dutchman* show the magic power of redemption in a woman's love, and a third opera, *Lohengrin* (1850), joins with the others in the old romantic notion of the victory of the powers of light over those of darkness. Medieval Christianity, in the latter play, are personified in Lohengrin, the Knight of the Swan and Elsa von Brabant, while the powers of evil are symbolized by the dark figures of Ortrud and Friedrich von Telramund.

In 1849 Wagner became embroiled in political schemes at Dresden, and was compelled to flee from Saxony. He located at Zurich, and remained there until 1859. Two years later he received a pardon and returned to Germany. His wife died in 1865, and five years later he married Cosima, daughter of Liszt. By this time Wagner's reputation was general, and Ludwig, King of Bavaria, invited him to Munich and assisted him in every way possible in carrying out his ideas. His great tetralogy was produced in Bayreuth, in a building erected for that especial purpose. It was in this minor town rather than in a great city that Wagner passed his declining years, and he left the town of his adoption famous all over the world because of his genius. His death came rather suddenly of heart failure.

Wagner's theories and work have been the subject of bitter discussion by critics of dif-

ferent schools. He felt he was a man with a mission, and he carried out his ideas with all the force of his genius in spite of the fact that his efforts repeatedly led him into contradictory assertions and produced effects which it is difficult to understand without a wider acquaintance with the history of opera than it is possible to give at this place. His chief idea was to lower the relative position of the *prima donna*, who in the Italian opera had become practically the only figure of importance, and the opera itself but a series of solos by her. He claimed that the national German drama must commingle poetry, music, acting and decorative art in the interpretation of plays of national interest. In so constructing his operas, it will be seen, he completely revolutionized the art in Germany and effected great changes in it throughout the world.

Some of Wagner's greatest work is to be found in the remarkable tetralogy which he wrote on the myths of the Nibelungs and to which he gave the name *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (*The Ring of the Nibelungs*). The philosophy of the *Ring* is strongly allied to that of Schopenhauer, though at the time the operas were written Wagner was unacquainted with the works of the great philosopher. The first of the four dramas, *Das Rheingold* (*The Rhine-Gold*), is an introduction which tells how Alberich, the Nibelung, obtains possession of the treasure hidden in the Rhine and thereby becomes master of the world. The giants,

having built Walhalla, demand the goddess Freia, who is their promised reward, but in her place they are persuaded to accept the Nibelungen treasure, which Wotan, with the help of Loge's cunning, takes from Alberich. As one after another obtains possession of the magic ring which Alberich has welded, the curse of death follows it.

In *Die Walküre* (*The Valkyrie*), the first of the three great dramas, Wagner combines incidents from the story of the *Nibelungenlied* with others from the old Norse *Saga of the Volsungs*. Siegmund, the Volsung, having succeeded in drawing out the sword which Wotan had once plunged into the ash tree in Hunding's house, is seized with a burning passion for Hunding's wife, Sieglinde, although she is his own sister. Hunding slays Siegmund, for Wotan, who endeavors to save him, is prevented by his daughter Brünnhilde. As a punishment her father puts her to sleep on a mountain summit, surrounded by a ring of fire.

In the third drama, *Siegfried*, the youthful son of Siegmund and Sieglinde, who has been brought up by the dwarf Mime, kills Fafner, the dragon, and wins the Nibelungen treasure and the ring. Guided by a bird, Siegfried then reaches the mountain where Brünnhilde lies asleep, fights his way through the flames, and rescues her.

The fourth part, *Gotterdammerung* (*The Twilight of the Gods*), is based on one of Wagner's earlier dramas, *Siegfried's Death*.

In this tragedy of Siegfried and Brünnhilde the destinies of generations, in fact, of the gods themselves, are involved, making it the most comprehensive of Wagner's dramas. Leaving the fire-rimmed mountain, Siegfried arrives at the castle of Gunther on the Rhine, where Hagen, still the wily Nibelung, proposes that a poison shall be administered to Siegfried to destroy his memory, so that Gunther may marry Brünnhilde. Siegfried, disguised in his magic helmet, braves the fire again and wins Brünnhilde for Gunther, while he himself marries Gunther's sister, Gudrun, who, it will be remembered, is represented as Kriemhild in the *Nibelungenlied*. At Brünnhilde's instigation Hagen murders Siegfried, and the body is brought home and laid upon the funeral pyre. As the flames mount, Brünnhilde throws herself into them and thus in herself destroys the last of the Volsungs, the race which Wotan had created for the distinct purpose of saving the world from the selfish power of the Nibelungs. The death of Siegfried and Brünnhilde, however, has destroyed the power of the ring and its curse, and at the same time the old gods sink into nothingness, as Wotan has foreseen, and Brünnhilde, by her sacrifice, opens the way for the new era.

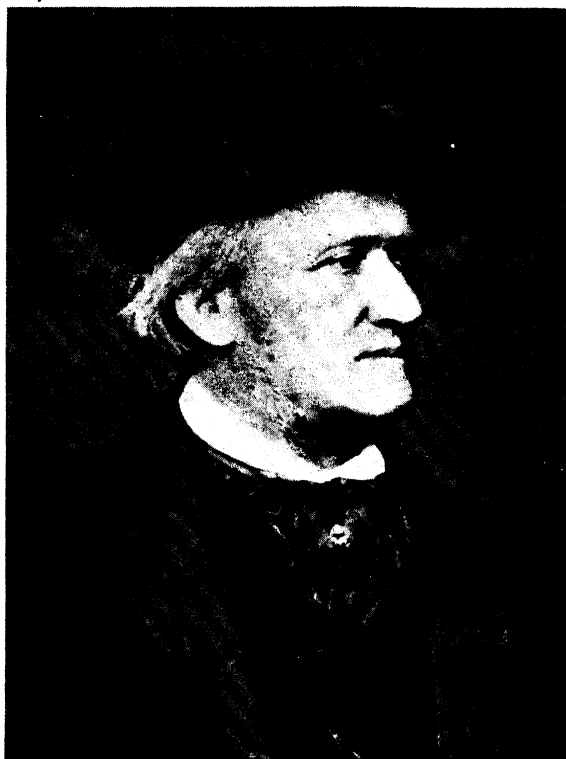
Great as is *The Ring of the Nibelungs* from a poetic standpoint, the first position among Wagner's dramas is usually given to *Tristan and Isolde*, in which the author has taken Gottfried's old epic, given it conciseness and dra-



matic power, and filled it with the philosophy of Schopenhauer. The first act occurs on Tristan's ship in its voyage from Ireland to Cornwall, during which Brangaene substitutes the love potion for the poison which Isolde orders her to put into the wine. Gottfried, it will be remembered, considers this potion the cause of all the evil, and excuses many of the acts in the epic on that ground. In Wagner's tragedy the potion merely symbolizes the passionate love which holds both Tristan and Isolde. Alone in the garden scene, the two lovers realize that the only possible solution of their all-devouring passion is to be found in death. After the discovery by King Marke, Tristan dies in the presence of Isolde, who has crossed the seas to bring him healing.

*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* is a comedy, the plot of which is not wholly original but in which Wagner makes a young knight gain admission to the guild of the meistersingers and win the daughter of a burgher. It is a genuine burgher drama of delightful type, in which the figure of the poet Hans Sachs moves with a genial tread as one of the finest characters in German fiction.

Another drama written with consummate power and skill must be credited to Wagner, the long and exquisitely rendered *Parsifal*, which he drew from Wolfram's epic, *Parzival*, and blended with incidents from the *Alexanderlied* and other sources. Founded on the story of the Holy Grail, Parsifal himself be-



WAGNER  
1813-1883

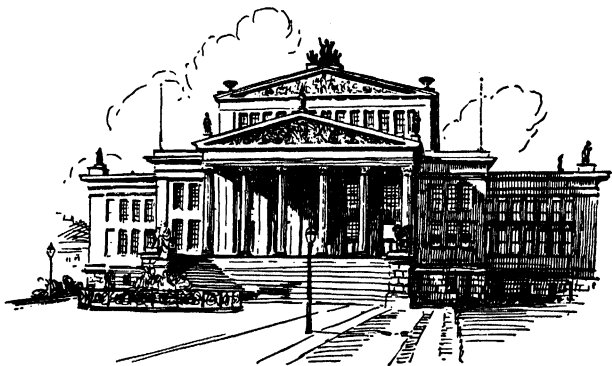


comes the figure of Christ on earth, and in its calm beauty and religious fervor this last drama reflects the latest conclusions of Wagner's spiritual thought. Still a pessimist, he exhibits an Oriental fatalism ending in the nothingness of Nirvana. With all its beauties of poetical composition and of music, the Germany of 1882 had changed since the date of Wagner's *Nibelungenlied*, and the *Parsifal* did not enjoy as great a popularity.

Wagner, as we have said, must not be considered as a musical composer only, great as he was in that capacity, for the German theater profited enormously by all he had written and adopted the same artistic principles which he had advocated for his musical drama. Especially was this true in the theater of Meiningen, from which, as from Bayreuth, spread the reforms that placed the Germans in the highest artistic position in theatrical Europe.

. XI. CONCLUSION. Probably no better place can be found to close this long study of German literature than the one which we have now reached, though in so doing we break the story just as it has reached the most interesting point in the plot. To go farther, however, would involve us in the consideration of a host of works and a discussion of new problems which are yet far from settled. At the beginning of the World War, in fiction, in the drama, led by such writers as Sudermann and Hauptmann, in poetry, in history and in science German writers were thoroughly cosmopolitan,

yet all were imbued with those characteristics which are the result of their blood and their history. One of the youngest of European nations, united Germany was certainly one of the most powerful, until the great war drove it from its high estate. What will be the effect upon literature of the world-wide cataclysm which fell upon us in 1914 no one can predict with certainty, and it is useless to speculate. What Germany had accomplished up to that time in literature is set forth in the preceding pages.



ROYAL THEATER, BERLIN



## CHAPTER XVIII

### CHRONOLOGY

**T**HE following summary contains the principal dates of interest to readers of German literature:

381—Death of Wulfilā: *Codex Argenteus*.

453 (about)—493—Odoacer.

476—Theodoric made King of the Ostrogoths.

750—1050—Period of Old High German language and literature.

800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor.

800 (about)—Fragmentary *Hildebrandslied*.

830 (about)—*Heliand*.

860 (about)—*Evangelienbuch*, by Otfried.

- 843—Treaty of Verdun; Louis of Bavaria awarded Germany.
- 896—Arnulf crowned King of Germany.
- 952–1022—Notker Germanicus.
- 962—Otto crowned Emperor.
- 1027—Henry II crowned Emperor.
- 1030 (about)—*Ruodlieb*.
- 1050–1350—Period of Middle High German language and literature.
- 1056—Accession of Henry IV to the throne.
- 1122—Concordat of Worms.
- 1130 (about)—Conrad translated the *Song of Roland*.
- 1150 (about)—*Koenig Rother*.
- 1150 (about)—*Kaiserchronik*.
- 1180 (about)—Heinrich von Veldeke finished his *Enit*.
- 1189—Frederick Barbarossa died during Third Crusade.
- 1190—Friedrich von Hausen killed.
- 1195 (about)—*Nibelungenlied* composed.
- 1200—Heinrich von Morungen living.
- 1210—Hartmann von Aue living.
- 1210 (about)—Gottfried von Strassburg wrote *Tristan*.
- 1212—Frederick II made Emperor.
- 1217—Wolfram von Eschenbach living.
- 1230 (about)—Death of WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.
- 1273—Rudolph of Hapsburg elected Emperor.
- 1293—Swiss Republic formed.
- 1314–1347—Louis of Bavaria, Emperor.

- 1350—Beginning of Period of Modern High German literature and language.  
1364—Hanseatic League formed.  
1450—School of Meistersingers founded at Augsburg.  
1461—First book printed in Germany (*Der Edelstein*).  
1466—First German translation of the *Vulgate* published.  
1475–1536—Thomas Murner.  
1483–1546—MARTIN LUTHER.  
1484–1530—Nickalus Manuel.  
1488–1523—Ulrich von Hutten.  
1494—Sebastian Brant published *Das Narrenschyff*.  
1494–1576—HANS SACHS.  
1497–1560—Philipp Melanchthon.  
1498—Appearance of *Reyneke de Vos*.  
1530—Diet of Augsburg.  
1545–1563—Council of Trent.  
1555—Triumph of Smalkaldic League.  
1587—*Doctor Faustus* appeared.  
1597–1639—Martin Opitz.  
1604–1655—Friedrich von Logan.  
1607–1676—Paul Gerhardt.  
1618–1648—Thirty Years' War.  
1625 (about)–1676—Hans Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen: *Simplicissimus*.  
1640—Frederick William of Brandenburg formed nucleus of modern Prussia.  
1646–1716—Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz.  
1648—Peace of Westphalia.  
1695–1723—Johann Christian Günther.



- 1712-1786—Frederick II (the Great).  
1714-1787—Christopher Willibald Gluck.  
1724-1803—FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.  
1724-1804—IMMANUEL KANT.  
1729-1781—GOTTLIEB EPHRAIM LESSING.  
1733-1787—Christoph Martin Wieland.  
1744-1803—Johann Gottfried von Herder.  
1747-1794—Gottfried August Bürger.  
1749-1832—JOHANN WOLFGANG VON  
GOETHE.  
1754-1794—Johann Georg Forster.  
1759-1805—JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH  
VON SCHILLER.  
1762-1814—Johann Gottlieb Fichte.  
1763-1825—Johann Paul Friedrich Richter  
(Jean Paul).  
1767-1787—*Sturm und Drang* (Geniezeit).  
1767-1845—August Wilhelm Schlegel.  
1769-1859—FRIEDRICH HEINRICH ALEXAN-  
DER, BARON VON HUMBOLDT.  
1770-1831—Georg Wilhelm Friedrich He-  
gel.  
1772-1801—Friedrich von Hardenberg  
1772-1839—Karl Wilhelm Friedrich von  
Schlegel.  
1773-1853—Johann Ludwig Tieck.  
1776-1822—Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoff-  
mann.  
1776-1831—Barthold Georg Niebuhr.  
1777-1811—Heinrich von Kleist.  
1777-1843—Baron de la Motte Fouque.  
1778-1842—Clemens Brentano.  
1781-1831—Achim von Arnim.

- 1781–1838—Adelbert von Chamisso.  
1785–1863—Jakob Ludwig Grimm.  
1786–1859—Wilhelm Karl Grimm.  
1787–1862—Johann Ludwig Uhland.  
1788–1860—Arthur Schopenhauer.  
1791–1813—Karl Theodor Körner.  
1791–1872—Franz Grillparzer.  
1795–1886—Leopold von Ranke.  
1798–1871—W. H. Häring (Wilibald Alexis).  
1799–1855—HEINRICH HEINE.  
1802–1827—Wilhelm Hauff.  
1806–1884—Heinrich Laube.  
1810–1876—Hermann Ferdinand Freiligrath.  
1810–1874—Fritz Reuter.  
1811–1878—Karl Gutzkow.  
1812–1882—Berthold Auerbach.  
1813–1863—Friedrich Hebbel.  
1813–1883—WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER.  
1815—Germanic Confederation organized.  
1815–1884—Emmanuel Geibel.  
1816–1895—Gustav Freytag.  
1817–1903—Theodor Mommsen.  
1819–1890—Gottfried Keller.  
1826–1876—Josef Victor von Scheffel.  
1830–1914—Johann Ludwig Paul Heyse.  
1834–1919—Ernst Heinrich Haeckel.  
1840—*Die Wacht am Rhein* composed.  
1842–1906—Karl Robert Edouard von Hartmann.  
1844–1900—Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche.  
1861—William I became King of Prussia.

1870—William crowned Emperor at Versailles.

1914—World War began.

1918—German Republic formed.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, MUNICH

# **HUNGARY**





# HUNGARY

## CHAPTER I

### THROUGH THE REFORMATION AND CATHOLIC RESTORATION

**T**HE COUNTRY. Modern Hungary, lying almost in the center of continental Europe, until 1918 was larger than Great Britain, Austria or Italy. The great World War, begun in 1914 on the initiative of Austria-Hungary, effected many changes in European states and boundaries, and in the readjustments no country suffered more than the dual monarchy. Austria-Hungary was dismembered, and Hungary was reduced to a little more than a third of its former area. How-

ever, the old, historic Hungary is the country with whose literature we are concerned. It was roughly elliptical in form, with a tongue or projection extending to the Adriatic, and excepting on the east was nearly enclosed by the Carpathian Mountains and the rivers Danube and Save. With a highly-diversified and well-watered surface and a varied climate, Hungary had vast tracts of cultivable land and unusually rich mineral deposits. About forty-eight per cent of the population, which numbered over twenty-one millions, were Magyars, who lived on the plains and in the cities, and the remainder were principally Rumanians, Slovaks, Croatians and Serbians, who occupied the mountainous regions, not including over two million Germans, who were widely distributed. Large towns and smaller villages were numerous, but excepting Budapest, the capital, and Szegedin, there probably never have been cities of over a hundred thousand population.

II. THE MAGYARS. The ethnic relationship of the Magyars has been the subject of much dispute among scientists, because the physical characteristics of the race do not agree with the linguistic antecedents of the Magyars, who in the ninth century appeared in Central Europe and carried out their predatory expeditions as far as Constantinople and Bremen. The large vocabulary referring to war and government found in their language would lead to the assumption that they belonged to the Turkic race of Central Asia, which since time

immemorial had made their inroads into Europe. But the bulk of the language is decidedly Finno-Ugrian in composition and resembles the Finnish, Lappish, and still more the Vogul and Ostyak, of the peaceable fisherfolk of the northeast. The tendency among scholars is now to look upon the Magyars as a Finno-Ugrian tribe, who lived far to the south, where they fell under the influence of the Turkic Khazars and, possibly, at the same time, of the Slavs in the plains of Russia. The Slavic influence was still more increased when the Magyars crossed the Carpathian Mountains and settled in the country now known as Hungary.

Magyar is one of the few non-Aryan languages of Europe which has developed a literature of its own. The language itself is extremely melodious and is based on a vowel harmony, which, however, combined with the invariable accentuation of words on the first syllable, makes the usual prosody of rhyme and meter extremely difficult, if not entirely impossible. But even as it is, the Magyar diction, both in poetry and prose, is among the finest in Europe.

III. UNDER THE ARPAD KINGS. In the year 1000 Stephan was crowned King of Hungary, and Christianity was by him permanently established in the land, although pagan reminiscences survived as late as the twelfth century. Through Christianity the people became civilized and took a worthy place



among the other nations, but the adoption of the Latin tongue as a literary medium for a long time alienated the people from the clergy and the learned men. The native Magyar found its expression only in the folk-song, with King Ladislaus for its heroic saint, who in a curious way combined the virtues of a bold and valiant warrior of liberty with those of a meek and compassionate Christian. Occasionally the clergy condescended to write sermons and pious stories for their humble congregations, but of all that literature little has come down to us, the oldest Magyar document being a *Funeral Sermon* of 274 words, which belongs to the end of the eleventh century: "You see, my brothers, for yourselves," says this sermon, "what we are. We are only dust and ashes." Then it relates the fall of the first man, because of whom all mankind is suffering, and no mortal can escape the grave. In this simple fashion did Magyar literature begin, at a time when the minstrels of the west were already producing their elaborate songs.

IV. THE LATER MIDDLE AGES. In 1302 the royal house of the Arpads came to an end, and soon the Angevin rulers of Hungary brought with them Italian culture, but under Louis the Great (1342-1382) the Magyar language for a little while began to assert itself, soon to give way completely to the Latin as the language of refined intercourse. Outside of a Magyar translation of the Bible and a few legends and religious songs which have survived from that

period, the large bulk of historical writings of the fourteenth century are all in Latin. During the renaissance of the next two centuries, especially under Matthias, the Latin completely dominated literature, although traveling bards frequently amused the guests of the magnates with their Magyar songs. One such historical poem, dealing with the conquest of Pannonia, has survived in a transcription of Demeter Csaki, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, which runs as follows, in Sir Bowring's translation:

## CONQUEST OF THE MAGYAR LAND

Remember we our sires of old,  
Their flight from the Scythian land;  
The patriarchs of the Magyars,  
And the valor of their band!

Forth from the Scythian land they came,  
This better land to see;  
By God led, they onward sped  
Adown to Erdely.

And glorious were their doings then:  
Seven bands composed the host;  
Seven valiant chieftains led the men,  
And each a fort could boast.

In their communion all was union,  
And valor in the fray;  
No thought of fear was ever there,  
But safety kept the sway.

They conquered long—like Samson strong,  
All foemen they subdued;  
With lion-hearts o'erwhelming all—  
A fearful multitude.

Of all the band, the Magyars' pride  
Was the renowned Arpad;  
He was the highest, noblest chief,  
And greatest riches had.

And soon they found, while wandering round,  
The Danube's waters clear;  
In beauteous road those waters flow'd—  
No clearer waters were.

They hurried then a messenger,  
The Danube's stream to track;  
And, did its name deserve its fame,  
The borders to attack.

The messenger pursued the stream,  
The banks, the fields, the flood;  
He drank of Danube's water there,  
And swore that it was good.

A Polish Lord was ruler then,  
Of all the land the Lord;  
Veszprem his court—but over all  
Was spread a German horde.

The messenger to Veszprem came,  
The Polish Count to see;  
And bow'd his head in reverence,  
And thus spoke cunningly:

“I came to see thy land and thee,  
And Duke, this is the cause  
That I resort to Veszprem's court:—  
To learn thy people's laws.”

This pleased the Count, and nobly he  
The Magyar entertain'd;  
And much he saw of Lord and law,  
And much instruction gain'd.

An empty flask he dar'd to ask,  
Where Danube's waters pass;  
The flask he filled, some earth he took,  
And pluck'd a little grass.

And hastened back to Erdely,  
And sought the chief, Arpad;  
And much joy he, the things to see,  
The faithful Magyar had.

He called together all the chiefs,  
He shewed the water clear,  
The bit of earth, the blades of grass,  
And held a council there.

And then decreed, a snow-white steed  
The Magyar should convey;  
With golden bit, and saddle rich,  
And thus be charged to say:

"The men who out of Scythia came,  
Have sent this steed to thee;  
And from thy grace, they ask a place  
To settle quietly."

The Count saw nought of what was thought  
By those the steed who sent;  
And for the love of snow-white steed,  
His land was from him rent.

"Go, messenger," he said; "declare"—  
His folly went so far—  
"I give whatever lands they ask,  
To the brave Magyar."

The messengers delighted heard;  
Their bosoms fill'd with glee,  
They said, "Farewell!" and went to tell  
Their tale in Erdely.

They made a call on heroes all,  
And straight a council held;  
And summoned every man to meet  
The leader in the field.

And thrice upon God's name they called,  
The *Deus* of their prayer;  
And then the Godhead's title gave  
To Szamos' city there.

And yet we recollect the day,  
And in all bargains we  
Still loudly "Deus! Deus!" say,  
In that time's memory.

And when the bands were ready all,  
They order'd heralds three;  
The Polish Lord, with his bold word,  
To visit speedily:

"Remember, Duke! what thou dost—  
To leave the land preparc;  
Which thou hast sold to Magyars bold—  
The Magyars hasten here."

The heralds sought the Polish Count,  
And bent them low and meek;  
Yet free from fright, they spoke outright,  
As Arpad bade them speak.

"For snow-white steed thou gav'st the land;  
For golden bit, the grass;  
For the rich saddle, Danube's stream—  
Now bring the deed to pass."

The Duke did laugh at first, nor cared  
For what the heralds brought;  
But soon his rage o'ercame his mirth,  
And thus he spoke his thought:

“ ’Twere better to have slain the steed,  
Than sport such dangerous wit;  
The saddle hide ’neath Danube’s stream—  
Beneath the grass, the bit.”

The heralds to the Duke then said,  
“Your highness need not storm;  
The bargain made with Magyar men,  
Your highness must perform.

“We give not milk-white steed to hounds,  
To fish, no saddles gay;  
To reapers give no golden bits—  
We know not what they’d say.”

And so the heralds hasten back;  
While, fill’d with dread alarms,  
Retreating wide to Danube’s side,  
The Count his army arms.

At Kelemfold, Arpad the bold  
O’er Danube’s waters goes;  
At Cseke’s land his forces mann’d—  
In Tetem were the foes.

The Magyar throng in Erd was strong,  
And on Szaszhalom’s plain:  
In those proud wars, the Magyars,  
By God upheld, their foemen quell’d,  
And mighty was their gain.

His brave-ones dead, the Duke then fled—  
Alone he fled—alone:  
The Magyar ranks reach’d Danube’s banks—  
The Polish Count was gone.

Alone he ran, poor flying man!  
What could he do but leap—  
To save himself in Danube’s stream,  
And hide him in the deep?

Arpad look'd round with joy to see  
His conquests fair and far;  
And more while from a mountain's top  
He look'd on Fejervar.

The kingdom thus was won by us,  
And Magyar Kingdom high;  
From German men we won it then,  
And still 'tis ours by right.

Of those who gain'd the Magyar land  
A chief as bold as any,  
Was Buda, who when Arpad died,  
Was Magyar's *Kapitany*.

He reared his throne by Danube's banks,  
Near Pesth along the hill;  
And Buda's city, fair and rich,  
Preserves his memory still.

V. THE REFORMATION. Under Matthias Corvinus, who died in 1490, the arts flourished, books were first printed, and Magyar literature might soon have taken an upward trend, had not the battle of Mohacs, in 1526, utterly shattered Hungarian unity and independence. The greater part of the country came under the sway of the Habsburgs, the southern half fell into the hands of the Turks, and Transylvania stood under Turkish protection. But it was this latter district that, in the sad decay of Magyar freedom during the next two centuries, kept the native language and literature alive, chiefly in connection with the religious enthusiasm created by the Reformation. The period from 1525 to 1711 may be divided into

two parts. In the first, up to the peace of Vienna, in 1606, the Protestants of Transylvania were most active. Here, although the Bible was at first translated by a Catholic priest, a very large number of controversial writings originated with the Protestants, and the whole Bible was rendered into Magyar by the Protestant Caspar Heltai, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and a little later a still better translation was made by Caspar Karoli, and this is still in use among the Protestant Hungarians. An enormous amount of Church songs and translations of the psalter appeared during that period. Transylvania became the asylum for all advanced Protestant churches, including the Unitarians, and in 1568 it enacted the law that "preachers may anywhere preach the Gospel according to their lights, and no one may be persecuted for his belief."

But Debreczen proved less tolerant, for here Calvinism held sway. Its most learned and violent representative was Peter Melius, who issued his incontinent attacks upon Catholicism. The most prominent writer among the Unitarians was Francis David, who took up the struggle not only against Catholicism, but also against Melius and Calvinism. His *Sermons*, published in 1569, which display a fine rhetorical strain, have had a good influence on Magyar diction.

During this extended period of Protestant effervescence the Catholic activity was at a



low ebb. Few ecclesiastical writers then rose above mediocrity, but Nicolas Telegdi excelled even the Protestant authors by the refinement and directness of his *Sermons*, which later earned for him the title of the "Sixteenth Century Cato."

The ecclesiastic writers also indulged in secular literature. The Aesopic fables were imitated by Caspar Heltai, and Horvath and Batizi managed in their poetical productions to unite a strong religious feeling with a strong satirical vein and impassioned attacks upon the tyranny of the magnates. The historical chronicles in rhyme draw their material either from the Bible, as in the case of Batizi's *Hero Gideon* and *Chaste Susannah*, or from native events, as sung by the traveling minstrels, such as was Sebastian Tinodi, who came from an impoverished noble family. He sang of the fall of Buda, the heroic deeds of Losonczi and Szondi, and provided his poems with tunes which still inspire admiration by their directness and antiquity. The country was flooded with historical romances of a foreign origin, such as Istvanfi's *Walter and Griseldis*, based on Petrarca's novel of the same name, Poli's *Jovenianus*, but above all, by Albert Gergei's famous *Prince Argirus*, which is still read by the common people. As an example of this type of literature may serve the famous *Ballad of the Emperor's Daughter*, written in 1571 by an anonymous writer and translated by Sir Bowring:

BALLAD OF THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER, OR THE HISTORY  
OF MICHAEL SZILAGYI AND LADISLAUS HAJMASI

I have an interesting tale to tell you,  
Such as you never heard. List! for 'twill charm you;  
'Tis of the Turkish Emperor's lovely daughter.

Two youthful heroes were of old made prisoners,  
Sent to Constantinople to the Emperor,  
And by the Turkish Emperor flung in prison.

The prison was adjacent to the palace;  
The heroes' names were, Szilagyi Mihaly  
The one—Hajmasi Laszlo was the other.

Szilagyi, looking through the prison trellice,  
( 'Twas Whitsun day) play'd an harmonious ditty  
On his guitar—'twas sweet, yet melancholy:

And spake, 'midst deepest sighs—"With father, mother,  
And with mine own dear sister, this day twelvemonth,  
This very day, I was so very happy!"

The Emperor's daughter, standing near the window,  
Heard him—look'd in—and soon was moved to pity;  
Besides, Szilagyi's form had pleased the maiden.

And suddenly she sought the prison's portal,  
And pour'd sweet comfort on Szilagyi's bosom,  
And gently, sweetly, held this flattering language:

"Young hero! if upon thy knightly honor  
Thou swear to bring me to the Magyar country,  
And swear too (should I prosper), to espouse me—

"I shall be satisfied—and I will free thee,  
Yes! I will free thee from thy prison's darkness:  
So swear me by thy faith and by thine honor!"

And soon Szilagyi answered—"Free me, maiden!  
And I will wed thee—by my faith and honor  
I swear to wed thee, thou imperial daughter!"

And so the maiden won the prison keeper;—  
Aroused at midnight both the sleeping heroes,  
And led them forth to the imperial stables:

Gave each a sharpened sword in golden scabbard;  
They kill'd the stable-keepers and attendants,  
And the three fleetest horses swiftly saddled.

The morning brought the tidings to the Emperor—  
The prisoners were out-broken from the prison—  
The boys, the keepers of the stables, murder'd.

They stopp'd the heroes at the gate of customs,  
Ask'd them where speeding. "Out to Nagy-Szombat,  
Among the wolves—with Isten's holy favor."

Five of his choicest chiefs the Emperor summon'd  
And thus commanded them: "Pursue the flying—  
Capture them—and produce them in my presence."

And the five chieftains hasten'd to the borders,  
Bidding the guards arrest the flying heroes,  
And bear them swiftly to the Emperor's presence.

They fell upon the heroes at the border—  
Strove to arrest them—but they fought so bravely,  
They forced their way, and passed in safety onward.

The chieftains heard it, and pursued the flying—  
O'ertook them—and there was a bloody combat:  
The chieftains fell—it was the will of Isten!

The heroes sent the maid for her protection,  
What time the battle lasted, to an island,  
An island not remote. The battle ended,

The heroes sought again the hidden maiden,  
And then Szilagyi heard a voice of wailing—  
Szilagyi saw the maiden sorely troubled.

Uttering despairing tones of lamentation,  
“Merciful Isten! I have left my dwelling:  
What will befall me in this dreary desert?

“O miserable fortune! But my fortune  
Is far less grievous than those youthful heroes;  
Who fell beneath the sword-strokes of the foeman.

“For them I’ll haste to death—for them, I’ll make me  
A burial-bed upon the gloomy desert:  
God! let the wolves and wild fowl be my mourners.

“Into God’s hand I now my soul deliver.”  
Szilagyi hasten’d thither—and the maiden  
Smiled joyous while he led her forth. They journey’d

Towards the Magyar land; they reach’d the borders;  
And then Hajmasi said to his companion,  
“Let’s strive who shall possess the lovely maiden.”

But swift Szilagyi turn’d upon Hajmasi:  
“Nay, at thy peril; thou art wed already  
To a fair bride: I am pledged unto the maiden.”

Then cried the imperial daughter to the heroes,  
“Nay! not for me shall hero blood be wasted;  
Fling me upon the sword—not your own bosoms.”

Hajmasi still persisted, and their weapons  
Unsheathed, were swiftly drawn upon each other;  
And sorely, sorely was Hajmasi wounded.

Then spoke the wounded man to his companion,  
“Forgive me, friend! for I am well rewarded;  
Well recompensed is he who breaks his duty.

“I had a gentle wife and two fair children—  
The thought ov’rwhelms me—I am justly punish’d:  
Brother in arms! farewell—and O forgive me!”

So each bestow’d on each a friendly greeting;  
Szilagyi took the maiden to his dwelling,  
And made a bride of that imperial maiden.

The lyrical poetry of the time could not entirely dissociate itself from the religious sentiment, and seldom rose above mediocrity. The most prominent of these was Valentin Balassa (1551–1594), who is generally called the first lay poet of Hungary. After many warlike adventures in Transylvania and against the Turks, he was ultimately obliged to leave his native land, when he wrote his famous *Song of the Fugitive* and a series of patriotic verses. He died in 1594, and up to 1806 there had appeared twenty-two editions of his works. A namesake of his, Melchior Balassa, who had also been a doughty warrior in the sixteenth century, was made the subject of a dramatic dialogue entitled *Comedy of Melchior Balassa’s Treason, as to How he Defected from the Children King John II of Hungary*, which showed considerable talent in depicting contemporary characters and attacking the misuses in the Catholic Church. There were also current a great number of mysteries and scholastic dramas, of which Laurence Szegedi’s *Theophany*, printed in 1575, is dealing with Adam and Eve in paradise, so that we once more see that the lay literature could not tear itself away from Biblical scenes.

Prose writing was considerably advanced in this period. A number of men kept a kind of chronicled diary, and some wrote even more comprehensive memoirs, such as Francis Zay's *The Loss of Belgrade* (1521) and Lestár Gynlaffi's *History of the Transylvanian Prince Sigismund Batori*, but the favorite historical work of the people was Caspar Heltai's *Magyar Chronicle*. Several authors worked on the improvement of the language and produced grammars and dictionaries, and they may be considered as forming the beginning of the Magyar scientific literature.

VI. THE CATHOLIC RESTORATION. The intellectual vigor of the Magyar Protestants at last, in the seventeenth century, awakened the Catholics to the necessity of fighting the Reformation with similar intellectual weapons, and this work was undertaken by Peter Pazmany, who in 1602 began his career with a polemic writing *Answer to Stephen Magyari's Book on the Causes of Hungary's Fall*, and directed his chief attention to bringing the magnates back into the fold of the Church, in which he was so successful that he was created a cardinal. The Protestants had to better themselves, and Stephen Katona, Stephen Czegledi and a host of other polemical writers took up the struggle. The most active among the Protestants was Albert Molnar, whose *Psalms* have appeared in more than one hundred editions and are still in use among the Protestants of Hungary, while Stephen Katona's similar work has

fallen into desuetude. On the other hand, the Catholics are still using Archbishop Szelepcsényi's *Catholic Songbook*, which first appeared in 1672.

The ancient popular poetry, which lay at the foundation of the lyrical poetry of the sixteenth century, now gives way to a dry didactic poetry of little literary value. A similar decay may be observed in the epic poetry of this period, except in the artificial epic of Nicholas Zrinyi, whose *Zrinyiad* is, indeed, a memorable production. He was a great-grandson of the hero of Sziget, and his father had been Ban of Croatia, when he fell under Pazmany's influence and became a Catholic. Nicholas Zrinyi (1618-1664) was educated by Pazmany in the Jesuit College of Tyrnau, which he himself had founded. During his many famous military exploits he found time to devote himself to literary work, and in 1651 published a volume of his poetry, containing the famous *Siege of Sziget*, now better known as the *Zrinyiad*, in fifteen cantos.

In the first canto he invokes the Virgin Mary for his protection, shows God in Heaven looking down upon the Magyars, whose low estate arouses his anger. He calls Archangel Michael and commands him to set Sultan Soliman against the Hungarians. By Michael's instigations, the fury Alecto, in the form of Soliman's father Selim, appears to him in a dream and urges him to wage war upon the Magyars. Then Soliman gathers his armies at Adrian-

ople, and gets the consent of his generals and of the Divan to start upon his expedition.

In the second canto we get a description of the dissensions in Hungary, where Arszlan Bey, the commander of Buda, takes up arms in favor of Soliman. Soliman is uncertain whether he is to attack Erlau or Sziget, where Nicholas Zrinyi, the poet's great-grandfather, is stationed. Nicholas Zrinyi promises to fight for all Christianity, and God addresses him from a crucifix and promises him eternal life, after having killed a large number of Turks and falling, together with Sziget.

The third canto tells of Mehmed Pasha's expedition against Buda. Bey Iskender, of the Fortress of Siklos, warns him against Zrinyi, but Mehmed pays no attention to the warning and goes on feasting in his magnificent tent, where a Turkish youth sings of the Pasha's constant luck (in Sir John Bowring's translation):

O fortune! I fling no reproaches at thee,  
For thou hast been gentle and gen'rous to me;  
And ne'er would I echo the slanders unkind,  
Which call thee unjust, or vindictive, or blind.

Thou look'st on my love with no menacing air,  
But would'st help me to win while I worship the fair;  
And while joy piled on joy flings delight on my days,  
Let thine be the glory, and thine be the praise.

The first vernal song, and the first vernal leaf,  
And Nature's sweet childhood—so beauteous and brief;  
And the nightingale's strain—and the rivulet's fall—  
And the light breeze—are thine—music, beauty, and all.



Zrinyi, instructed of the presence of Mehmed, attacks him with a chosen band and kills him and his son, and causes the surrender of Olaj Bey. The fourth canto is a continuation of the third. Zrinyi returns to Sziget and exchanges Olaj Bey for his General Radovan Vajda. Soliman, enraged at the Siklos defeat, turns upon Zrinyi, although Kadilesker, his chief mufti, presages an evil omen from the flight of the birds. The escape of two horses in Soliman's camp creates in the night a disastrous disturbance, which the Sultan quiets with great difficulty. In the fifth canto Zrinyi calls together his men and sends his young son with a message to King Maximilian. In the sixth canto Soliman demands the surrender of Sziget, but gets a haughty answer from Zrinyi, who calls his men to arms. Soliman sends Osman against him, but Zrinyi is informed of the move by some Turkish captives and unexpectedly attacks Osman, whom he defeats near the brook of Almas. In the seventh canto Deli Vid, the Hungarian hero, fights a duel with the Turkish Demir Khan, but night finds the result of the combat uncertain. In the next canto Zrinyi receives encouragement from heaven while Soliman plans to take the fort. In the ninth canto Zrinyi sends new messengers to Maximilian, but these are caught and killed by the Turks. The tenth canto describes the storming of Sziget, the treason of the Croats, and Zrinyi's defense of Dando, by which Sziget is saved. In the eleventh canto there

are depicted a number of duels, and Zrinyi's courage among the Turks, to avenge Deli Vid, whom he takes to be lost. The twelfth canto sings of the love of the Tatar Khan Deliman for Kumilla, Rustam Bey's widow. The Turkish army demands the recall of Deliman, but Soliman offers him forgiveness if he will marry his daughter. Kumilla, suspecting what is going on, follows her lover to Sziget, but on her journey takes a draught from Deliman's cup, which is poisoned, and dies. Deliman vows to avenge her death in the blood of the Christians. A similar episode is related in the thirteenth canto. Deli Vid, who was not killed, is wandering about in the Turkish camp, in order to spy upon the enemy. His faithful wife puts on a Turk's accouterment and goes to the Turkish camp, where she learns from a Moor that Deli Vid is lying somewhere asleep. As the Moor is about to report Deli Vid's presence to the Sultan, she kills him. She is brought before Soliman, but she pretends to have avenged a wrong in the death of the Moor. Deli Vid arrives upon the scene and claims her as his slave. Unable to obtain her from Soliman, he kills seven Turks, lifts her upon his good steed Karabul, and rides to Zrinyi's camp. Soliman, who is about to lift the siege of Sziget, intercepts Zrinyi's letter to Maximilian, from which he learns of the dire distress at Sziget, and orders an attack, which is described in full in the next canto. Demir Khan for the third time challenges Deli Vid

to a duel, in which both die. In the fifteenth canto Zrinyi stirs his men to a heroic death: "We have lived as heroes, let us give the world an example of men who die as heroes! We shall to-day earn glory for our fortress, the highest glory upon the field of battle!" Zrinyi dons his best garments and goes to the last battle. God holds a council in heaven, and decides to send aid to the warriors at Sziget. Gabriel is sent to Zrinyi, to promise him the crown of a martyr. In the morning Zrinyi leads his heroic band to its last onset. The enemy recedes. Deliman is killed by Zrinyi, who rushes upon Soliman, but is killed by two bullets, one of which strikes his brow, the other his heart.

The *Zrinyiad* is considered one of the great Christian epics of the Middle Ages, and is based, in its general tendency, upon Vergil and Tasso. Structurally it is rather weak, and the language and prosody are somewhat clumsy. Zrinyi also wrote a number of lyric and military discussions in verse. An imitation of the *Zrinyiad* was attempted by Liszti, who wrote an epic in thirteen cantos, *The Fall of Mohacs*.

More talented than Zrinyi was Gyongyosi, who in his day created a sensation with his novels in verse, in which he reveled in sentimentalities and allusions to Roman mythology. Among his voluminous works probably the best is *The Venus of Murbnyi*, which tells of the taking of the fortress of Muranyi through the

love intrigue of Wesselenyi and the famous Countess Mary Szecsi. More popular even was his *Phoenix Arisen from the Ashes, or The Kemenyiad*, in twenty cantos. His *Chariclea*, *The Rosary* and *Cupid* are filled with allegorical personages and are rather tiresome, but found many admirers on account of the mechanical perfection of his verse. Another romantic historian, Heller, wrote in prose his *Three Books of History*, which are based on the fantastic stories of the ancient Gesta. This history tells of the wars of Alexander the Great and the siege of Troy, and its popularity has not vanished even in our day, for it still circulates among the people.

A large number of lyrics were composed in the sixteenth century, but they survived chiefly in manuscript form. In print appeared the poetical works of John Rimai (1564–1621), who imitated Valentin Balassa; of Peter Beniczki (1603–1664), who put a number of proverbs into rhythmical form; but especially, Stephen Kohary (1649–1731), who was captured and imprisoned by the Turks. In prison the latter composed a series of didactic and spiritual songs which appeared in 1720 under the title of *Poems Composed in the Fortress of Munkacs*.

Of late a large number of popular songs belonging to this period have been discovered. These anonymous poems are known under the name of *Kurucz*, which means *soldier of independence*. They emanate mostly from Prot-

estants, who sing of persecution for religion's sake, breathe hatred of the Austrians, extol the deeds of Zrinyi and Bathori and other national heroes. They are subdued in tone, and gayety has seldom a place in them. The following ballad will give a good idea of such Magyar compositions:

## ISAAC KEREKES

"Have you ever heard of famous Szeben and of famous Moha, of Peter Kerekes, his valiant son? He once went, while intoxicated, into the stables and lay down drunken in the manger. And his father who was walking through the halls, looked down and into the distance, and, behold, a black troupe came like a dark cloud from afar. Were they *Kurucz*s? or were they Austrian soldiers? No one could say which, but all suspected them to be Serbians from Szeben.

"Then the father went into the stable, to the manger, and spake the words: 'Arise, my son! Arise, Isaac Kerekes! For a black cloud is coming from afar. Are they *Kurucz*s? or are they Austrian soldiers? None can say which, but all suspect them to be Serbians from Szeben.'

"And Isaac awoke from his first sleep, but he did not arise from the manger. Then his mother hastened to the stable, and she wakened Isaac with the swift words: 'Arise, my son! Arise, Isaac Kerekes! For a black cloud is coming from afar. Are they *Kurucz*s? or are they Austrian soldiers? None can say which, but all suspect them to be Serbians from Szeben.'

"Then Isaac awoke from his second sleep, but he did not arise from the manger. And for a third time his beautiful wife hurried into the hall and looked into the distance. And she saw the enemy approaching fast. And she ran into the stable, to the manger, and called out to her spouse, her beloved husband: 'Up, my dear, arise! The enemy are below. Are they *Kurucz*s? or

are they Austrian soldiers? None can say which, but all suspect them to be Serbians from Szeben.'

"Quickly arose Isaac from the manger, swiftly they brought his charger to him from the stable, and he quickly girded himself with his sword. He swung himself upon his raven horse and, turning back, he spake these words: 'I shall spill my blood for my parents, and shall this very day let myself be killed for my fair wife; I shall die for my beloved Magyars.'

"He spake, and gave his horse the spurs, and lustily rode against the hostile troup. The Serbians came near; Isaac sees them approach, and boldly rushes at them with uplifted sword. 'Lay down your arms, Isaac!' the Serbians call to him from afar. 'Of what avail is your heroism, since you are alone? Even hope will soon depart from you. Nothing can save you—you are ours!'

" 'I reek ye not, even though I be one! No saber will wound me, no matter how you may wield it.'

"Thus he spake, and bravely struck out to the right and to the left. His sword stretched Serbian after Serbian upon the ground. On his way up he cut himself a narrow path, and on his way back he cut himself a broad way. But suddenly his charger's feet stumbled, and he fell headlong upon the ground. Thus Isaac Kerekes fell with his horse, and the Serbians struck him with lance and saber, struck, pierced, and hewed him, until he lay there stark, and neither strove nor stirred. Thus fell brave Isaac Kerekes, who with his sword had slain many a Serbian."



HARVESTING IN HUNGARY



## CHAPTER II

### DECAY AND RENAISSANCE

**T**HE DECAY OF MAGYAR LITERATURE. The constant wars between the Turks and Magyars and the complete devastation of whole districts brought about in the eighteenth century a lassitude and dispirited condition among the upper classes, which reacted disastrously upon literature. Besides, the Austrian court tried to cement the relation of Austria with Hungary by extraordinary concessions and favors to the higher Magyar nobility, who were in every way encouraged to reside in Vienna and to adopt the prevailing German and French culture. With the total neglect of the Magyar language among the higher aristocracy went a similar disregard of the native tongue in favor of Latin among the gentry and the burghers, so that a cultiva-

tion of the Hungarian became synonymous with vulgarity.

In this period of decay the romantic histories of the previous century flourished among the populace; and yet, a few lyricists managed to make themselves heard. Francis Faludi (1704-1779) combined a love of the popular poetry with a deft imitation of French models, and produced some fine poems in a lighter vein, such as (in Sir John Bowring's translation):

## DANGERS OF LOVE

To Love no more my vows I'll bring,  
For love is such a dangerous thing;  
There's poison hid in every dart,  
And canker-worms in every heart,  
Where love doth dwell.

I know the little treacherous boy—  
Have fought beneath his flag with joy,  
Which brought deep grief: I've worn his chain,  
And wasted many months of pain,  
In his dark cell.

For she who loves bears doom of woe;  
Let her not trust the traitor's bow  
Which *I* have trusted, just to be  
Pierced through and through with misery,  
With misery.

O forest trees! so tall that are;  
O dovelet mine! that flies so far;  
Would I could fell that giant grove!  
Would I could reach that flitting dove!  
It may not be!



How idle on a rush to lean,  
Though waving bright its stem of green!  
For when the noisy tempest wakes,  
How soon it bends! how trembling shakes!  
And bows its head.

I leaned upon a treacherous rush;—  
He turn'd away, without a blush,  
To other maids: but I was young—  
Truth in my spirit, on my tongue,  
Without parade.

O smitten by high Heaven be he  
Who gives his love to two, to three!  
I love but one—and if he fail me,  
O how could other love avail me,  
Me—hapless maid!

Faludi was the first to give a literary finish to Magyar prose, wherefore he was called “the Magyar Cicero.” These prose essays are all in the French style, but with a goodly infusion of native vigor. The same is true of his *Constantine Porphyrogenite*, a tragedy in five acts, which is of a piece with other Jesuit school dramas, from which love for a woman is completely excluded, and which primarily intends to inculcate certain moral principles.

Both Protestants and Catholics continued their activities of the previous period on the line of Church songs. The Protestants began to adopt foreign models, especially in their tunes, which were less adapted for popular use, and so lost in popularity, while the numerically weaker Catholic writers kept close to the national tunes and were more fervent in their

appeal. Most of these poems appeared anonymously, but there were also some lay authors, such as Paul Anyos and Francis Versegghi. This distinction may be made between the Protestant and the Catholic church songs, that the first are more refined and appeal to a select class, while the Catholic songs, by the adoration of the saints, made a more patriotic appeal to all Hungarians.

II. THE RENAISSANCE OF MAGYAR LITERATURE (1772-1805). In 1760 Maria Theresa formed a Magyar bodyguard which opened the gates to the Magyar youth, who had been educated in classical schools, to come in Vienna in contact with the prevailing French and German cultures. The higher classes of society in Austria, as elsewhere, were at the end of the eighteenth century under the ban of pseudo-classicism and cold philosophic reflection, and gloated over the laboriously refined poetry of Voltaire, Racine and Corneille, and of the sociological and philosophic writings of Rousseau, Diderot and d'Alembert.

Bessenyei (1747-1811), who came from an old Hungarian noble family, was not only introduced in Vienna to the new world of letters, but immediately set out to introduce the new tendency into the neglected literature of Hungary. In 1772 he began his career with a tragedy, *Agis*, dedicated to Maria Theresa, in which he depicted the struggle of the two Lacedaemonian patriots who demanded the return of the constitution of Lycurgus. This was fol-

lowed by a series of dramas, of which only a small number passed the censorship. He treated native subjects in his dramas *Ladislaus Hunyadi* and *Buda*, but the none too dexterous imitation of French reflective dialogue made his dramas unfit for the stage. He was a voluminous writer of didactic works and lyric poems, and made his influence felt chiefly through his advocacy of a Hungarian academy, the creation of a Magyar scientific society and the encouragement of the younger generation of native authors.

To Bessenyei's French school belonged Laurence Orczy (1718–1789), who was an impassioned follower of Rousseau and, although aristocratic in his political views, in his poetry advocates the simple life in the country. An intimate friend of both was Abraham Barczay (1742–1806), a Transylvanian by birth, who was possessed of a vivid imagination and wrote in a lighter and more refined language than either. An enormous mass of French works were translated into Magyar, the best being by Joseph Peczeli (1750–1792), who, among other things, rendered Voltaire's *Henriade* and La Fontaine's *Fables* into Hungarian. He also translated Young's *Nights*, which produced quite a sensation. All these authors were surpassed by the sentimentalist, Paul Anyos (1756–1784), who at sixteen years of age joined the Paulist order and died at twenty-eight, after a long illness. In his elegies he gave vent to a gentle pessimism which resulted from

an ill-chosen vocation. His *My Sweetheart's Tomb* runs as follows:

Thy faithful lover stands beside thy melancholy tomb!  
The tomb which shrouds thee from mine eyes in its unhallowed gloom.

Awake! arise!—my open arms would tear thee from thy pall—

Mingle thy heart with mine! O hear my anguish-moving call!

The fates—the frightful fates—which closed the grave upon thee there,

Dissolved my heart, my hope, in mists melted in the air.  
Death! why wert thou so cruel? Why, with faithfulness like ours,

Why didst thou blast mirth's opening bud, that soon would bloom in flowers?

Why trample on those morning gems which in such meekness grew,

And just in morning's twilight smiled, and drank love's early dew?

Was it triumph fit for thee a lowly stem to crush—

To break a feeble twig—to mow a bruised and broken rush?

I speak—she hears not—no reply—no echo can intrude,  
No sound may vibraté from the grave, or break its solitude.

Once, even a whisper touch'd her soul—was music in her ears;

Now she is senseless to my cries, and heedless of my tears;

A tear—which once could melt her heart and agitate her thought.

Whate'er I felt she felt—to each a common doom was brought;

But death has cut the holy band—and now her heavenly eye

Shall ne'er be wet with selfish tears, nor tears of sympathy.

Sleep, sleep, sweet spirit! sleep in peace—I will not  
mourn—I feel,  
Though thou art silent, yet I dwell within thy bosom still.  
But I, while still I toil along through life's devoted road,  
Must bear in hopelessness and grief my overwhelming  
load.

While these poets were actively disseminating the French influence, a number of poets, chiefly educated in the Jesuit schools, labored to reinstate the classical influence, which had already made faint beginnings in the sixteenth century. The peculiar structure of the Magyar language, which carefully distinguishes between long and short syllables, makes it particularly fit for the classical prosody, as distinguished from the prosody of the Germanic languages, which is based on accent only. It was this characteristic which led the advocates of the Latin school to apply, at first, the external form of classical poetry to the Magyar, and then to draw extensively upon classical ideas, as well. This new prosody was treated in a special work by Rajnis (1741–1812), who illustrated it with his own compositions, and the translations of Vergil's *Eclogues* and *Georgics*. David Szabo (1739–1819) wrote epigrams, odes, epistles and idyls in this style and translated Vergil's *Aeneid*. But the most talented among them was Benedict Virag (1752–1830), who was known as the “Magyar Horace;” he tried to rouse his nation to a more active patriotism. His purpose is well expressed in his poem *To the Muses*:

Where do ye bear me? Into what solitude  
'Midst groves and valleys? Daughters of Helicon!  
Have ye awakened new fires in my bosom?  
Have ye transported my spirit?

Here in this quiet temple of loneliness  
Will I pour out the songs of divinity  
To the Hungarian Minerva, and worship  
At the immortal one's altar.

Yes! I will read all the deeds of futurity.  
Dark-mantled groves, sweet fountains of gentleness,  
Have ye not thought to overwhelm me with transport,  
And to upbear me to heaven?

As ye have borne the bright virgins of victory,  
Whom with a passionate longing for blessedness  
Fain I would follow; and breathing of glory,  
Heavenly sisters! I hail ye.

Still another tendency was represented by the popular school, which found its inspiration in the romantic stories of Gyongyosi and his time. Among these was Andrew Dugonics (1740-1818). At first he tried himself in the classical vein, producing his *Fall of Troy* and *Ulysses*, but he soon turned his attention to the Transylvanian past, and wrote a prose novel *Etelka*, which dealt with the settlement of the country by the Magyars. This was followed by a series of other novels and dramas, which are devoid of originality. Adam Horvath (1760-1820) wrote epics, the *Hunniad* and the *Rudolphiad*, and a series of *Peasant Poems*, and made a collection of five hundred popular songs. The most renowned in this

school was George Gvadanyi (1725–1801), who is still a favorite author among the Magyar masses. Especially famous was his *The Village Notary of Peleske*, which appeared in 1790. It is the story of a series of strange and comical adventures undergone by Stephen Zajtai, village notary at Peleske on his way to Buda, where he intends to take up the practice of law at the court of appeals. Here he finds the Hungarians madly imitating foreign customs and speaking foreign tongues, which causes him to indulge in a diatribe against the decadence of the Magyar spirit. Another popular work of this author is *Paul Ronto and the Adventures of Count Maurice Beniowski*, in which he describes the Count's experience in Siberia and Madagascar.

The most talented poet of the popular school was Michael Csokonai (1773–1805), who fell under the influence of the German Burger. He sang of the cowboys of the Puszta and of other homely scenes, composed a considerable number of odes in a more artificial style, and based on Pope's *Rape of the Lock* his comical epic *Dorothea, or the Triumph of the Ladies in Carnival*. Kont, in his book on Hungary, tells the following story of the erection of a statue to Csokonai:

Csokonai's native town, in 1871, erected a statue to the first great poet of the popular school. Soon after the death of the poet, Kazinczy had asked for him a monument, on which he wished to have inscribed the first verse of Schiller's famous song, "I, too, was born

in Arcadia." The good citizens of Debreczen, who were little versed in mythology, seemed to have turned to a dictionary, and found under "Arcadia:" "country famous for its pastures, especially for asses." They refused to erect the monument and the inscription, which they considered to contain a reflection.

The poetry so far discussed appealed either to a refined upper class or to the masses. The bourgeoisie took little part in the political life of the nation, and had not yet developed a decided taste for spiritual things. It was only toward the end of the eighteenth century that a coterie of cultured men at Kassa created a middle class press, in which they tried to inculcate among the reading public the sense of "the beautiful." Among these one of the most active was Francis Verseghy (1757-1822), who in his poetical works gave expression to revolutionary ideas, for which he suffered imprisonment for a period of nearly ten years. He was a voluminous writer on poetical, historical, theological, esthetical and philological matters, which comprise more than forty volumes. Another active member of the Kassa circle was the poet and esthetician, John Baczanyi (1763-1845), whose revolutionary songs were chiefly current in manuscript form, and who exerted a great influence upon the people by his periodical, *The Magyar Museum*. Other poets of this school were Ladislaus Szabo (1767-1795) and Gabriel Dayka (1768-1797).

It still remains to trace the influence of the German school of poetry upon Hungary. The



most noted author who fell under the influence of Herder, Schiller and Goethe was Francis Kazinczy (1759–1831). He developed early a prodigious activity as translator, chiefly from the German, and Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. Having allied himself with the revolutionary movement, he was arrested and imprisoned with Versegby and Baczanyi at Buda and at other places, from which he was released only after five years of severe confinement. It is for this reason that the centennial of his birth was celebrated as that of a political martyr, although his activity was displayed entirely in the literary field. Above all, he is the great reformer of the Magyar language, which he enriched by many new word formations and the adaptation of archaic and provincial expressions, so as to make the language capable of all the uses to which the other cultivated languages of Europe were put. To accomplish this end, he had to wage an infuriated war against the purists, who wanted to oust from the language all foreign words. At the centennial celebration the poet Eotvos said:

It is not so much the prominent author of this remarkable epoch that we honor in him, for to him belongs a greater desert, a more beautiful glory. Who does not know the influence which Kazinczy has exercised upon our language, who does not know that, in placing this man above all those who have striven against him, and above his successors, who have surpassed him in their special literary branches,—we do so, because he has left after him not individual works, but a whole literature, and a nation awakened to a new life, by having created

in his long activity what is the first condition of a literature, of a national evolution, namely a language, to serve as a proper implement for a nation striving forward in the sphere of power and of science.

A good example of his sonnets may be found in the following:

My little bark of life is gently speeding  
 Adown the stream 'midst rocks, and sands, and eddies,  
 And gathering storms, and dark'ning clouds—unheeding,  
 Its quiet course thro' waves and winds it steadies.  
 My love is with me—and my babes—whose kisses  
 Sweep sorrow's trace from off my brow as fast  
 As gathering there—and hung upon the mast  
 Are harp and myrtle flowers, that shed their blisses  
 On the sweet air. Is darkness on my path?  
 Then beams bright radiance from a star that hath  
 Its temple in the heaven. As firm as youth  
 I urge my onward way—there is no fear  
 For honest spirits.—Even the fates revere  
 And recompense—love, minstrelsy, and truth.

Kazinczy's disciples were Kis (1770–1846), who translated Horace, Juvenal, Propertius, Tibullus and other classics; Szemere (1785–1861) esthetician and critic, who translated Koerner's *Zrinyi*, and Kolcsey (1790–1838). Szemere is chiefly remembered for his sonnets, of which the following is a good example:

#### ECHO

Thou art mute, all but thy sighing—and the tear  
 Rolls down thy cheek its sad and silent way;  
 And thou dost turn to mortal men, and say,  
 "Pour out your sympathy, and soothe me here."  
 Thou dreaming, hapless creature! learn, that they  
 Will turn on thee a cold and listless ear;  
 And thou thy gloomy pilgrimage mayst steer

Through mists and storms and sorrows. They are gay,  
However dark thy grief; no sympathy  
Is in their breasts. But come, O come to me,  
Who am a mourner too—and I will mourn  
With thee. Hath death distress'd thee? Tell the name  
Of thy lost love—I will repeat the same,  
And we will weep together o'er her urn.

Kolcsey, who was also known as an excellent political orator, devoted himself more directly to the introduction of the German romanticism into Hungary, and was the first to write literary Magyar ballads and romances. His most famous poetic production is his patriotic *The Stormy Centuries of the Magyar Nation*, which has become a national hymn. He also tried himself in the sentimental style which produced Goethe's Werther literature, and wrote *The Letters of Bacskai*. To the same school of sentimentalists belonged Joseph Karman (1769–1795), whose psychological novel, *Fanny's Bequest*, is written in the form of a diary. Instead of a man, it is a sixteen-year-old girl who is here made to experience the woes of Werther. The following extract from the novel will give an idea of Kolcsey's style:

Insatiate heart! When will you assuage your desires, which are as stubborn as the caprices of a naughty child? What do you want? What do you wish? In the secret recesses of my breast lies a sweet, beautiful, mysterious, unconscious, unopened feeling. When the sable shadows of night cover the earth with her mysteries, when Nature congeals and sinks into slumber, the sensations arise most violently. Such a sweet, enticing sensation, and yet so full of woe! The heart pulsates full of joy, but

my eye fills with tears. Man is incomprehensible to himself! When I gaze at the blue mountains in the distance, how I yearn to fly thither! When I hear the cuckoo's trusty call in the beach thicket, how I wish that I may rest in its shade! When the little waves of the brooklet that borders our fruit-garden glide along, how I would like to hurry away with them! Those are my wishes, and yet! Even if they were all fulfilled, my happiness would still be imperfect, and why? That I do not know myself. Stubborn, wanton heart! Who disturbs in you the billows of your feelings?

Sir John Bowring, among others, has translated his *To Fancy*:

Come, bright-eyed Fancy, smiling, and unlock me  
Those dreamy regions where thou reignest yet;  
In thy bright cradle curtain me and rock me,  
As Venus rocks young Cupid, her sweet pet.  
As through life's dark and solitary forest  
I tread, surround me with thy balmy air;  
Let the glad notes of melody thou pourest,  
Be like the nightingales' that warble there.

Dreaming upon thy lap, I call the maiden  
Mine, who is mine no longer—and am blest;  
Dreaming upon thy lap—though sorrow-laden,  
I find in silent tears the thought of rest.  
Thou misery's burden wondrously dost lighten,  
And minglest joy with such creative power,  
That shadow'd doubts, to hope, to rapture, brighten,  
And patience dawns upon the troubled hour.

A dark blue veil upon the future lowers,  
And hides my coming doom—in vain I gaze;  
While from my heart a flame of light uptowers,  
Flinging its radiance o'er departed days.  
The present's narrow limits swiftly widen,  
And joy drives sorrow from the path of life;  
Sweet roses bloom beneath my feet unbidden,  
While beauty takes the seat of woe and strife.

Then come the sylphids on their downy pinions;  
Then bows Favonius from his cloudy throne;  
Joy builds a shrine in the green earth's dominions,  
And I hang smiling o'er my loving one.  
So lives the butterfly—amidst the blisses  
Of the fresh breeze enamor'd—on his bliss;  
So—the sweet lips of balmy flowers he kisses,  
Flowers that give back again his eager kiss.

The most refined lyricist of the time was Alexander Kisfaludy (1772–1844), who began his career as a member of the Austrian body-guard, then saw service in Italy, where he was made prisoner by the French and sent to Provence. Here he came under the influence of the ancient Provençal love poetry, after having already become a devotee of the German romanticism. Under this double influence he composed his famous *Himfy's Songs of Love*, a cycle of four hundred poems and twenty-eight cantos, that are loosely strung together so as approximately to carry the romantic tale of Himfy for Lisa, which is supposed to have been inspired by his love for Rosa Szegedi, whom he married. Kisfaludy put into this poem, as he himself says in his poetic testament, "the flame of a southern sky and people, an oriental character, the sorrows of a Magyar heart, the recollections of his native land, the storms of his passions, and his ever-bleeding heart." Kisfaludy also wrote a number of other romantic tales in verse, such as *Csobancz*, which deals with the period of Matthias Corvinus; *Somlo*, a story of jealous love, and *Gyula's Love*. He also tried himself

in the drama, but only created lyrical epics in dialogue. To this class belong his *John Hunyadi*, *Ladislaus*, *the Cumanian* and *Abyss of the Human Heart*. Of him the greatest Hungarian critic, Count Anthony Szeesen, said:

It is his great desert to have been one of the first in our century who, with rare perfection and ease, have brought to the fore and spread in wide circles the beauties of the Magyar tongue, its manly power, its spiritual elasticity, the manyfoldedness of its expressions, and its poetic charm. And as long as youthful hearts will unite and seek in the poets' songs an echo of their sentiments, as long as the sacred peace of the house keeps them under its protection, and mutual inclination and intimacy of domestic life hold them together, just so long will they find readers, who will turn to Kisfaludy and will surrender themselves to the influence of the tender harmony of his verse.

Apparently the oldest essay on Magyar poetry in the English language is found in *The Monthly Review for 1827*, where the following refers to Kisfaludy's poetry:

One of Alexander Kisfaludy's poems relates to the tragical fate of Dobozy and his wife, who fell together during the Turkish wars. Some extracts from it may serve as a specimen of Hungarian poetry.

After the fatal battle of Mohacs (in which King Lewis II perished with the flower of his army), the Turks overran Hungary, and Buda the capital became their conquest. Parties of Hungarians, however, still resisted in various strongholds, and Zapolya, a bold chief, assembled a number of trusty followers, and even aspired to the throne; but many of the Magnates thought it safer, in the common danger from the infidels, to bestow

the crown on a powerful prince, who ruled already over other countries—this was Ferdinand, the brother of Charles V. Zapolya's faction, however, would not accede to this, and the country was divided between him, Ferdinand and the Turks. During the desultory warfare that followed, a party of Hungarians who were assembled at the village of Maroth, under a leader of the name of Michael Dobozy, were attacked by superior Ottoman forces, and hemmed in on every side: they sold their lives dearly, and fell victims to their patriotism. A few ran away from the scene of slaughter, and among the rest, Dobozy, who had his wife with him, a young and beautiful woman; the horror of her impending fate, were she to fall into the hands of the barbarians, made him try a last effort to save her. He vaulted on his well-tried steed, and having seated his wife *en croupe* behind him, they galloped away for their lives:

But there are deadly foes behind  
Who cannot brook that one brave son  
Of Hunnia live—and will they urge  
Their Arab steeds, and onward run.

Then was each meaner fugitive  
By scores of Osmanless pursued,  
But hundreds followed Dobozy,  
He who had oft his hands imbrued

In their best blood!—Fly, Dobozy!  
Should thy horse fail thee in this strife,  
Alas! for thee and, oh! thy wife!  
A double death thou'lt surely die.

The noble animal flies like the wind, and at first leaves far behind the Turkish pursuers; but wearied with the fatigue of the preceding fight, and with the double burthen he has now to carry, he slackens by degrees his course; he gasps and trembles in all his frame; his iron foot heavily and deeply imprints the sod. Meantime fatal sounds swell on the breeze; it is the cry of the

Turkish bloodhounds, that have too well scented their prey :

“O Michael, best beloved!” she cried,  
 “E’en now we feel the heathen’s grasp,  
 Thy horse sinks under us—oh, see  
 His bloody foam, his laboring gasp !

“Do thou for thy lov’d land survive,  
 But here—it must be so—we part;  
 But still I am for ever thine,  
 Here let thy dagger pierce my heart :

“Alone and unincumber’d, fly;  
 Thou yet may’st ’scape, and live to deal  
 Death to thy foes—oh ! sometimes feel !  
 For her who left thee, but to die !”

Dobozy looks behind, and all hope of escape dies with in him; the Turks are fearfully gaining ground upon them; he still dashes his spur, and urges his charger on, but all in vain; the poor steed is exhausted, and can hardly draw breath. At last he stumbles and falls. The fatal moment is now come ! Dobozy leaps on the ground, supporting his trembling wife with one arm :

Nearer and nearer now the Turks—  
 Their breast-plates shine, their horse-tails dance,  
 And in their red blood-reeking hands  
 Flash the bright scimitar and lance ;

“Ah ! is it so ? Heaven !—no help !”  
 Cries the Hungarian lord and weeps :  
 His wife—her charms—the Turks—dire thought !  
 A death-cold shivering o’er him creeps—

Her bosom then with trembling hand,  
 Baring—the throne of all his bliss :  
 Drives to her heart the fatal steel,  
 And draws her last breath in a kiss.



“Ah, lovely, hapless child of earth!  
Thou source of joy, of matchless grief,  
Smile, my beloved, for thy chaste soul  
Hath found its speediest, best relief.

“Oh, wait thee on thy way to heaven!  
Now, even now again we meet.”  
He sobbed, and with his brodered cloak  
Cover'd the martyr at his feet.

The last look of his expiring consort, full of love and thankfulness for being saved from a fate worse than death, increases Dobozy's despair—the Ottomans press upon him; he cleaves down with his saber the foremost of his assailants; at last he is struck by a spear from behind, his arm droops nerveless, he falls on the body of his beloved wife, and dies, pierced with wounds.

In 1790 the theater at Buda for the first time gave a performance in the Magyar language, after Kazinczy and his friends agitated for the creation of a national theater, but internal dissensions brought this effort to an untimely end in 1792. A new society was organized in 1793, but the Magyar theater did not thrive well, for want of a Hungarian repertoire. We have already heard of the efforts in this direction by Dugonics, Versegly and Szabo. To this must be added the work of John Endrody, who adapted a number of foreign plays to Magyar conditions. But a real start was made in 1792 in Transylvania, where, under the influence of the French Revolution, a dramatic society on democratic principles, called *The Republic*, made such a successful appeal for a native stage that in 1795 the Transylvania



ALEXANDRE KISFALUDY  
1772-1844



Diet resolved to establish a national theater, which was ultimately opened in 1821 with Koerner's *Zrinyi* for its first performance.

The most distinguished dramatist of the early part of the nineteenth century was Charles Kisfaludy (1788-1830), the brother of Alexander Kisfaludy. He began his career in the army, but in 1811 resigned his commission as a captain and went to Vienna, where he formed the acquaintance of Koerner and wrote his dramas, *The Tartars in Hungary* and *Clara Zach*. The first was played in 1819 with great success. After a series of historical dramas he took to writing comedies, in which he described with great talent the sordid life in the provinces. Among these are *The Suitor*, *Student Matthias*, *The Chaperon* and *Deception*. He also distinguished himself as a writer of humorous stories, and is not less renowned than his brother as a lyrical poet. Among his lyrical poems one of the most famous is *The Rakos Farmer*:

Oft have I heard my father's complaint that Rakos has seen better days. I feel this, and my heart breaks, as I plow thy plains. Where is Matthias the Just, who could bring the old right back to us? Here, at Rakos, where I work the fields, the Brave One has perhaps ridden his horse. They say that knights once met here to take council, and, as the drum called them, fled like eagles unto the field of battle. They are gone, you are left to feed a thousand men, but among them scarcely one Magyar has appeared to me. We see many a man from Pest and Buda, but they hardly understand our tongue. Those who feed upon it will soon be as rare as white ravens.

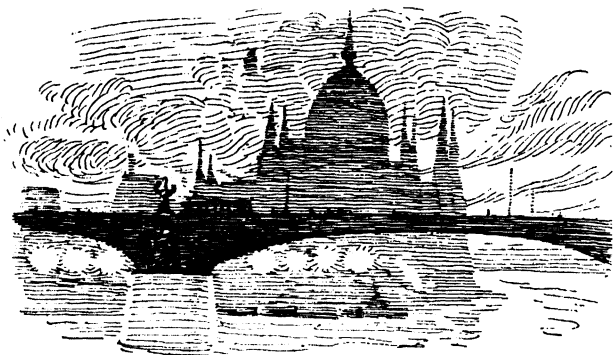
Gray mists rise coolly in the distance, about Buda's heights. Oh, field of sorrows, perchance, thy dust is filled with the ashes of noble hearts. Tawny maiden, lithe and fair, do not drink from the Rakos well, for it flows salty with the tears of sorrow for the sons of Hungary. Rakos, the flower of thy glory has withered as a gift to the tombs, hence my heart burns with despair as I, weeping, plow thy plains.

In the same year that Kisfaludy's *The Tartars in Hungary* was performed there appeared Joseph Katona's (1792-1830) only original work, *Bank-ban*, still considered to be the best Magyar tragedy. It met with favor only four years after the author's death, and was proclaimed a masterpiece only in 1845. The chief cause of this delayed recognition was the fact that Katona belonged to no school and wrote just as he liked, and besides, declined to flatter the national vanity with a paragon of a hero. Kont summarizes the tragedy as follows:

Andrew the Second (1205-1235), King of the house of Arpad, is far from his country. Queen Gertrude, a stranger to the land, reigns at the court with Germans and Italians. The people's misery is great, and not even the nobles are able to bear with the arrogance of the intruders. They form a plot, of which Petor is the head. But the Paladin Bank, who, in the King's absence, is the guardian of the constitution and of order, watches them. He is on an inspection tour, when the malcontents, to whom the constitution itself gives the right to revolt if their privileges are in jeopardy, inform him that the honor of his wife, Melinda, is in danger. Otto, Gertrude's brother, with her tacit consent, wants to ruin her, and at a court ball, with which the play begins, we

see him showering her with gallant proposals. Bank arrives unexpectedly and sees the danger. Should the culprit be struck down on the spot? No, as a good patriot, he intends to join Petor and the other nobles. These have decided upon the Queen's death. In spite of the offense given him, Bank calms them down and reminds them of the faith sworn by them to the King. Biberach, an adventurer, tells him that the coming night will be fatal to his honor, for Otto is to depart the next day and has sworn to ruin Melinda, who is at the court and at the Queen's side.

Bank arrives, but is too late. In his despair he thinks that his wife is guilty, curses her and his son, while she vainly protests her innocence. Bank swears to avenge the wrong. In his mind the Queen is the guilty one and must die. Before accomplishing the deed he hears the equivocal insinuation of a lady of the court, and the complaint of his old serf, Tiburce, who tells him of the vexation of the strangers and the shocking misery of the peasants. At last he is face to face with the Queen. She haughtily reproves him for his sudden return. Bitter words are exchanged, when the sight of the suborner, Otto, who slinks cowardly away, exasperates the Paladin, who kills the Queen. The King arrives. He has already chastised the insurgents, some being killed and others imprisoned. Bank's house is burned down, and Melinda is assassinated by Otto's men. At the sight of his wife's dead body the King calls the Paladin to a duel, but, as a faithful servant, Bank cannot cross the sword with his master. He deposits his sword at the King's feet and, amidst accusations of cowardice, leaves the palace, broken and crushed.



## CHAPTER III

### THROUGH THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

#### P REREVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

In 1825, when the Austrian repression of Hungary was at its height, there was a preliminary meeting at Pest, in which Paul Nagy, a member of the Hungarian Diet, pointed out that nothing could save the downfall of the Magyar consciousness, since the landed proprietors were showing no patriotic spirit and were doing nothing for the foundation of a Magyar Academy, which had been so often proposed by prominent Hungarians. A young captain, Count Stephen Szechenyi, arose and said: "I have no right to interfere in the discussion, but I am a landed proprietor, and if an establishment will be founded for the cultivation of the Magyar language and will thus make possible the intellectual education of our country,

I will contribute a year's income from my properties." This amounted to 60,000 florins, and with the contribution of others before the session of the Diet, the sum amounted to 250,000 florins, and the Academy was soon an accomplished fact. Szechenyi actively took part in the political advancement of his country, and was especially inspired by the English institutions which he had studied closely in sixteen visits made to Great Britain. Although an advanced liberal, he believed in a gradual evolution and not in revolution, and so stood in opposition to the vigorous advocate of revolution, Louis Kossuth.

He gathered around him the best literary talent, and it was mainly due to his patronage that Charles Kisfaludy and Joseph Katona developed their talents. But it is Michael Vorosmarty (1800-1855) who more than any other characterizes the prerevolutionary period with which Count Szechenyi is identified. He translated Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* and *King Lear* and wrote some dramas, but these are the weakest of his productions. He became famous, in 1825, the year of the foundation of the Magyar Academy, by his *Zalan's Flight*, a poem in hexameter verse, in which he employed the spoken idiom, enriched by archaic turns and by neologisms, so dexterously that he was equally admired by the purists and the innovators. Gyulai, the eminent Hungarian critic, has well characterized his position in Hungarian literature as follows:



Vorosmarty with one hand points to a glorious past, in which the nation, carried away by the great idea of creating a realm, for centuries appeared full of action, while with the other he points to the future, of which he speaks as a seer. And how much his own muse sympathizes with the striving of his nation, that presses forward from the field of injury to that of reform! But Vorosmarty was in this respect not merely the representative of his time. He created the Magyar poetic diction, just as the evolving public life created the rhetorical. Without him Magyar poetry could not have risen to that height on which it now stands. He had to struggle with the language, had to weld the old and the new, and had to pour forth the pathos of the time upon it. Hence the rhetorical element predominates in his poetry, and it seems as though he was obliged to rival the great speakers of his time. He was the great poet of nationalism and of patriotism, as those actually appeared in the national life.

After *Zalan's Flight* Vorosmarty wrote a number of epic songs, of which *Cserhalom* is the most famous. It begins as follows:

Round thee the soul of the past in the shadowy vapors  
of silence,  
Cserhalom! wanders. Thou needst no pillars of bronze  
in thy memory;  
Thou art a pillar thyself—a mountain of victory and  
battle.  
Nature thee reared in her might and her majesty—build-  
ing  
Piles o'er ephemeral dust. No fugitive record of mortals  
Thou, for thy head tow'rs aloft, and will tow'r, through  
all ages undying—  
Record and witness to tell of the fame of our valorous  
fathers.  
Arpads dominions were peril'd in Solomon's dangerous  
rule time;

Still it stood firm and unshaken—in strength of unperish-  
ing manhood's  
Heroes undaunted: and most on the happier days of  
their concord;  
Countless their enemies' graves, as countless their  
enemies' armies.  
Like a tall rock, that towers from the earth with a double-  
crown'd summit,  
Reaching to heav'n—from the east and from west reach-  
ing upwards to heaven;  
Sunshine and day on its sides, while its brow is o'er-  
turban'd in darkness;  
Round it the lightning plays till weary, like innocent  
childhood;  
Fixed are its roots in the earth, in its greatness and  
grandeur reposing:  
Such was the land of Arpad, and the storms and the  
flashings of danger  
Roll'd unmolestingly by—all harmless the rage and the  
thunder.  
Then with his armies went forth, like the light-giving  
beam of the noon-tide,  
Solomon Kiral, with twain of the noblest and choicest of  
heroes,  
Bela's descendants—wise Geza, and he of the battle-axe,  
Laszlo,—  
Laszlo the terrible: both seemed bright as the blessing of  
heaven.  
Courage and power were theirs, and the union of tem-  
perate prudence  
Shielded the land from the day of precipitate fall and  
perdition.  
Lingering is now the course of the struggle of Sajo and  
Mohacs;  
Tears flow forth from the eyes of the noblest son of his  
country,  
Laszlo. Doth Laszlo tremble?—the brave, the terrible  
Laszlo?  
Cserhalom! thy proud brow is the proudest summit of  
triumph.

Prince of the Kunians, Ozul—now where, with thy passionate legions?

Backwards thy banners are blown with the breath of the north wind chilling:

Thrice has thy steed wheeled round—he will not bear thee onward.

Look! for the birds of prey are screaming frightfully o'er thee,

Gathering together in crowds—the famishing broods are impatient,

Waiting to feed their fill of thy glorious festival longing.

There, as the wolf invades the fold of the shepherd, and ruthless

Plunders, ravages, raves, 'midst the terror-struck flocks, till the sheep-dogs

Howl in the distance, the dogs with the spike-girded collars—the shepherd

Steps o'er the threshold, excited, the terrified robber pursuing—

So in their murderous purpose the enemy came, and Nyerseg

Ravaged. Their footsteps of violence crushed all the fruits of the Theiss, while

Blood spouted forth on her sands. Bihar saw the terrible ruins—

Saw—'twas too late: death sat on the gloom-cover'd brows of the valiant;

Gray-headed men o'er the dead sigh'd despairingly; all their life-currents

Flow'd like a slow stream of bitterness. Babes on their cradles disorder'd

Wept in their innocent woe; their mothers, Ozul's cruel bandits

Led bound in cords: heavy chains they fetter'd on youths and on maidens,

Driv'n into slavery—slavery hopeless of any redemption.

There was old Ernyei shorn of his fortune—one treasure, one only;

She of the auburn hair—Etelke—Etelke the lovely:

Nay! not Etelke—how hollow and heavy the sound of  
Etelke!  
“Oh, had I delved thy grave, had I made thee a bed on  
the silent  
Bosom of earth, I had known it! If, whelmed in the  
stream of the Danube,  
Borne on the fawn-color'd waters, pursued by an army  
of fishes,  
Still I had known it! If, gather'd in desolate sadness and  
sorrows,  
Youths round thy death-couch were crowded, still, still—  
Shall my spirit  
Sink in despair? No! I'll suffer and breathe resignation.  
Blessed be God!—I look round me—I look—but mine  
eyes can see nothing.  
Loudly I call—and I hear but the echoes. Tears fall on  
my bosom.  
Groaning I ask, Doth a God still dwell in the precincts of  
heaven—  
One who old Ernyei hears and pities? Or, visiting error,  
Awfully flings he his bolts at the sins which stand blazing  
before him?”  
So mourned the wretched old man, and buckled about him  
his weapons,  
Trembling. The King rises up; and the fame-covered  
children of Bela  
On to the field—'twas in haste and in gloom—they were  
girded for battle.

This epic describes an episode from the time of King Solomon of Hungary. In 1070 the Cumanians were completely crushed at Cserhalom. After the battle a Cumanian knight was about to elope with a Hungarian maiden, but was prevented from doing so by King Ladislaus. But it is chiefly by his lyrical poems that Vorosmarty is remembered to-day. After hav-

ing tried himself in the classical style, according to German models, he dipped deeply into the rich bourne of popular poetry, but achieved his greatest result in the patriotic poems. His *Call to the Nation*, according to one, "embraces everything which can enthuse a Magyar in his struggle of regeneration and, touching the chords of hope and reminiscence, of faith and sad presentiment, it imparts to everything the sentiment of self-confidence and of greatness."

#### CALL TO THE NATION

O Magyar, remain imperturbably faithful to your country. It is your cradle and will some day be your tomb that protects you and will engulf you.

There is no other resting place for you anywhere in the world. Whether your destiny is cursed or blessed, you will have to live here, and here you will have to die.

This country is the place where Arpad's blood has flown so often in sacrifice, where for a thousand years so many holy names have appeared.

Here formerly Arpad and his heroic companions fought their battles; here the country's yoke was broken by Hunyad's strong hand.

Here, O Liberty, were unfurled your bloody standards, impatient to fly to victory, while the best among us fell struck by death in endless battles.

And after so many disasters, after so many years of oppression there is still, curbed but not crushed, a nation living in the land.

O you, vast world, country of nations, this people cries to you in its distress: In the name of a thousand years of suffering we demand the right to live, or to die.

It is impossible that the blood of so many hearts should have flowed in vain, that for the good of the country so many hearts should have succumbed, broken by suffering and despair.

It is impossible that the power of the soul, intelligence, a righteous and pure will should vainly have unfolded so many heroic efforts, impossible that an eternal curse should crush them.

A better time must come, a better time will come. From one end of the country to the other thousands of men call for it in their prayers.

If not, let death come, if such is the decree of Fate, a grand and glorious death, and let a whole empire descend into the tomb, drowned in a sea of blood!

Then this tomb, which will have swallowed a whole people, will be surrounded by the nations as by a funeral procession, and in the eyes of humanity one will see the tears of sorrow.

O Magyar, remain eternally faithful to your country! It nurtures you to-day, and when death strikes you down, it will cover you with its grassy turf.

There is no other asylum for you in the whole universe. Whether your destiny is cursed or blessed, you will have to live here, and here you will have to die.

Among the contemporaries of Vorosmarty were Debreczeni, Garay and Czuczor (1800-1866), but only the latter is worth mentioning for his epic and lyrics songs. In 1848, that is, on the eve of the revolution, there appeared in Kossuth's paper Czuczor's *The Reveille*, which cost him six years of severe incarceration. It runs as follows:

The battle drum resounds and calls to arms, O Magyar, seize the sword boldly, and may its gleam picture to you the morning glow of freedom, may the tyrannical brood bathe in blood! The God of the Magyars still lives, and his adversary is worsted, God is with us, he helps us in the fight, we were a free people and shall remain a free people for all time.

We will have no tyrants, Magyars! To battle! Death to the soldier rabble that whet their teeth against us,

and shamefully offer us the chains and the yoke of slaves! We shall strike them down, and consecrate them to perdition. The God of the Magyars still lives, etc.

May the earth upon which we stand and the heaven above us bear witness to this that the people of Arpad is still alive, though deemed dead. And every drop of blood which this earth drinks, arises heavenward as a cry of revenge. The God of the Magyars still lives, etc.

We only defend our sacred rights in the struggle, and may our swords destroy him who wants to make slaves of us! The people's cry is heard at his funeral feast,—only the fall of the tyrant makes us truly free. The God of the Magyars still lives, etc.

The woe which springs from the breast presses the sword into our hand, the prayers of millions teach us how to fight bravely. Nation, you have no choice: whether it be victory or death, let no stranger's might find slaves here! The God of the Magyars still lives, etc.

Take each other's hand for the protection of the country, and let this struggle be terrible and rage full of consequences! Let us now follow an old custom and consecrate the union with blood, and give the last drop of blood for our country! The God of the Magyars still lives, etc.

II. THE REVOLUTION. The first political daily was started by Kossuth in 1832, and this soon developed into an organ of the national opposition and of democratic reform. In 1835 and the following years Kossuth was among those agitators whom the Austrian government sent to jail, and this enhanced their national reputation as leaders. When he was released in 1840, he became the central figure of the radical party which appealed chiefly to the small landed proprietors and the bourgeoisie, as against Szechenyi's movement, which

pleased more the intellectual upper classes. During this period the Magyar prose attained its greatest development, and much of the literature reflects the democratic tendencies of the age.

The founder of the Magyar novel, "The Walter Scott of Transylvania," as the native critics call him, was Baron Nicholas Josika (1794-1864), who in 1836 made his debut with his *Abafi*, which he never equaled in his subsequent novels. He was a prolific writer, the first collected edition containing thirty-five volumes, and after the revolution of 1849, when he had to live in exile, he fell under the influence of Eugene Sue and Alexandre Dumas, occasionally wrote in German and in English, and composed a new series of novels of a more superficial character, due to the necessity of earning a living by hackwork. The hero of *Abafi* is a rough, ill-brought-up young nobleman in the days of Sigismund Bathory. Under the influence of Margaret Mikola, a charming noble woman, such as Josika delighted in depicting, the naturally generous and brave Oliver Abafi develops into a splendid political agitator, who maintains the constitution against Bathory's encroachments. He magnanimously decides to marry a dying girl who has saved him, and ultimately is united in marriage with Gisella Csaky, whom he loves ardently.

But by far the most talented story writer was Baron Nicholas Eotvos (1813-1871), who began



his literary career with a translation of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and was one of Kossuth's most active collaborators in his oppositional paper. He attracted the attention of the critics by his splendid novel, *The Carthusians*, which he began to publish in 1838 and which was based on a personal incident during his visit to the Carthusian monastery at Chartreuse. A similar sensation was created by *The Village Notary*, which appeared in 1846. In this "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Hungary, Baron Eotvos depicted the terrible condition prevailing in the country districts, in the spirit of attack upon the old nobility. The following extract will give a good idea of his method:

Traveler in search of justice! doff your shoes when you come to the village of Garatsh, not only because Mr. Paul Skinner, the justice, hallows the spot by his presence, nor solely in obedience to the old saw which bids you do at Rome as the Romans do; but more especially for the purpose of donning stout water-boots in their stead, for without them you will find considerable difficulty in your progress through the place.

The villages of the county of Takshony were miserable, but Garatsh was the most wretched of them all. Its ragged roofs and crumbling walls were in keeping with the pale and emaciated faces of its inhabitants, each of whom seemed to be devoted to suffering from the day of his birth to that dark day on which they bore him to the churchyard at the end of the village, there to take his first and last rest in this world, under the high cross which marks the burial places of the Russniak population. The very church was out of repair; for its half-rotten roof gave no protection to the walls, which were

stayed by poles to prevent their falling. The vicarage looked equally poor and neglected, surrounded as it was by a pond overgrown with reeds and water plants; in short, the place was altogether desolate and wretched.

I am free to confess that this is the gloomiest side of the picture, for there were other houses in Garatsh besides the miserable hovels of the peasantry. The distinguished families of the Garatsh, Bamer, Andorfy, Skinner, and Heaven knows how many more! had successively possessed the village and built noble curias, which vied in splendor with one another. The most magnificent of them was doubtless the house which belonged to our friend Mr. Skinner. It was a noble edifice, with its bright green walls and sky-blue columns. Only one third part of the roof was covered with shingles; but as Mr. Skinner had carried the election and secured his place for the next three years, it was but reasonable to expect that the straw on the other part of the house would soon give way to a splendid shingle roof. But, straw or shingles—no matter! the dense column of smoke which issues from the chimney of the house gives it an air of substantial comfort.

It was an hour since Mr. Skinner returned from Dust-bury. He left the place almost at the same time when Tengelyi left it. The election was all but over. When the Cortes understood that there were unqualified persons among Bantornyi's voters, they opposed him to a man, and at noon Mr. Rety was elected to the shrievalty. Mr. Kriver was the second sheriff, for Mr. Edeshy, who held that post, retired from the contest; and as the conquered party declined to take the field, the remainder of the elections was despatched in less than two hours. The Rety party had it all their own way. But the lord-lieutenant, hearing the news of the Tissaret robbery, ordered to take measures for the capture of the criminal.

His Excellency the lord-lieutenant of the county of Takshony, flattered himself with a vain belief that the justice and his clerk, accompanied by Pandurs and policemen, had by this time reached Tissaret. The great man

would have found out his mistake if he had entered Mr. Skinner's room; for there he might have seen that pillar of justice seated in front of a large oak table, at the other end of which Mr. Kenihazy was busily engaged in investigating, not the Tissaret robbery, but the interior of an enormous pork pie. The two gentlemen had thought proper to yield implicit obedience to his Excellency's orders. They left Dustbury without stopping for dinner, but finding it utterly impossible to proceed to Tissaret with an empty stomach, they turned off the road and made for Garatsh. Besides, they had no men. The Pandurs were at Garatsh; the inspector was most probably at St. Vilmosh; and Mr. Kenihazy remarked, with equal justice and truth, that it could not in fairness be expected of them that they should capture the thief with their own hands. Night was approaching, and any reasonable man, especially if he be the *bête noire* of a whole gang, as was Mr. Skinner's case, will, at such a time, rather avoid a robber than seek him; and, besides all this, there was no harm in allowing the thief to be at large for a few hours longer—nay, more, there was a chance of the said disreputable person making away with the stolen property, which was exactly what Mr. Skinner wanted, for he had no mind to soil his pure hands by touching ill-gotten gains. In short, honest Mr. Skinner had a thousand reasons for not going to Tissaret on that day; and if the lord-lieutenant could have seen him as he sat in his easy-chair, pipe in mouth, with half a dozen empty bottles on the table before him, it would have done the great man's heart good to see Justice thus thriving in the person of her most distinguished servant.

The house was "replete" with every Hungarian comfort. It was enough to make a Magyar's heart leap with joy, for the first condition of comfort is unquestionably the not being hampered in your movements. Mr. Skinner's room realized this condition to an all but unreasonable extent. No bed on earth could be narrower than the one which occupied one corner of the apartment, and the chest of drawers, which was equally small, was an

asylum for any odd things that wanted a place. It was heaped with clothes, baskets, hats, and sticks; while a very small table, and a still smaller chair and sofa presented no obstacles to the movements of the inmates. The oak table in the middle of the room was indeed an exception. It was very large; but then it served for a variety of purposes. A man might do as he liked in such a room. There was nothing to impede the free use of one's limbs. And the walls were most comfortably browned by the smoke, and covered with the pictures of Magyar heroes, in bright-colored attilas. Fine men they were, with fabulous moustaches, with their legs, which were bent in with an excess of strength, stuck into yellow Tshimen, with calpacs on their heads, and the Busogany, or a standard, in their hands: fine men, indeed, and most cheerful companions in a winter night. And the flooring of the room, which was covered with clay, and the very cobwebs which hung from the ceiling, seemed to say, "Don't stand upon ceremony! Make yourself at home! Do as you please! We are none the worse for anything you may do!"

Mr. Skinner was fully alive to the comforts of his home. He leant back in his chair, and his soul was lost in happy dreams, such dreams as belong only to people who have been re-elected. "We're in!" said he at times, with a gentle sneer. "We're in!" he repeated, striking the table with his fist. "They'd better mind what they are about!" And he ground his teeth. He was brimful of happiness; his joy was so great he would fain have threshed every man, woman, and child in the county to vent it. At other moments he was sad; for such is the nature of man, "that pendulum between a smile and tear:" his house spoke to him of bygone days. This was the table on which, forty-five years ago, immediately after his birth, he had been washed for the first—and, as many people in the county said, for the last—time in his life. His saddest and his brightest moments had been passed at that table, for it was here he had learned to read, and it was here he had been initiated into the mysteries of card-playing.

His dearly beloved wife, too, sat by that table when he brought her to his house, and when he got so drunk with joy that he could never recollect how and when he got into bed that night. That table was the scene of many drinking bouts and heavy sentences, of which it still bore the marks in wine and ink. And he thought of the seventy florins and forty-five kreutzers which he had spent on the election, and of his sweet father, who was a justice before him; nor did he forget to think of his dolman, which had been torn by the Cortes, and of his wife, having, two years ago, lost two of her front teeth, but, amidst all these conflicting thoughts, his lips smiles. "We are in," said he; "so begone dull care! There are lots of Jews in this district," thought he: "and if my sweet father were not dead, he'd be justice in my place; and, after all, I got that dolman without paying for it, and I'll have another on the same terms; and though my wife has lost two teeth, they are after all but front teeth, and there's not a woman in Hungary can cook such a mess of Tokany as she does; and taking one thing with another, I am the luckiest dog in three counties." Kenihazy, too, was most happy, especially if it be true that he is most blessed who is least conscious of his own existence. Mr. Kenihazy sat with his elbows on the table, singing his favorite song of—

The man that doest no love Skinner, sirs,  
Haj! Haj! Haj!  
Devil take him for a sinner, sirs,  
Haj! Haj! Haj!

It is to be presumed that Kenihazy was equally in love with the melody and text of this sublime rhapsody; for he had sung it unceasingly for the last half-hour.

A third novelist of the revolutionary period was Sigismund Kemeny (1814–1875), called "the Magyar Balzac." In the same year that he began a brilliant journalistic career as

editor of *The Pest News* (1846) there appeared his *Paul Gyuloi*, in five volumes, dealing with the time of Bathory. The interminable psychological digressions of this novel made it fall flat upon the public, but *The Fanatics* (1859), which deals with the Sabbatarians and their chief Pecsí, in the days of George I, Rakoczy, was far more successful. Less popular, but far more artistic, are his stories *Man and Woman*, *Love and Vanity* and *Floating Pictures*. Kont says of Kemeny:

He employs the same colors, the same psychological analysis in his novels and stories, the subject of which he borrows from modern life. His heroes want to be virtuous, but a single false step brings near the catastrophe, which is in no proportion to the fault committed. They all become a prey to fatality. Happiness appears to them as the mirage of the Puszta, and just as they are to attain it, it vanishes. With Eotvos man is "the vessel of divinity," while with Kemeny he becomes "the vessel of damnation." The souls of these personages, filled with bitterness, foresee the misfortune, their dreams are nightmares, and their destinies are fatal. They are nervous and agitated, like the author; the least movement over-excites them, especially the women who are veritable enigmas; they see the invisible and sense the future.

In politics the novelists allied themselves more closely with Szechenyi, while the poet Alexander Petofi (1823-1849) is the inspired bard of the revolution. An indifferent pupil at school, Petofi early in his life became a rover and joined the army at sixteen years of age, in the hope of being sent to Italy. But having been sent instead to Slavonia, he pined away

and was soon discharged on account of ill-health. He again took to roving, fell in with painters and literary men, and went on the stage at Debreczen, and in 1844 appeared at Pest, where Vorosmarty at once recognized his poetic ability. His lyrical effusions at once made him famous, and he had time enough to supplement his scanty education by voracious reading. He married in 1846 the charming Julia Szendry, but his happiness was short, for in 1848 he joined the army of Bem, the Polish revolutionary general in Hungary, and was killed at Segesvar, in 1849.

Peterfy, the Hungarian esthetician, says of Petofi:

He is the most original of our poets, the greatest lyricist of Hungary. His career was as extraordinary as it was brief. His glory is enhanced by the circumstances under which his life was passed. Beginning his life as a roving, insignificant actor, Petofi soon becomes the leader of youth, the celebrated singer of liberty, but, barely emerging, his track disappears as suddenly, like lightning, in the turmoil of battle. In the few years of his activity he discovered new, to us unknown, realms of poetry. His passion makes him the herald of the revolution, the poetic apostle of Republican principles.

Theresa Pulszky, who translated Petofi's *My Death* and *Yanosh, the Hero*, points to the great affinity of the latter poem with the Arabian tales. "The hero does not remain in the humble sphere of his birth; he becomes a soldier, and all the marvels of distant countries are introduced into the tale, which further pro-



ALEXANDRE PETÖFI  
1823-1849





ceeds to the fairy land in which the vulgar delight." The first two cantos are here given:

## I

The sun burns glowing from the top of heaven  
Down on the shepherd: hot enough is he,  
For in his heart too glows the fire of love.  
His cattle graze upon the village common,  
And on the village common whilst they graze,  
He on his sheepskin idly stretches him.  
A sea of gaudy flowers unfolds around,  
Yet not on these his glance is gladly bent,  
But where, a stone's-throw off, a streamlet flows,  
Thither his gaze is turned; for 'mid the waves,  
Restless with ripples, lo! a maiden stands:  
Golden her tresses, sunny bright her face;  
Up to her knee reaches the limpid flood,  
Wherein she deftly dips linen store.  
Yon shepherd on the turf reclined at ease—  
Who could it be but Yantche Kukoricza?  
And she who washes linen is Ilush,  
The pearlshell of her sweetest Yantche's heart.  
"Dear Pearlshell of my heart, Ilushka, sweet!"  
He said, "Thou art my only bliss on earth!  
Ah! of thine eyes one glance on me bestow!  
Step out to grant me but a single kiss,—  
But for a little moment come, my life,  
While on thy ruddy lips my soul I press."  
"Thou know'st my soul, that I would come with joy,  
But I must hasten with my linen here;  
I must, or they will hardly deal with me.—  
I am the stepchild of my father's wife."  
This said Ilush, and sprightly on she washed;  
But now the shepherd rises from his sheepskin,  
Approaches her, and says, alluringly:  
"Come here, my dove—come here, my turtle-dove,  
But for a moment—for a single kiss!  
And think, the bad stepmother is not here:

Let not thy lover die with longing love."

Such tender words prevail'd his clasping hands  
Her neck encircle; lips to lips are pressed,  
How often none but the All-knowing knows.

## II

The hours fled quickly. As the sun sank down,  
The waves were gilded by its parting rays,  
While the stepmother fretful scolds at home.  
"Where is Ilush?—Where can she be so long?  
'Tis time I go and see what she had done.  
If she had idly dawdled,—woe to her!"  
Woe, woe to thee, Ilush! poor orphan girl!  
Behind thee, threatening, stands the furious witch:  
Her large mouth opens, wide her lungs extend,  
And quick up-wake thee from thy dream of love.

"Thou worthless creature! dost thou thus behave?  
Thou steal'st the day! and art thou not ashamed?  
Base, shameless, idle wretch! I would thou wert—"

"Peace—hold—enough! lest silence come perforce;  
Hurt not Ilush, not with a single word:  
Forbear! or haply you shall rue my fist."  
For the protection of his trembling dove  
Thus spoke the manly keeper of the flock;  
And, threatening with his angry glance, he said:  
"Crone! if you would not see your home in flames,  
Touch not the orphan girl; she works enough;  
Restless she ever toils, and all she gets  
Is but dry bread; and this is grudged to her.  
Now go, Ilushka, but complain to me  
If thou art wrong'd. And spare thy taunts, old hag;  
Thou too, we know, not always wast a saint."  
His sheepskin now the shepherd lifted up  
And went with quicken'd step to seek his sheep.  
But thunderstruck was he, when o'er the plain  
But few he saw, still grazing here and there.

## MY DEATH

If the Lord from heav'n His voice would utter:  
"Hark, my son! I proffer now to thee—

Choose thy death, and death shall do thy bidding!"  
None but this my prayer to God would be:

Autumn be it—clear and lovely autumn—  
Yellow leaf lit up by sunny ray:  
Let there sing its parting lay a robin,  
Left behind by the departed May.

When the destin'd hour arrives to Nature,  
Death on Autumn steals with noiseless pace:  
So may Death unseen, unfelt, approach me,  
Shrouded, till his breath has touch'd my face.

Like the bird then warbling on the branches,  
Let me chant a lay before I die;  
Notes which search, and fill the heart's recesses—  
Notes which soar and strike the lofty sky.

When my parting song shall thus be ended,  
May my lips be sealed with a kiss—  
Kiss of love from thee, my lovely maiden—  
Fairest, dearest girl, my earthly bliss!

But if Pow'r above such fate refuse me,  
Let me, then, in Spring be call'd to rest;  
Spring of mighty war, when roses blossom,  
Bloody roses, on the warrior's breast!

Then with sounds soul-stirring let the trumpet—  
Nightingale of war—be heard to sound:  
Whilst with gory roses on my bosom,  
Hero-like in death, I seek the ground!

When my weight drops swooning from the saddle,  
May my lips be sealed by a kiss—  
Kiss from thee, O Freedom! heav'nly maiden!  
Glorious Freedom! thou my heav'nly bliss!

From Henry Phillips' privately printed translations the following two will be of interest:

## THE VAGABOND

Mankind is born in shackles,  
His will's forever chained,  
His life and thoughts and actions,  
By Higher Powers ordained.  
And so the word came to me,  
By Fate's unmoved decree,  
"For this wert thou created  
A vagabond to be!"

Near Debresin I wander  
With Burschen-manner gay,  
I kiss and drink my greetings,  
Then speed me on my way.  
'Tis here and there I travel,  
It's jolly fun for me,  
For this was I created,  
A vagabond to be!

Just now a Fate that's bitter  
Weighs sorely on my breast,  
Tied in my trade's strict fetters  
In one dull place I rest.  
But not too long I'll tarry,  
For something whispers me,  
I'll soon be off a-roaming,  
A vagabond I'll be.

## THE MAGYAR NOBLEMAN

The bloody falchions of my sires  
Hang by their hilts consumed by blight,  
To rust a prey, their brightness gone—  
Yet I'm a noble Magyar knight!

Afar from toil I spend my life  
And live my best asleep at night,

For none should work save peasant-born—  
And I'm a noble Magyar knight!

Make smooth my path, thou laboring boor,  
Thy horse shall bear me on my flight,—  
How can I go my way afoot?  
For I'm a noble Magyar knight!

Why should I live by learning's aid?  
The learned live in sorry plight;  
Ne'er write a word for me to read—  
For I'm a noble Magyar knight!

Some things I know, but very few—  
You'll rarely find one like me quite,  
I eat and drink my lusty fill  
For I'm a noble Magyar knight!

I pay no taxes, no, not I,  
Have money sometimes, though a mite,  
My debts no man that lives can count—  
For I'm a noble Magyar knight!

My fatherland weeps hundred woes,  
Shall I then seize my sword and fight?  
Nonsense! her griefs will cure with time;  
Yet I'm a gallant Magyar knight!

And when my life I've smoked away,  
(Ancestral home! 'Ancestral right!)  
To heaven will angels bear my clay  
For I'm a noble Magyar knight!

From Sir John Bowring's translation we  
choose the following:

SOLITUDE

From the world, and all the world's bewilderings,  
Solitude I sought;  
There to live in happiness and silence,  
And be—nought.

Happiness! I never knew its presence,  
Wildly, blindly driven  
Thro' the noisy street, the crowded chamber—  
Earth or heaven!

Ever haunted by some lynx-eyed monster  
Thro' the night and day,  
To molest me, haunt me, circumvent me,  
As his prey.

So I seized my staff and bound my girdle,  
And I took my flight,  
Hither, where the golden sunbeams met me,  
Smiling bright.

Holy solitude! now look upon me,  
Freed from every fetter;  
Let me never hear the voices calling,  
"You're my debtor."

Like Petofi, John Arany (1817–1882) was the son of simple country people, but unlike him, he was a patient, studious boy at school, where he always occupied the first place. He was a prodigious reader in Latin and Hungarian, and began writing verse while at school. He studied theology, but like Petofi, was for a time fascinated by the stage, and ultimately, in 1842, at the request of a school friend, took to literature as a profession, and in 1845 made a decided hit with his burlesque epic, *The Lost Constitution*, which received a prize from the Kisfaludy Society. He continued the epic strain in his *Toldi* and *Buda's Death*, the first of which again received a prize. From 1851 to 1860 Arany taught at the Reformed College

at Nagykorcs; later he became president of the Kisfaludy Society and secretary of the Hungarian Academy.

*Buda's Death* is to some extent based on the *Nibelungenlied*, from which Arany borrowed the Kriemhild incident, but otherwise it depends on native tradition for its material. It deals with Attila's relation with his brother Buda. "Stirring events and the storm of unbridled passions alternate with idyllic pictures from the domestic life; the rude customs of antiquity, the primitive social and political institutions, the scenes on the battle ground and at the banquets are drawn with artistic perfection. But the psychological characterization also proclaims the poet's mastery. We see there the suspicious weakling Buda, a libertine without strength of character, full of indecision, inclined to trickery, and accessible to insinuation, but, withal, a man of peace, a good-natured man. The counterpart of this weak and undecided shadowy king is the spiritually and physically superior Attila, the idol of the people and favorite of the gods."

Of his briefer epic songs may be mentioned *The Siege of Murany* and the mock-heroic *The Gypsies of Nagyida*, in which he caricatures the blunders of his people in the revolution of 1848. A greater excellence was achieved by him in his ballads, such as *Dame Agnes*, *Knight Bende* and *The Two Pages Szondi*. *Dame Agnes* follows:



## DAME AGNES

Dame Agnes at the brook washes, washes her white cloth; her white cloth spattered with blood flits with the running water. Father of mercy, help!

The urchins approach: "Dame Agnes, what do you wash?" "Oh, oh! It is the blood of my chicken that has bespattered my cloth." Father of mercy, help!

And the neighbors come up: "Dame Agnes, and your husband?" "My star has fallen asleep there, do not enter, he will awake." Father of mercy, help!

The haydook appears: "Dame Agnes, come, I shall take you to prison." "My dove, how can I go before having washed off the spots?" Father of mercy, help!

The gaol is dark and deep; one ray, one ray, the sun of the dungeon barely slips in there. Night is peopled with phantoms. Father of mercy, help!

When she barely turns around, the specters dance all about her. If it were not for the ray, she thinks she would go mad. Father of mercy, help!

But time passes, and soon the gate of the dungeon opens, and Agnes faces the judge with dignity. Father of mercy, help!

She primps herself and carefully arranges her kerchief. She dyes her hair black, not to appear mad. Father of mercy, help!

As she enters, respectable old men seated at the green table look upon her with pity, without prejudice nor malice. Father of mercy, help!

"Agnes, my girl, what have you done? You are accused of a great crime, your lover himself accuses you." Father of mercy, help.

"To-morrow he will die upon the gallows, he, slayer of your husband, and you will suffer, imprisoned on bread and water, to your dying day." Father of mercy, help!

Dame Agnes looks about her, for fear she has lost her reason, but she understands what they say, so she is not mad. Father of mercy, help!

But what she hears of her husband seems truly in-

credible, and this much only is clear to her, she will never go away. Father of mercy, help!

She sobs, she sighs, pouring forth torrents of tears,— dew drops at the lilies' edge, or pearls of water at the neck of a swan. Father of mercy, help!

"Lords, revered judges! I implore you, Lords! I have some work at home, which I cannot finish in' gaol." Father of mercy, help!

"For my clothes are stained, I must wash off the blood, and if the cloth remains stained, what will become of me?" Father of mercy, help!

The judges look gravely at each other, hearing this strange plaint,—they keep silence and only their eyes pronounce sentence. Father of mercy, help!

"Go home, poor woman, to blanch your stained cloths. Go home, and may God give you strength to work." Father of mercy, help!

And Dame Agnes goes again to the brook to wash her cloths, her white immaculate cloths that flit in the running water. Father of mercy, help!

In vain the cloths are white and without any spots, for Agnes sees them only as they were on *that* night. Father of mercy, help!

Early in the morning and late at night, she is at the water, near her chair. The waves agitate her shadow, the breeze plays in her hair. Father of mercy, help!

And in the moonlit nights, when the water in the brook is resplendent, and constantly murmurs, her white kerchief is seen from afar. Father of mercy, help!

Years follow upon years, winter follows upon summer without relenting. Her rosy cheeks burn in the sun, the cold discolors her white knees. Father of mercy, help!

Her curly hair grows white, and is no longer black as of yore. Here and there her chill face is furrowed. Father of mercy, help!

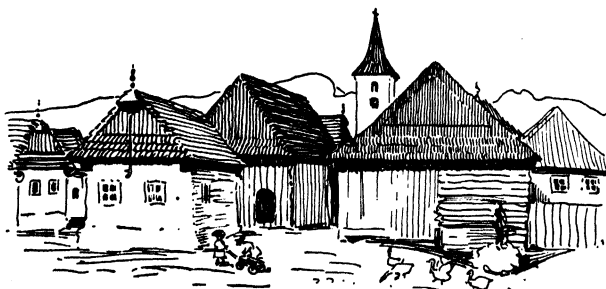
And Dame Agnes at the brook washes and washes her old rags and tatters of the white cloths, which the wild torrent carries away. Father of mercy, help!

Under the influence of the strong national feeling prevalent just before the revolution, the Kisfaludy Society in 1843 entrusted the poet John Erdelyi (1814-1868) with the collection of the Magyar folksongs, and he published his first volume in 1846. These songs came as a revelation, not only to Magyars but to foreigners as well. The sad pining of the cowboy in the *Pusztá*, the magnanimity and dash of the *betyár*, the Hungarian Robin Hood, the comic situations in the sordid lives of the country folk, the exploits of the *Kuruczes* find a charming echo in these native songs.

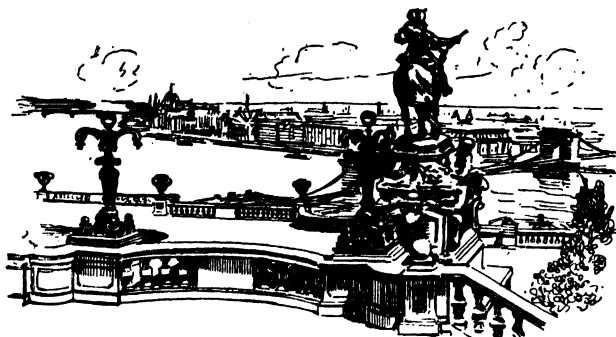
Erdelyi's example led a number of other men to collect the products of the native muse, and inspired others to write in the popular vein. Michael Tompa (1817-1868) made an instantaneous success with his *Stories and Legends*, and later increased his reputation with his humorous *The Widow and her Sons*, *Moscovite Pleasantries* and *The History of Paul*, but above all with his *Flower Stories*, in which men are described under the allegory of flowers. Among his many lyrical productions, *The Swan* acquired the greatest fame, because it was prohibited by the censor and circulated in manuscript form, and cost him an imprisonment.

The Magyar Theater was opened in 1837, but led a doubtful existence for a lack of good, representative Magyar dramas, when Edward Szigligeti (1814-1878) came to its rescue. Beginning his dramatic career as a super-

numerary, he ultimately rose to be the director of the National Theater, and in the forty years of his activity produced one hundred fourteen plays. His historical dramas begin in 1836 with *Dienes*, and end in 1868 with *The Pretender*, and are chiefly due to the influence of the French romanticism upon him. But it is chiefly his comedies that attracted wide attention, such as *The Three Commandments of Marriage*, *The Government of Women* and *Appearances Deceive*. Under the democratic pressure immediately before the revolution, he created a People's Theater, for which he wrote a series of melodramas, such as *The Deserter*, *Two Pistols* and *The Gipsy*. Among the followers of Szigligeti were Sigismund Csako (1820-1847), whose *Merchant and Sailor* was very popular. Only two writers rose above mediocrity, Ladislaus Teleki (1811-1861) and Charles Hugo (1817-1877). Teleki wrote only one tragedy, *The Favorite*, which deals with an incident in the fall of Rome. Of Hugo's dramas the most successful was *Banker and Baron*.



THE VILLAGE OF VOS ECE



## CHAPTER IV

### FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE PRESENT DAY

**S**INCE THE REVOLUTION. Immediately after the revolution, when the free expression of thought was under the ban of censorship, a great host of writers took to poetry as a means of venting their despair through allegory and allusion. Only a very few of these imitators of Petöfi are worth mentioning, such as Coloman Lisznyai (1823–1863), who tried to introduce the spoken dialect into literature, and Coloman Toth (1831–1881), the “gentle ladies’ poet.” Of more permanent fame is that of Paul Gyulai (born 1826), who trained himself in poetry by studying Horace, and preferably dwelt on homely scenes, as in his *Women Before the Mirror*, *The Old Comedian* and *The Lost Landlord*. But Gyulai’s chief reputation rests upon his critical studies and academic eulogies. His life of Vorosmarty and a study

of Katona's *Bank-ban* are models of prose writing. There is one of Gyulai's lyrics, written on the occasion of the loss of his wife:

## THE VISIT AT NIGHT

Three orphans weep, they are alone in a lightless room, the night is cold and stormy, and their good mother has been buried.

"Sweet mother, beloved mother, put me to sleep, I am very sleepy," says the first child, that cannot sleep. His deep sighs are heard.

"Dear mother, I am sick. Where are you? Have you forgotten me?" sighs the second in tears, and its grief is more boisterous.

"Mamma, light the candle, I do not know what it is I see," says the third, all in tears . . . A tomb moves in the cemetery.

Slowly the earth rises, and from the tomb comes the dear mother, who in the dark night walks toward the house.

She covers one, rocks the cradle of the other, and puts her arms around them, quiets them down, and puts them to sleep, and then goes to care for the third.

She watches, sitting in a chair, and waits for all three to fall asleep. Then she rises, turns her eyes in all directions, to see whether all is in order, as of old.

She walks through the room, puts every object in the accustomed place, looks for a long time at her children and caresses them fondly.

The cock has crowed, the hour has struck, at daybreak she must leave . . . She vanishes in the horizon; the tomb opens and closes again.

The tomb keeps many things: sadness, joy, glory, love, but it cannot retain her who loves her children.

A prolific translator was Charles Szasz (1798-1853), who, among other things, rendered into Magyar the *Nibelungen*, Dante's

*Divine Comedy*, the lyrics of Goethe and Schiller and a large number of poems by Tennyson, Burns, Byron, Moore and Victor Hugo. Of his own poems the most famous is *Magyar Music*, and he has composed a large number of odes on Hungarian poets, a number of tragedies, of which the best is *Herod*, and an epic, *Solomon*.

Hungary has also had its sentimentalists and pessimists. Charles Levay (born 1825), liked to dwell upon the sad things in life or upon the sad state of ancient Hungarian history, while John Vajda (1827-1897) with impassioned verse thundered against Austria and with similar impetuosity sang of women, as in his *Accursed Love*, *The Reminiscence of Gina* and *Rosamund*. Among the younger poets is Ladislaus Arany (born 1844), the son of the great Arany, who in 1862 made his debut with *Popular Stories*. These were not well received. His reputation was established in 1874 with *The Battle of the Huns*, in which he elaborated the thesis that the Magyars are fated to struggle against the Teutons, as the Huns did against the Goths, and that only by eternal struggle Hungary could maintain itself against the engulfing Germanism.

The most celebrated novelist of this period is Maurice Jokai (1825-1904), who began his career in 1843 with a drama, *The Little Jew*. He followed Kossuth in his political ideas, but counseled moderation, and almost fell a victim to Austrian persecution. His political essays



MAURICE JOKAI

1825-1904





frequently landed him in prison. He developed a prodigious activity, producing in fifty years more than one hundred volumes. In his novels he did not deal with the romantic subjects of his predecessors, but only with contemporary subjects. His first works, *Pictures of Revolutionary Battles* (1850), described scenes from the revolution. These were followed by his best works, *A Magyar Nabob* and *Karpathy Zoltan* (1854), in which he dealt with the absentee aristocrats, who squandered their patrimony abroad and were unable to do anything for their country. His novels have been translated into all languages, and it is chiefly he, outside of Petöfi, who has made Hungarian literature known to the world. The following short story will give some idea of his style:

#### THE UNLUCKY WEATHERCOCK

It seems as if fortune delighted in extending her hand favorably towards some individuals, while to others she only puts it forth to deceive and buffet them through life. Her caprices have furnished us with a lively example in both manners of dealing. We relate the simple facts as we heard them, without adding a word.

Towards the close of 1848, war was the only theme in vogue. In Pesth especially, the word *peace* was quite out of fashion. The hotels were filled with guests who met for the purpose of discussing the favorite topic; martial music was heard from morning till night: the European war was preparing.

Two personages were sitting together before a small table at the Hotel "Nagy Pipa," (Great Pipe) to whom the German saying might have been applied *Der eine schweigt, der andere hört zu*, for one of these two per-

sonages seemed attentively considering the probable or possible cause of his companion's silence, casting, from time to time, a scrutinizing glance on his countenance, intended to penetrate whatever dark project might be passing within.

This observant individual was no other than the humane Master Janos, Police-corporal, and vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth; and when we inform our readers that he occupied this post during Metternich's time, and that, notwithstanding that minister's overthrow, he still retained his position, unlike the usual fate of the adherents of a fallen ministry, they will surely admit that the favorite of fortune could not be better personified than by the same Master Janos; nor can it be denied that the individual opposite was no less persecuted by the fickle goddess, not only because he was the object of honest Master Janos's suspicious glances; but more especially because a nailsmith's apprentice from Vienna could think of coming to Hungary of all places on earth—a country where the craft is carried on wholesale at the corner of every village, by the Wallachian gipsies.

Master Janos had not studied Lavater, but long experience had led him to conclude, after minute examination of the man's countenance, that some counter-revolutionary scheme was turning his head

Consequently he drew his chair nearer, and determined to break the silence.

"Where do you come from, sir, if I may presume to ask?" he inquired, with a wily glance at his companion.

"Hyay! from Vienna," sighed the stranger, looking into the bottom of his glass.

"And what news from that city?"

"Hyae! nothing good."

"Eh, what? nothing good!—what bad, then?"

"Hyay! war is much feared."

"Feared! what audacity;—how dare they fear?"

"Hyay! sir, I do not fear either at thirty leagues' distance; but once I heard from the cellar how they were

bombarding the streets, and I found nothing agreeable in it."

Master Janos found still greater reason for suspicion. He resolved to make him drink, and he would probably come on the traces of some dangerous plot.

How much does a nailsmith's stomach require? At the second pitcher his head sank slowly back, and his tongue moved with difficulty.

"Now for it!" thought Master Janos, filling his glass. "Eljen! liberty!" he exclaimed, waiting for the nailsmith to strike glasses.

The latter was not long in responding to the invitation, and echoed the "Eljen!" as far as his thickening tongue permitted.

"Now it is your turn to give a toast," said the vice-jailer, slyly eyeing his victim.

"Indeed, I am not used to give toasts, sir; I only drink them."

"Come, don't play the egotist, but drink to whomever you consider the greatest man in the world!"

"In the whole world?" replied the nailsmith, reflecting that the world was very large, and that he knew very little about it.

"Yes, in the whole world!—the whole round earth!" pursued Master Janos, confidently.

The nailsmith hesitated, scratched his nose, scratched his ear, scratched his whole head, and finally cried out, "Success to Master Slimak!"

The vice-jailer shuddered at this public demonstration. It was quite clear that this Master Slimak was some gunpowder-sworn commander in chief—there was no doubt of it, and, without any further ado, he seized the nailsmith by the collar, and, *brevi manu*, escorted him to the town-hall, where he dragged him into a narrow, ominous-looking chamber, before a stout, red-faced gentleman.

"This man is a suspicious character," he exclaimed. "In the first place, he has the audacity to fear war; in the next place, he sat from seven o'clock until half-past

nine, two whole hours and a half, without opening his lips; and, finally, he was impious enough to give a public toast to a certain Master Slimak, who is probably quite as suspicious a character as himself."

"Who is this Master Slimak?" asked the stout, red-faced gentleman, sternly.

"Nobody, indeed," replied the trembling Viennese, "but my former master, an honest nailsmith, whom I served four years, and would be serving still, had his wife not beaten me."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the fat, red-faced gentleman. "It is not customary to give public toasts to such personages."

"But I don't know what the custom is here."

"If you wished to give a toast, why did you not drink to constitutional liberty, to the upper and lower Danube armies, or to freedom of press, and such toasts?"

"Hyay, sir! I could not learn all that in a month."

"But in three months I daresay you will be able to learn it well enough. Master Janos, take that man into custody."

The humane Master Janos again seized the delinquent by the collar, *ut supra*, and escorted him to the place appropriated to such malefactors, where he had time to consider why he was put there.

The three months passed slowly enough to the nailsmith. It was now the middle of March.

Master Janos punctually released his prisoner, and the honest man, in order to prove the reform in his sentiments, and thereby rise in Master Janos's opinion, greeted him with, "Success to liberty, and the Hungarian arms!"

Master Janos stumbled against the wall in speechless horror, and as soon as he had regained his equilibrium, he seized the astonished nailsmith, who, when he had recovered his terrified senses, found himself again in the narrow, ominous chamber; but now, instead of the stout, red-faced gentleman, he stood before a lean, black gentleman, who, when he understood the charge against the prisoner, without permitting any explanation, condemned

him to three months' imprisonment, informing him that henceforth, unless he wished to fare worse, he would exclaim, "Success to the imperial armies, the great constitution, and the one and powerful Austria!"

And the nailsmith, having made three steps beyond his prison door, was brought back to renew his captivity, and ponder over his strange fate.

The three months had again passed over. It was some time in June. The humane Master Janos did not fail to release his captive. The poor man began at his prison door to declaim the redeeming words of "Long live Prince Windischgratz! Success to glorious Austria!"

Master Janos laid his hand upon his sword, as if to protect himself from this incorrigible man.

"What! was it not enough to imprison you twice? Have you not yet learned what you should say? Have the kindness to step in here."

And for the third time they entered the narrow chamber.

Instead of the meager, black gentleman, it was again the fat, red-faced gentleman before whom our victim was called in question for his repeated crime.

"Obstinate traitor!" he exclaimed; "Are you aware of the extent of your offense, and that if I did not condemn you to an imprisonment of three months on my own responsibility, instead of giving you up to justice, you would be cut into four quarters, as you deserve?"

The unhappy nailsmith must needs rejoice, in his extreme terror, at the mildness of the punishment.

"But what should I have said?" he asked his lenient judge, in a voice of despair.

"What should you have said? why, Success to the republic! Success to democracy! Success to revolution."

The poor man repeated the three injunctions, and promising faithfully to attend to them, he resigned himself patiently to a new lease of his dark abode.

During the ensuing three months, everything had changed except the good fortune of Master Janos. Neither time nor chance could succeed in displacing him,

as they had so many others. He was still vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth, as he had formerly been.

It was now September. The nailsmith's penalty was out, and Master Janos called him forth.

The prisoner's countenance expressed something unusually important, and no sooner did the vice-jailer approach, than, seizing his hand, he exclaimed, between sobs, "Oh, Master Janos, tell the black gentleman that I humbly kiss his hand, and wish him from the bottom of my heart, 'Success to the Republic!'"

As the hungry wolf pounces on the lamb, Master Janos once more seized the nailsmith by his ill-used collar; and indeed, so shocked was the worthy jailer, that, having brought his prisoner into the narrow chamber, it was some time before he could recover himself sufficiently to explain the circumstances to the lean, black gentleman, who once more occupied the place of the fat, red-faced one; and great was his vexation when this individual, instead of sentencing the delinquent to be broken on the wheel, merely awarded him three months more imprisonment.

On the third of November, 1849, all who had been imprisoned for slight political offenses were released from their confinement, and among others the nailsmith.

As Master Janos opened the door, the unfortunate man stopped his mouth with his pocket-handkerchief, giving the humane jailer by this pantomime to understand that he would henceforth keep his demonstrations to himself.

It might have been some consolation to him to know that he was not the only one who cried out at the wrong time!

The number of writers who have written in prose is very large. Among the novelists are Vas Gereben (1823-1867), Albert Palffy (born 1823); John Pompery (1819-1885); and the prolific Charles Szathmary (born 1834), who returned to Josika's historical novels. Among

the younger writers are Louis Tolnai, whose pessimism is derived from English sources; Cornelius Abranyi (born 1836), who has described the hollowness of Hungarian high life; Arnold Vertessy (born 1836), whose one thousand stories deal preferably with despair, misery and suicide. The most talented of the younger novelists is Coloman Mikszath (born 1849), who strikes the notes of a healthy, noble realism. He describes Nature and man as they are. But, in depicting real scenes in Nature, real men and real conditions, he is far removed from a polytechnical naturalism, which, in rendering mere externalities, seems to miss the main purpose of poetry, which is to paint by means of actions. In his novels, as in his numerous stories, which have hitherto appeared, he depicts the physiognomy of the Hungarian valleys and mountains, as Bret Harte describes California, and Sachor Masoch, Galicia. Like either, Mikszath is possessed of a mystical exaltation for his native country; for every ravine, every wold, every brook, every bush, every hut, every creek, every change of color in Nature are known to him and speak a language which he alone understands. His men grow out of Nature, are straight, open and solid as Nature itself, and are intoxicated by its charms.

The Magyar Theater has made no great progress since the revolution, there being but one great drama for that period, namely Madach's (1823-1864) *The Tragedy of Man*. During the

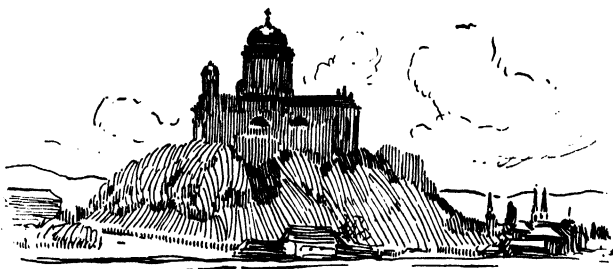


revolution Madach sympathized with the democratic movement, without taking any active part in it. Having harbored a revolutionist on his estate, he was seized and imprisoned, during which time he gave vent to his despair in a series of poems. His dramatic talent was discovered by John Arany, who in 1861 produced a sensation in the Kisfaludy Society by reading some extracts from his great drama.

In *The Tragedy of Man* the history of the universe is conceived as a tragedy. Lucifer brings before Adam, who represents humanity, a series of vanishing pictures from the future history of the world, in which Adam himself is the hero. The poem consists of nine pictures, preceded by three scenes, of which the first takes place in Heaven, the second in Paradise, the third outside of Paradise. The tragedy ends with Adam's awakening. The principal idea of this tragedy is expressed in the words of the Lord, who appears to Adam and, amidst the miseries of the world, shows him the ideal, and to Adam's question what destiny awaits him, says:

Do not strive to solve the mystery which God in his goodness has concealed from your curious glance. For, if you saw that your soul is domiciled upon earth only transitorily, and that eternal life awaits you in the beyond, there would be no virtue to go on suffering. And, again, if you saw that your soul would run to dust, what incitement would you have in renouncing the coarse enjoyment of the moment for moral ideas? Whereas now, since your future barely twinkles through a gray mist, and you are oppressed by the burden of existence, you

are upheld by the sublime sentiment of eternity. And if ever the pride of this sentiment carries you too far the span of your life sets bounds to you, and the greatness of your soul and virtue are preserved. Your arm is strong, your heart full of high sentiment, the field of action is endless; and, if you pay attention, you will, without cessation, perceive a voice which cautions you and holds you back, or impels and elevates you. Follow this voice. And if now and then the divine sound is silenced in the toil and turmoil of your active life the pure soul of this tender woman, less stained by sordid selfishness, will certainly perceive it and through the pulsation of the softer feminine heart, will rise to poetry and song. With these two means it will faithfully stand by you in happiness and misfortune, now trustily consoling, now faithfully smiling,—a sympathetic good genius. And you, Lucifer, who are a link in my wide universe, go on working! Your chill knowledge and your foolish denying shall be the leaven that brings your spirit to fermentation. And though it for a while leads man from the right path, that matters not, for he will soon return. But your penance will be endless, since you must forever see that what you had intended to destroy, will become a new germ of what is beautiful and noble . . . Struggle and have faith!



ON THE DANUBE



## CHAPTER V

### CHRONOLOGY

**B**RIEF as is this list of names, it will be found helpful to readers of Hungarian literature:

997-1083—St. Stephen, the first  
King of Hungary.

1342-1382—Louis the Great.

1387-1456—John Hunyadi.

1443-1490—Matthias Corvinus.

1526—Louis II killed in the battle of Mohács.

1551-1594—Valentine Balassa.

1618-1664—Nicholas Zrinyi.

1625-1704—Stephen Gyongossi.

1687—Throne of Hungary made hereditary  
in the House of Habsburg.

1703-1711—Rakoczy's War.

1704-1779—Francis Faludi.

1716—End of Turkish control.

1747-1811—George Bessenyei.

- 1759–1831—Francis Kazinczy.  
1772–1844—Alexander Kisfaludy.  
1773–1805—Michael Csokonai.  
1788–1830—Charles Kisfaludy.  
1791–1860—Count Stephen Szechenyi.  
1792–1830—Joseph Katona.  
1794–1864—Nicholas Josika.  
1800–1855—MICHAEL VOROSMARTY.  
1802–1894—Louis Kossuth.  
1813–1871—Baron Joseph Eotvos.  
1814–1868 John Erdelyi.  
1814–1875—Sigismund Kemeny.  
1817–1882—JOHN ARANY.  
1823–1849—ALEXANDER PETOFI.  
1823–1864—Madach.  
1825–1904—MAURUS (MAURICE) JOKAI.  
1848—Rebellion led by Kossuth.  
1867—Austro-Hungarian monarchy formed  
under Francis Joseph.  
1918—Dissolution of Austro-Hungarian  
monarchy.



HUNGARIAN PEASANT BOY



**FINLAND**





# FINLAND

## CHAPTER I

### THE LITERATURE OF FINLAND

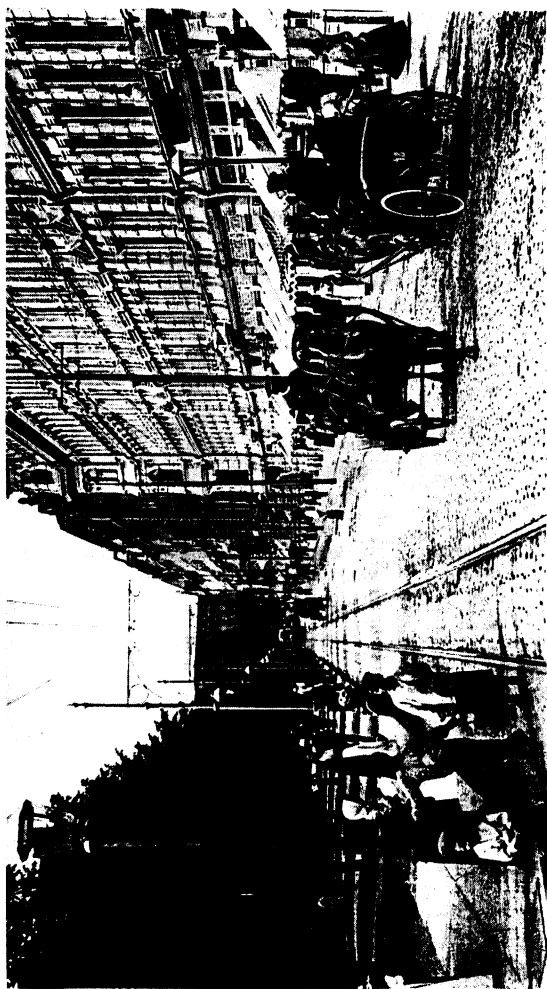
**T**HE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE. *Suomi*, or *Suomen maa* (the land of fens and lakes), is the Finnish name of the former Russian grand duchy and present Republic of Finland. It was annexed to Russia in 1809, was at various times given semi-independence in local administrative affairs, but through more than a hundred years never did it cheerfully accept its fate as a Russian dependency. In 1917 the new soviet government of Russia granted its plea for independence.



A reference to the map will show that the bulk of Finland lies in what is almost a peninsula, surrounded on two sides by the Gulf of Bothnia, the Gulf of Finland and the great Lake Ladoga. It is a land of marshes and innumerable lakes, lying entirely north of sixty degrees north latitude. In such a position the winters are of extreme severity, but the summers are mild and the land agriculturally rich. The people depend to a considerable extent upon fisheries, and in recent years varied manufacturing industries have reached a stage of high perfection.

The better class of Finns are highly educated and have established a number of technical schools of all sorts, as well as the great university at Helsingfors, which has about four thousand students, at least five hundred of whom are women. The Finnish women have been enfranchised, and are eligible to the national assembly. The upper classes speak both Swedish and Finnish, while the lower class employs chiefly the latter, which has been sustained from patriotic motives and in which there is a considerable modern literature, though many of the Finnish authors have written in Swedish.

II. MEDIEVAL PERIOD (up to 1542). The Finnish language belongs to the Finno-Ugric linguistic family, and is closely related to Lapp. The other branches of the same family are the Ugric, represented by the Ostyak and Vogul of Northwestern Asia, and Magyar in



PRINCIPAL STREET IN HELSINGFORS, FINLAND



Hungary, of which only the latter has had a literary development; the Volgaic, consisting of a number of dialects along the Volga; the Permic, which is represented by a widely disseminated number of dialects in the northeast of Russia. The Finnic itself consists of the Carelian and the Tavastian groups of dialects. To the latter belong the Livonian and Esthonian, whose literatures will not be treated here, and the Vepsian and Votan of Ingria. The Carelians proper are found around Lake Onega and Lake Ladoga and in the government of Olonets. The Finnish proper is a language which arose from a mixture of Carelian and Tavastian dialects, and forms the subject of our present discussion.

The origins of the Finnish people are lost in the haze of antiquity. So far as we know, the Finns moved into the territory now established as Finland soon after the beginning of the Christian era, pushing the original Lapps farther to the north. The national unity was accomplished under Swedish rule, but for a considerable period, down to modern times, Swedish, rather than Finnish, formed the language of intellectual intercourse, although an astonishing wealth of Finnish popular songs and a great epic may date back to pre-Christian times, that is, to a period before 1157, when the Finns became Christianized.

The Finnish language is exceedingly soft and melodious, lacking all harsh consonants or consonant combinations. It possesses a provok-

ingly large vocabulary, and is capable of endless new word formations, and the people are naturally given to poetic expressions, so their folk-songs have justly attracted attention. This popular poetry finds its expression in verses of eight syllables, with a trochaic measure, and employs alliteration and parallelism of thought for the rhyme and figures of speech in the other literatures.

Among the oldest of such songs are the incantations, of which Lonnrot published a volume in 1880 under the name of *The Ancient Magic Songs of the Finnish People*, but it would be wrong to ascribe to them a pagan origin. In fact, a comparative study has shown that they are of Catholic origin, but have received a local aspect through the tendency of the Finns to poetize and introduce naturalistic pagan conceptions. Similarly the proverbs and riddles must be brought in contact with the general European treasures of this type, even though they are quaint and apparently home-bred. Here are some of them:

He who is clean need not wash himself.

He who has not escaped birth will not escape death.

The priest is not in want of words, though the king may be of gold.

The despairing man runs to the woods, the brave man stays at home.

Do not build a stable before you have a horse.

The crazy man eats his seed corn, the stupid man sells his land.

He who has a broad mouth must also have broad shoulders.

It is bad to have many daughters and still worse to have many sons: they parcel out the paternal field and meadows in small plots.

A soldier's wife and a fisherman's dog both stay weeping on the shore.

How can a lazy man work? In the fall there is too much mud, in the spring too much water, in the winter it is cold, in the summer hot.

The same universality of subject matter may be observed in the Finnish folk-tales, of which the following may serve as an example:

THE MAIDEN FROM THE SEA

There was once a husband and his wife who had a daughter and a son, both of them very pretty. The brother became a shepherd of the King, while the sister remained at home, and the brother was homesick for his sister. Once he was cutting out the outlines of her face, and it so happened that the prince saw it, and since the girl was so beautiful that it was impossible to sing of it in a *runo* or tell in a speech, the prince said: "If your sister is truly as beautiful as her picture, bring her here, and I will marry her, and you will be the second in the land."

The brother immediately went home and said to his sister: "Dear sister, you must go to the palace, for the King's son wants to marry you."

Then the sister answered: "No, my dear brother, I shall not leave my father's house until the stones which father and mother brought will be ground to dust."

The brother noticed that his sister was like any other girl, and so he went to work and tried to grind the stones by rubbing and hammering, but there were always some pieces left. This was 'asting even too long for the girl, so she set to work and in a twinkle the stones were ground to dust.

"Will you go now?" asked the brother.

"Not 'yet, brother," she replied, "I won't go until mother's bobbin on the distaff is worn into shreds."

With this she went out. Meanwhile her brother broke up the bobbin, but there were only bits of it. Then the sister came in and seated herself at the distaff, and one, two, three, the bobbin was worn into shreds.

"Now, dear sister, will you come now?"

"Not yet," said the sister, "not any sooner than the threshold of my parents' room is worn off completely by the touch of my garments from coming in and going out."

"This will last much too long," thought the brother, and so he broke up the threshold, without his sister's knowledge, and said:

"Will you not come now, dear sister?"

Then the sister put on her best clothes and at last followed her brother.

They had to voyage over the ocean, and her little dog, Pilka, ran to the shore, and she did not have the heart to abandon him, and so took him along. After they had gone a distance, they saw Syojatar, the bad demoness, standing on a promontory and calling out:

"Old man's son, woman's daughter, take me along on your voyage!"

"Shall we take her?" asked the brother.

"Do not take her," answered the sister, "for evil comes from evil."

On they went, but at the next neck of land again stood Syojatar calling:

"Old man's son, woman's daughter, take me along on your voyage!"

And the brother asked: "Sister, shall we take her?"

"Let it alone," said the sister, "for evil comes from evil."

They came to a third neck, and there again stood Syojatar and again asked them to take her into the boat, but the sister would not have it, and the brother said, "God wills it so," and took her into the boat.

Syojatar sat down between the brother and the sister,

in the middle of the boat, and immediately made both of them deaf. After a while the brother said: "Raise up your seat and arrange your clothes, the king's palace is to be seen." But the sister did not understand what the brother was saying, and asked: "What does my brother say?" And Syojatar said: "Your brother says that you should stop rowing and should jump into the sea." The girl stopped rowing, but remained in the boat, and Syojatar took the girl's seat.

Then the brother said again: "Lift up your seat, arrange your clothes, the palace is to be seen!"—"What says my dear brother?" asked the sister.—But Syojatar replied: "This is what your dear brother says: 'Take off your clothes and jump into the sea.' The girl undressed herself, but she did not yet jump into the water.

They again proceeded a distance. Then the brother said once more: "We are now very close to the palace, raise your seat and arrange your clothes, my sister." But she did not understand again, and asked: "What does my dear brother say?"—Then the evil Syojatar once more said lyingly: "This does your brother say: that you should put out your eyes and break your arms, and jump into the sea."—"Well, then I prefer to jump into the sea," said the girl, and jumped into the sea. The brother was very much frightened and wanted to pull her out, but Syojatar held him back and rowed on, and the unfortunate girl was drowned.

"What am I to do?" said the brother. "I cannot return to court without the bride."

Then Syojatar said: "Be not sad, I look very much like your sister. Give me out for her, and you will escape all trouble and will be rewarded besides."

In his trouble he did not know of any better counsel, and so agreed to it. Syojatar dressed herself in the best clothes which she had received from the maiden, and then they came to the palace. The prince impatiently approached the bride, but when he cast his glance upon the ugly Syojatar, he said: "Is this really your sister?" The brother said she was. The prince would not break



his word, and took her for his bride, but he was very angry at the shepherd, because he thought the picture was a deception. So he said to his retinue: "Take the best man and throw him among the lizards and snakes." So it was done, and the next morning the poor fellow was still alive, and they reported to the prince: "It is strange, generally the reptiles eat a man up in one night, but the oldest serpent lets this man sleep on her paw."—"We will see whether he will still be alive to-morrow," said the prince.

Meanwhile the sister was in the sea. But the god of the sea, struck by her beauty, built a glass palace around her so that she wandered about dryshod at the bottom of the sea, and the movable palace traveled with her, and on all sides came curious mermaids and serpents and variegated fishes, and looked at the maiden. And the son of the god sued for her hand. He heaped riches around her, corals and pearls and treasures and sunken ships in endless number, but the girl was homesick for her brother, of whose fate she was informed by a sea serpent that had called at the serpent tower. She wove a kerchief from gold and silver, and asked the sea king to let her go to land and send the prince the present. She was permitted to do so, but a silver chain was put around her body. Meanwhile the dog Pilka ran up and down the strand without eating or drinking, because he missed his mistress. In the evening he ran to the boat, licked a little water from a spring which bubbled near the sea and lay down in the boat to sleep.

Near the sea lived a wise widow, and from her house there was a stone bridge to the sea. At midnight the maiden rose from the sea, and oh, what a splashing and swishing there was! Mermen raised the palace, red snakes played on the waves, mermaids sang, and the silver chain rang so loud that it could be heard a distance of five gunshots. She stepped to the end of the bridge and sat down. She was dressed in gold and silver. Then she saw her dog, and she called and gave him the kerchief, to hold it with his teeth, and said:

Piili, Piili, Pilkaseini!

Ope the door and swing the gates,  
So that no one hears or sees it,  
So that no one hears the gate creak,  
Nor the house doors squeak and rattle,  
And the black cow does not know it.

“Put this cloth under the prince’s pillow, so that he may take pity upon my poor brother.”

The dog did exactly as he was told, ran softly to the palace, put the cloth in the right spot, so that no one noticed it, and immediately ran back to his mistress. She asked him:

“Piili, Piili, Pilkaseini!  
Come to me, my dog, and tell me  
How they treated my poor brother.”

But Pilka said:

“Oh, your brother’s in a dungeon  
With the lizards and the serpents.”

She:

“What’s the news that you are bringing  
Now to me from him, my bridegroom?”

Pilka:

“This is the news that I am bringing:  
Syojatar has your place there,  
By the prince’s side is sleeping.”

She:

“And what feast was at the wedding,  
Nay, at Syojatar’s wedding,  
Who devours the flesh of humans,  
Drinks the blood of human beings?  
Tell me all about the wedding  
Of the horrid, longtailed monster!”

Pilka:

“There were naught but bones of creatures,  
Nothing else but heads of fishes,  
Leaves of cabbages and turnips,  
And some crusts and burnèd breadloaves.”

And the maiden said: "Come, Pilka, two nights more, for I need you," and she went back into the sea to the sea king.

Morning dawned. The prince saw in surprise the beautiful gift, and said: "How did the beautiful gift get here?"

Then Syojatar answered: "While you were asleep, I sewed this cloth at night for you as a gift."

The prince believed her not, and thought to himself that such a thing could not be done in one night. Inquiries were made in the whole palace, but as no one was able to explain the matter, nothing more was done about it. Then the prince ordered them to look after the man in the serpent's den. "Now he is certainly dead," he said, "and so bring his bones." But they brought the news that he was still alive. The prince went astonished to the wise widow, and said: "Listen, woman, I have ordered a man to be thrown to the serpents. Formerly they used to eat a man up in one night, so why have they spared him in two nights?"

"Why did you have the man cast among the serpents?"

The prince said: "I had a beautiful shepherd. He told me that his sister was still more beautiful, and I wanted to take her for my bride. And he went and fetched her, but she is ugly, and so I had the liar punished. And I would not break my word and have married the ugly one."

Then the widow said: "She is not at all his sister. His sister is in the sea, and it is she who has sent you the kerchief, in order that you may take pity on her brother. But your wife is Syojatar."

Having heard this, the prince thought of the matter the whole day, until it became night again.

Meanwhile the girl in the sea asked the king for permission to go to land and to bring the prince a second gift, namely a crocheted shirt. At midnight they put the silver chain upon her, and with a great din the palace rose in the water. Red sea serpents swam about it in the

moonlit sea, and the silver chain rang so loud that it could be heard at the distance of five gunshots.

But at the shore stood Pilka with an uplifted paw and waited and whined and barked for joy. Then the girl stepped on the shore and sang:

“Piili, Piili, Pilkaseini!

Ope the door and swing the gates,  
So that no one hears or sees it,  
So that no one hears the gate creak,  
Nor the housedoor squeak and rattle,  
And the black cow does not know it.

“Take this shirt to the prince.”

Pilka executed her order. Next morning the prince asked: “Who brought me the shirt?”—“Oh, gracious lord and spouse,” said Syojatar, “I myself was asleep, but my hands kept working and sewing, while we were sleeping.”—But the prince did not believe her. Then the servants came and said. “Oh, gracious prince, the man is not dead yet.”—“Then bring him here,” said the prince, and, putting on the shirt, went to the wise woman at the strand. “This is not my wife’s handiwork,” he said. “It is a miracle. First there came some cloth, and now the shirt is lying under my pillow.”—“And it is equally wonderful,” said the woman, “to see a girl arise at night from the sea. She is dressed in silver and gold, and is so beautiful, oh, so beautiful, that one cannot sing about it in *runo*, nor tell of it in a speech. Every time she bears a wonderful gift. Behold, that is your real bride, while your wife is Syojatar.”—Then the prince said: “How may I see the beautiful maiden and obtain her? Oh, if she came up once more!” Then the wise widow said: “She will come once more and will bring you her last gift, but then she must go back in order to marry the prince of the sea. But you get forged a long iron chain and an iron sickle, and come here at night, to see for yourself. When the girl comes, throw quickly the chain around her and with the sickle sever all her bonds. But do not let her escape. If she changes into

something else, destroy everything, and at last she will be obliged to assume her real shape." Thus the woman instructed the prince.

When night came, the prince appeared with the iron chain and the sickle and hid himself in the stone dam. He waited for a long time, and at night the ringing began a long distance off, and from the sea arose a blossoming beauty, so beautiful, oh, so beautiful, that one cannot sing nor say about it. She sat down on the stone dam, and said to her dog:

"Piili, Piili, Pilkaseini!  
Bring again this latest present,  
Pantaloons, to him, the King's son."

Just as she got ready to go back into the sea, the prince leaped up from his hiding place and wanted to embrace her, but she ran away. Then he quickly threw the chain about her and with the sickle cut her bands so that the chains fell rattling into the sea and disappeared. She wanted to escape, and changed into a lizard, then into a serpent, a mosquito, a raven, and many other forms, but the prince destroyed them all, until she again assumed the human shape and was as beautiful as before. "What do you want of me, Prince?" she said. "You know, Syojatar will swallow me."—"Have no fear," said the prince, "she will not stay long in my palace. To-morrow you will come to the castle to your only brother, who is already free, but to-night stay here, with the wise widow."

In the morning Syojatar said: "Where has my husband been in the night, and why does no one in the palace want to tell me about it?"—"Do not be impatient," said the prince, "I shall not leave you again for a long time."—But to his servants he said: "Heat up the iron bathroom, dig near the threshold a hole three fathoms deep, fill it with fire and pitch, cover it with earth, place over it a blue cloth, and let my wife go that way to the bathroom." The servants carried out their master's order. When Syojatar came, she was led by the arms, and the train of her garment was carried by

a servant, as is proper for the one wife of a prince. "Now I no longer need your services," she said, "here I will jump on the threshold and from it on the bathroom floor." But the servants said: "Let the one wife of the prince step on the blue cloth!" Haughty Syojatar stepped on the cloth, but this gave way under her, and she sank into the hole and the burning pitch. While she was in the fire, she pulled her hair and cried: "Let my hair turn to serpents, to subterranean worms, in order forever to torture men!"

Then the prince fetched his beautiful bride and celebrated a festive homecoming. He wore the wonderful shirt and the remarkable pantaloons, and the costly kerchief about his neck, so that he was a joy to look at, while his beautiful bride was dressed in silver and in gold. Her brother became the second man in the realm, and the clever dog Pilka traveled about in a special carriage.

It is hard to separate the folk-songs of the pagan period from those which arose after the introduction of Christianity, because the two are intermingled and show borrowings in either direction. Here we find the legends, such as deal with the lives of the Virgin and Christ, of Mary Magdalene, and of Lazarus, side by side with the death of the Finnish hero Lemminkäinen, who is killed by a blind shepherd and is thrown into the River Tuonela, where he is saved by his mother and brought to life again. But this hero is obviously no other than Christ. The best of these is *The Death of Bishop Henrik*, who Christianized the Finns and was killed by a heathen. Among the ballads are *The Story of Inkeri*, whose bridegroom arrived just as she was to be married to another, and *Elino's Death*, which tells of the jealousy of Klaus

Kurki, who set fire to his house and thus killed his wife and new-born child. Where these ballads have a distinctly historical subject they may be denominated as historical ballads. Such are *The Destruction of Viborg* and *The Conquest of Riga*. Most of them, no doubt, belong to the sixteenth century. One example of such legends will give an idea of the imagery of the Finnish folk-ballads:

## SUOMETAR

Once there lived a maiden who herded the cows in the forest, watched the cattle in the moor, and found in the swamp a little bird, which she lifted up from the damp earth. She carried it gently home and gave it to eat and drink.

And the little bird built herself a nest and laid in it an egg of pure gold, which she hatched. The egg was changed into a maiden. Was she to be called Sorsatar or Suometar? Sorsatar sounds rough and harsh, Suometar sounds soft and lovely.

Days passed and weeks, and many a month went by, and the maiden grew splendidly on the farm, and blossomed in glory and in beauty.

Behold, there came three suitors, and they entered proudly: the Moon came, and the Sun, and the third was the Northern Star.

The Moon entered the first, and he was richly attired in gold and in silk, and silver glistened on his garments.

"Come, follow me, fair maiden! I will take you, my dear, to the silver chambers, to my castle of red gold."

But the maiden thought differently and she took the floor and spoke: "I will not follow the Moon, for the Moon's face is queer, and his visage is unsteady. Now his cheeks are too narrow, and now too much rounded. At night he goes galivanting, and in the daytime he sleeps. No, I will never follow the Moon."

After the Moon there appeared the Sun, richly adorned with gold and silk, and silver glistened on his garments.

"Come, follow me, fair maiden, I will lead you, my dear, to the silver chambers, to my castle of red gold."

But the maiden thought differently, and she took the floor and spoke: "I will not follow the Sun, for he frequently is tricky,—he plagues us in the summer with his heat and freezes us in the winter. In the beautiful harvest time rain pours as from a gutter, and when the crops are waiting for rain, heaven holds it locked up."

At last the Polar Star came near, not in silver, not in a gold embroidered garment.

"Come, follow me, fair maiden, I will lead you, my dear, to the silver chambers, to my castle of red gold."

Behold, the fair maiden exclaimed: "Yes, I will follow the Polar Star, for he is friendly and good-natured, true, homelike, and constant. He shines brightly in the distance, in company with the seven stars, his constant companions."

And the noble steeds of the Polar Star are led into the stable and plenty of oats is given them, and fresh hay is strewn for them.

Behold, the Star enters into the room, goes to the table and sits down. Mead is brought to him in full pitchers, and the beakers and jugs are filled.

"Eat and drink, beloved Northern Star!"

"I do not want to eat, nor drink. I want first to greet my sweetheart, and to see my bride, the fair one, and to take her in my arms."

Suometar, the fair maiden, called out from the adjoining room: "Oh, the finest of the suitors, you, my longed-for bridegroom, be patient with your sweetheart! Give me, the poor orphan, time, and let me alone for a little while. No dear mother is helping me, no sister is dressing me. Strange women must aid me, and have pity upon me. If my mother were helping me, I would long ago have been in your arms."



There is a great wealth of lyric poetry in Finnish, which similarly may go back to pagan times, but more generally originated in the peasant homes anywhere from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Many of them reveal rare talent and are in no wise inferior to those created by the Finnish poets in recent times. They deal with many aspects of daily life, and may be classified as songs of bards, girls, marriage, women, children, men and hunting.

From each of these divisions made by the German translator, Hermann Paul, whose work is everywhere highly commended, one specimen will be given here:

#### THE STRINGED KANTELE

True is not what people tell us,  
Forgery it is, and falsehood,  
What about our harp they bandy,  
What of *kantele* they utter:  
That wise Vainamoinen made it,  
That by him it was constructed,  
Of the big pike's bony shoulder,  
Of a sea-calf's jolly jaw-bone.  
*Kantele* of care is carved,  
Formed of saddening sorrows only;  
Of hard times its arch is fashioned,  
And its wood, of evil chances,  
All the strings, of sorrows twisted,  
All the screws, of adverse fortunes:  
Therefore *kantele* can never  
Ring with gay and giddy music,  
Hence this harp lacks happy ditties,  
Cannot sound in cheerful measures,  
As it is of care constructed,  
Formed of saddening sorrows only.

IF I HAD WINGS

"Oh, great creator, why did you not lend me wings, so that I might rise like an eagle and pierce the sea of clouds?

"Birdie, if I had your feathers; eagle, if I had your pinions; dove, if I had your wings; swan, if I had your wings, oh, how I could rise in the air, and lightly soar there, and circle above the lakes, and bring my greetings to my sweetheart!

"I would ever fly into the distance, would not stay anywhere, rest neither on trees, nor twigs, would for ever rush forward, would fly over seas and rivers, would overcome all obstacles.

"Not even hunger would hold me back, neither in the evening, nor in the morning, and without drink or food I would not worry at all, for my sweetheart would not let me suffer and would take care of me,—he would let me have my fill of his eyes and of his beauty."

WEDDING DIALOGUE

*Male Matchmaker.* Hurrah, hurrah, old woman! If you only saw your fair bride secretly wink at the bridegroom!

*Female Matchmaker.* Stop your hurrahing! That does not matter much, for our bride has wished for a long time to be winking at a bridegroom.

*Male Matchmaker.* Hurrah, hurrah, old woman! Just look at the fair maiden, how she presses the bridegroom's hands behind his back!

*Female Matchmaker.* What of your hurrah? That does not mean much, for our maiden has long been yearning to press the bridegroom's hand behind his back.

*Male Matchmaker.* Hurrah, hurrah, old woman! Our suitor has won, for he has just taken the bride into his arms.

*Female Matchmaker.* Shut up with your hurrahing! Don't you see, you dolt, that I wanted it that way? For our maiden has been pining half her life and all

the summer, nay, all last year, hoping that a fine suitor would come, one that would take her for a wife.

*Male Matchmaker.* Hurrah, hurrah, old woman! Your maiden is lost! She has been snatched away from you and has been brought to us.

*Female Matchmaker.* Shame on you, O rogue, to laugh and make merry over it. What do you know about such things? My darling is not lost, for I have given her a better place. Now all her worry is over, and she begins to have good days at the side of her husband, under the protection of the best sailor, at the hand of the stoutest ploughman, in the arms of the wealthiest fisherman, in charge of her caretaker, under the roof of the reindeer shot, shielded by the bear hunter,—only now she will see well-being all about her, and will come to full larders and well-stocked pantries. When the next morning dawns, with the first break of day, I'll take some garments from the trunk and lace and ribbons from the chest and will dress up the bride as best I can and will adorn her for the wedding feast. I will choose the finest kerchief, and the veil shall not be wanting. Thus I will bring her in for the dance, covered with a glittering wedding crown,—the bride shall find favor with all the men and women.

#### ADVICE TO GIRLS

I will now instruct the girls and make them wiser: Look out and do not sing too much, nor must you laugh too much, for singing will lead to laziness and will put a check to the work.

Good suitors will stay away, and will come neither afoot nor in a sleigh. No one wants a lazy girl to become his housewife. Only the false wooers will come, such as others are ashamed of, men who look for a wife only in order to elicit her tears, only in order to make the poor woman pass her days in poverty and in misery.

I myself have sung a great deal, and have competed in song with others, but oh, I had no one to give me advice, no one to curb my wantonness. If only one had said to

me: "Shut up, foolish girl, stop your singing! You will gain for yourself only the worst of suitors, a man who raves and quarrels, who will only bring misfortune upon you."

COME, SWEET SLEEP

Shut your eyes, child of my heart, I will gently rock you to sleep, will make you weary with songs, will lead you away in the sleigh of dreams.

Come with your sleigh, blessed sleep, and take my darling! Keep him softly in your arms, take him into your sleigh! Put him safely at your side, and have an eye on him! Travel with him over soft and level streets!

Hold the horse well in hand, and lead my dear little one to the highest silver mountain and to the golden hill, take him to the silver isle, into the woods with golden trees, where the little birdies sing, thither, sleep take my little one!

THE SUICIDE

When I approach Mana's gate and open Tuoni's dark door, Mana's daughter and Tuoni's maidens at once ask me angrily: "Who directed you to the realm of the dead and told you to enter my house! So young, and already with Mana! Half a child, and already with Tuoni!"

You have pushed your way into us without your Creator's knowledge, though disease has not called you and death has not snatched you away or a misfortune has befallen you."

And I reply respectfully and friendly to the question: "Truly, I did not come to you without the knowledge of my Creator or without the call of death, for disease has knocked me down."

But Tuoni's daughters and Mana's maidens speak threateningly: "You yourself pressed forward to the shades, and followed your own will. Woe unto you! If you were like the others and had come at Tuoni's call, you would have found a resting place in hallowed ground."

## PENU, THE DOG

Come Penu, my dear little dog, follow me, trusty companion! Accompany me to the chase, point the game on the right track, so that the women may not scorn me, and the girls may not laugh at me, nor the men speak ill of me, however much they may laugh.

My dog runs like a ball of thread and barks for joy and desire. I upon my snowshoes glide along as though on black snakes. You, my faithful companion of the chase, know how to tramp through the soft snow. So run, Penu, lustily, and jump from tree to tree, and look through bushes and hedges, and find the secret paths! There are no better dogs, no finer dogs than mine!

My Penu's eyes are like pearly teeth; my dog's ears like the leaves of the water rose; my Penu's teeth are like the hard steel of the sickle; my Penu's tail is like the thick branch of the pine tree.

Mielikki, you helpful one, protectress of the green arbor, let my dog bark joyfully, let his yapping resound blithely, so that his call may penetrate and reëcho in the thicket!

Do not let him bark at trees or roots on the ground, but only at what is on the trees or on the branches. Let him sniff from a distance and find the track early, in cold and storm, in rain and wind, so that my dog may not lose his way in the thicket, but may be on the right track, that he may not err from the right path in Tapio's great realm!

## THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

The cat ran along the road and scratched the sand with its claws and found a room under the sand. "Oh, who lives in the building?" Only a lean little mouse lives there with its young ones.

The clever cat knocked at the door with its paw: "Mousie, give me your daughter!" "What for, dear cat?"

"I should like to keep company with her, and I know

for her a nice place where there is plenty of bacon and all kinds of grain for both of us."

"My daughters are all homely,—they are all as dusky as I myself."

"If they were ten times worse, I should still like them, so give me the homeliest of them all."

And the mouse gave him her daughter, but the young fair suitor took the bride by her skin and ate her up on the spot.

In 1835 Lonnrot published the national Finnish epic, or *Kalevala*, which immediately created a sensation by its intrinsic poetic value and the grandeur of its conception. It is now known that Lonnrot himself is responsible for the consecutiveness of the whole and the proper transitions from separate incidents, in which form alone he collected it. But Lonnrot's labor has not changed the original diction, and we may have in it passages that go back to pagan times. Like the lyric poetry, the *Kalevala* consists of eight-syllable verses in trochaic measure, and there are in all 22,800 verses, arranged in fifty cantos.

The contents of the epic are summarized by E. Aspelin as follows:

It describes at first, the creation of the world and the birth of Vainamoinen, the greatest hero, wizard and singer; the origin of the vegetable and animal world on the new earth, and the hero's first attempt at farming (Runes 1-2). After the tragic episode about the youthful Aino—who, driven to despair by the courtship of the aged Vainamoinen, which is favored by her people, finds her death in the waves (R. 3-4)—follows the tale of the wooing expeditions of the three *Kalevala* heroes to Pohjola, the Northland, and their adventures there.

Vainamoinen first tries his luck, but wounds himself while performing his appointed tasks (R. 5-9). In his stead, Ilmarinen accomplishes the forging of the Sampo, a lucky magic machine, which Louhi, the mistress of Pohjola, claims as a ransom for the hand of her beautiful daughter; however, this time he has to return without it (R. 10). The wooing expedition of the third hero, Lemminkainen, also turns out unfortunately, for when trying to shoot a swan on the river in Tuonela (Hades), he is treacherously killed, and only by means of his mother's love and the healing plants from the stores of the Creator can he be called back to life (R. 11-15). Meanwhile, Vainamoinen and Ilmarinen have not given up hope, but set out for Pohjola again, where the latter at last obtains the hand of the scornful beauty, having performed three more difficult tasks (R. 16-19). Then a grand wedding is celebrated at Pohjola, to the joys of which Vainamoinen good-naturedly contributes by his singing (R. 20-25). Immediately after the wedding, Lemminkainen arrives at Pohjola, where, in great wrath at not having been invited, he begins a quarrel and kills the master of the house. The fear of the consequences of his deed drives him forth to continued wanderings, till, returning home at last, he finds his house burned by the enemy, and his mother hidden in the wilderness. His war-expedition to Pohjola, where he vows to take revenge, is interrupted by the frost (R. 26-30).—After a new and deeply tragical episode, in which the misfortunes of the ill-fated Kullervo are related (R. 31-36), the song tells of an interminable feud between Kalevala and Pohjola, for now Vainamoinen, Ilmarinen and Lemminkainen have determined to go to war with the Northland, to carry off the Sampo, the charmed mill, with the assistance of which, a life of luxury, free from care, may be lived. During the journey Vainamoinen constructs out of the jaw-bone of a pike the first kantele, and makes it ring with such lovely music that all nature is charmed, people are moved to tears, and the very gods delight in it. The heroes possess themselves of the Sampo, but being attacked

by the pursuing Louhi, the Sampo falls into the sea, and is crushed to pieces, the largest of which sink to the bottom, while only bits of the wreck are carried by wind and waves to the shores of Kalevala (Finland), where they become the cause of the everlasting happiness of Suomi. By his wisdom and power, Vainamoinen succeeds in frustrating all the plots of the enemy against the welfare of the country—among other things, he compels Louhi to release the sun and the moon, which she had locked up in a copper mountain—and so peace and joy at last prevail in Kalevala (R. 37–49). In the last song of the poem, the conflict between the Christian faith and the Pagan beliefs of the people is reflected. A virgin, Marjatta by name, gives birth to a son, after having eaten a berry. Vainamoinen passes sentence of death on him, but the child is baptized and made King of Karelen, and the hero sails away in great wrath, leaving behind, however, his kantele and his songs to the everlasting joy of Finland (R. 50).

The three chief characters of the *Kalevala* are Vainamoinen, Ilmarinen, and Lemminkainen, but it is mainly the first who stands out as the personification of the Finnish national spirit. Though he occasionally sheds tears, even as the Greek heroes were prone to such weakness, he is valorous and wise, and possessed of the powers of a bard, but he cuts a somewhat funny figure when he appears as a suitor to young women. Ilmarinen is a great smith, honest and credulous, and lacking in imagination. It is he who forges the Sampo and makes the dome of heaven. Light-hearted Lemminkainen is adventurous, both in love and in war. Though he is not constant in his love affairs, he has a tender heart for his



mother, to whom he is greatly attached. Besides these three chief heroes there is Kullervo, who has soured from his heavy work in his youth and ultimately commits a crime, which weighs down upon him and leads him to suicide. The runes which deal with Kullervo are among the most dramatic in the *Kalevala*. The best female character is Louhi, Pohjola's mistress, who is ambitious and fond of power, but withal hospitable and a good mother. When she is robbed of the Sampo, her fiendish hatred knows no bounds.

The Kullervo episode being the most dramatic in the epic, we shall give here some extracts from Crawford's translation:

Untamo wages war against his brother Kalervo, overthrows him and his army, and spares of the whole clan only a single pregnant woman, who is carried away to Untamo's land, where she gives birth to a son, Kullervo. In his cradle he resolves to take revenge on Untamo, who several times in vain attempts to put the child to death. When Kullervo grows up, he spoils all the work he attempts, and therefore Untamo sells him as a slave to Ilmarinen, whose wife makes him her herdsman and maliciously bakes him a stone in his lunch, after which she sends him out with the cattle and prays and recites her charms for their protection from the bears in the pasture. While with the herds in the afternoon Kullervo tries to cut the cake with his knife, which is completely spoiled by the stone, and this

causes great grief to the young man, for it was the only remembrance of his family left to him. To revenge himself on his mistress, he drives the cattle into the marshes to be devoured by the beasts of the forest and gathers together a herd of wolves and bears which he drives home in the evening. When the mistress goes to milk them, she is torn into pieces by the wild beasts.

Kullervo escapes from Ilmarinen's homestead and wanders sorrowfully through the woods, where he meets with the Old Woman of the Forest, who informs him that his father, mother, brothers and sisters are still living. Following her directions, he finds them on the borders of Lapland, where his mother tells him that she has long supposed him to be dead and also that his older sister has been lost while gathering berries. Kullervo attempts to do different kinds of work for his parents, but, as before, spoils everything he undertakes, and his father sends him off to pay the land dues. On the way home he meets the sister who had been lost:

Came a golden maid to meet him,  
On her snow-shoes came a virgin,  
O'er the hills of Wainamoinen,  
O'er his cultivated lowlands.

Quick the wizard-son, Kullervo,  
Checked the motion of his racer,  
Thus addressed the charming maiden:  
"Come, sweet maiden, to my snow-sledge,  
In my fur-robcs rest and linger!"  
As she ran, the maiden answered:

"Let the Death-maid sit beside thee,  
Rest and linger in thy fur-robcs!"

Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,  
Snapped his whip above the courser;  
Fleet as wind he gallops homeward,  
Dashes down along the highway;  
With the roar of falling waters,  
Gallops onward, onward, onward,  
O'er the broad-back of the ocean,  
O'er the icy plains of Lapland.

Comes a winsome maid to meet him,  
Golden-haired, and wearing snow-shoes,  
On the far outstretching ice-plains;  
Quick the wizard checks his racer,  
Charmingly accosts the maiden,  
Chanting carefully these measures:  
"Come, thou beauty, to my snow-sledge,  
Hither come, and rest, and linger!"  
Tauntingly the maiden answered:  
"Take Tuoni to thy snow-sledge,  
At thy side let Manalainen  
Sit with thee, and rest, and linger."

Quick the wizard, Kullerwoinen,  
Struck his fiery, prancing racer,  
With the birch-whip of his father.  
Like the lightning flew the fleet-foot,  
Galloped on the highway homeward;  
O'er the hills the snow-sledge bounded,  
And the coming mountains trembled.  
Kullerwoinen, wild magician,  
Measures, on his journey homeward,  
Northland's far extending borders  
And the fertile plains of Pohya.  
Comes a beauteous maid to meet him,  
With a tin-pin on her bosom,  
On the heather of Pohyola,  
O'er the Pohya-hills and moorlands.

Quick the wizard son, Kullervo,  
Holds the bridle of his courser,

Charmingly intones these measures:  
 "Come, fair maiden, to my snow-sledge,  
 In these fur-robres rest, and linger;  
 Eat with me the golden apples,  
 Eat the hazel-nut in joyance,  
 Drink with me the beer delicious,  
 Eat the dainties that I give thee."

This the answer of the maiden  
 With the tin-pin on her bosom:  
 "I have scorn to give thy snow-sledge,  
 Scorn for thee, thou wicked wizard;  
 Cold is it beneath thy fur-robres,  
 And thy sledge is chill and cheerless."

Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,  
 Wicked wizard of the Northland,  
 Pulled the maiden to his snow-sledge,  
 Pulled her to a seat beside him,  
 Quickly in his furs enwrapped her;  
 And the tin-adorned made answer,  
 These the accents of the maiden:  
 "Loose me from thy magic power,  
 Let me leave at once thy presence,  
 Lest I speak in wicked accents,  
 Lest I say the prayer of evil;  
 Free me now as I command thee,  
 Or I'll tear thy sledge to pieces,  
 Throw these fur-robres to the north-winds."

Straightway wicked Kullerwoinen,  
 Evil wizard and magician,  
 Opens all his treasure-boxes,  
 Shows the maiden gold and silver,  
 Shows her silken wraps of beauty,  
 Silken hose with golden borders,  
 Golden belts with silver buckles,  
 Jewelry that dims her vision,  
 Blunts the conscience of the virgin.  
 Silver leads one to destruction,  
 Gold entices from uprightness.  
 Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,

Flatters lovingly the maiden,  
One hand on the reins of leather,  
One upon the maiden's shoulder;  
Thus they journey through the evening,  
Pass the night in merry-making.

When the day-star led the morning,  
When the second day was dawning,  
Then the maid addressed Kullervo,  
Questioned thus the wicked wizard:  
"Of what tribe art thou descended,  
Of what race thy hero-father?  
Tell thy lineage and kindred."  
This, Kullervo's truthful answer:  
"Am not from a mighty nation,  
Not the greatest, nor the smallest,  
But my lineage is worthy:  
Am Kalervo's son of folly,  
Am a child of contradictions,  
Hapless son of cold misfortune.  
Tell me of thy race of heroes,  
Tell thine origin and kindred."  
This the answer of the maiden:  
"Came not from a race primeval,  
Not the largest, nor the smallest,  
But my lineage is worthy;  
Am Kalervo's wretched daughter,  
Am his long-lost child of error,  
Am a maid of contradictions,  
Hapless daughter of misfortune.

"When a child I lived in plenty  
In the dwellings of my mother;  
To the woods I went for berries,  
Went for raspberries to uplands,  
Gathered strawberries on mountains,  
Gathered one day then a second;  
But, alas! upon the third day,  
Could not find the pathway homeward,  
Forestward the highways led me,  
All the footpaths, to the woodlands.

Long I sat in bitter weeping,  
Wept one day and then a second,  
Wept the third from morn till even.  
Then I climbed a lofty mountain,  
There I called in wailing accents,  
And the woodlands gave this answer,  
Thus the distant hills reëchoed:  
'Call no longer, foolish virgin,  
All thy calls and tears are useless;  
There is none to give thee answer,  
Far away, thy home and people.'

"On the third and on the fourth days,  
On the fifth, and sixth, and seventh,  
Constantly I sought to perish;  
But in vain were all my efforts,  
Could not die upon the mountains.  
If this wretched maid had perished,  
In the summer of the third year,  
She had fed earth's vegetation,  
She had blossomed as a flower,  
Knowing neither pain nor sorrow."

Scarcely had the maiden spoken,  
When she bounded from the snow-sledge,  
Rushed upon the rolling river,  
To the cataract's commotion,  
To the fiery stream and whirlpool.  
Thus Kullervo's lovely sister  
Hastened to her own destruction,  
To her death by fire and water,  
Found her peace in Tuonela,  
In the sacred stream of Mana.

Then the wicked Kullerwoinen  
Fell to weeping, sorely troubled,  
Wailed, and wept, and heavy-hearted,  
Spake these words in bitter sorrow:  
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!  
I have slain my virgin-sister,  
Shamed the daughter of my mother;  
Woe to thee, my ancient father,

Woe to thee, my gray-haired mother!  
Wherefore was I born and nurtured,  
Why this hapless child's existence?  
Better fate to Kullerwoinen,  
Had he never seen the daylight,  
Or, if born, had never thriven  
In these mournful days of evil!  
Death has failed to do his duty,  
Sickness sinned in passing by me,  
Should have slain me in the cradle,  
When the seventh day had ended!"

Thereupon he slips the collar  
Of his prancing royal racer,  
Mounts the silver-headed fleet-foot,  
Gallops like the lightning homeward;  
Gallops only for a moment,  
When he halts his foaming courser  
At the cabin of his father.  
In the court-yard stood the mother,  
Thus the wicked son addressed her:  
"Faithful mother, fond and tender,  
Hadst thou slain me when an infant,  
Smoked my life out in the chamber,  
In a winding-sheet hadst thrown me  
To the cataract and whirlpool,  
In the fire hadst set my cradle,  
After seven nights had ended,  
Worthy would have been thy service.  
Had the village-maidens asked thee:  
'Where is now the little cradle,  
Wherefore is the bathroom empty?'  
This had been a truthful answer:  
'I have burnt the wizard's cradle,  
Cast the infant to the fire-dogs;  
In the bathroom corn is sprouting,  
From the barley malt is brewing,'"

Thereupon the aged mother  
Asks her wizard son this question:  
"What has happened to my hero,

What new fate has overcome thee?  
 Comest thou as from Tuoni,  
 From the castles of Manala?"'  
 This, Kullervo's frank confession:  
 "Infamous the tale I bring thee,  
 My confession is dishonor:  
 On the way I met a maiden,  
 Met thy long-lost, wayward daughter,  
 Did not recognize my sister,  
 Fatal was the sin committed!  
 When the taxes had been settled,  
 When the tribute had been gathered,  
 Came a matchless maid to meet me,  
 Whom I witless led to sorrow,  
 This my mother's long-lost daughter.  
 When she saw in me her brother,  
 Quick she bounded from the snow-sledge,  
 Hastened to the roaring waters,  
 To the cataract's commotion,  
 To the fiery stream and whirlpool,  
 Hastened to her full destruction.  
 "Now, alas! must I determine,  
 Now must find a spot befitting,  
 Where thy sinful son may perish;  
 Tell me, all-forgiving mother,  
 Where to end my life of trouble;  
 Let me stop the black-wolf's howling,  
 Let me satisfy the hunger  
 Of the vicious bear of Northland;  
 Let the shark or hungry sea-dog  
 Be my dwelling-place hereafter!"

His mother dissuades him from suicide and advises him to retire to some retreat where he may be able to recover from his remorse, but before doing this Kullervo resolves to avenge himself on Untamo, so prepares for war and leaves home joyfully, no one but his mother



sorrowing because he is going to his death. He comes to Untamola, lays waste the whole district, and burns the homestead. On returning home he finds no living thing about the place but an old black dog, with which he goes into the forest to shoot game for food. While on this expedition he reaches the place at which he first met his sister :

Kullerwoinen, with his watch-dog,  
Hastens onward through the forest,  
Journeys on through fields and fallows;  
Journeys but a little distance,  
Till he comes upon the summit  
Where he met his long-lost sister;  
Finds the turf itself is weeping,  
Finds the glen-wood filled with sorrow,  
Finds the heather shedding tear-drops,  
Weeping are the meadow-flowers,  
O'er the ruin of his sister.

Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,  
Grasps the handle of his broadsword,  
Asks the blade this simple question :  
"Tell me, O my blade of honor,  
Dost thou wish to drink my life-blood,  
Drink the blood of Kullerwoinen?"

Thus his trusty sword makes answer,  
Well divining his intentions :  
"Why should I not drink thy life-blood,  
Blood of guilty Kullerwoinen,  
Since I feast upon the worthy,  
Drink the life-blood of the righteous?"

Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,  
Wicked wizard of the Northland,  
Lifts the mighty sword of Ukko,  
Bids adieu to earth and heaven;  
Firmly thrusts the hilt in heather,  
To his heart he points the weapon,

Throws his weight upon his broadsword,  
 Pouring out his wicked life-blood,  
 Ere he journeys to Manala.  
 Thus the wizard finds destruction,  
 This the end of Kullerwoinen,  
 Born in sin, and nursed in folly.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,  
 As he hears the joyful tidings,  
 Learns the death of fell Kullervo,  
 Speaks these words of ancient wisdom:  
 "O, ye many unborn nations,  
 Never evil nurse your children,  
 Never give them out to strangers,  
 Never trust them to be foolish!  
 If the child is not well nurtured,  
 Is not rocked and led uprightly,  
 Though he grows to years of manhood,  
 Bear a strong and shapely body,  
 He will never know discretion,  
 Never eat the bread of honor,  
 Never drink the cup of wisdom."

III. FROM THE REFORMATION TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. The Reformation, which had taken hold of Sweden, also affected Finland, and the necessity arose to teach the new religious tenets in the native tongue. The most active man in the movement was Michael Agricola (1508–1557), who in 1542 published a Finnish primer, which was soon followed by a translation of the New Testament and a number of devotional writings, but it was only in 1642 that the whole Bible appeared in Finnish, just as the Swedish dominion began to crowd the Finnish out of use. None the less, some of the Swedish writers, residents in Fin-

land, set the first example of a resuscitation, or, rather, a new development of the Finnish literature. It was the Swedish Professor Eskil Petraeus, who in 1649 published the first Finnish grammar. The Finnish Bishop Daniel Justenius (1676-1752) had written for his doctor's degree a Latin work, in which he evinced great love for Finnish antiquity and became the author of the first Finnish dictionary and undertook the absurd task, repeated by others, of proving the close relationship between Finnish and Greek. The most important contribution to Finnish studies was made by Gabriel Porthan (1739-1804), who tried to reconstruct the Ugro-Finnish past from a study of Finnish popular poetry, to which he was mainly led by his enthusiasm for the Ossianic poems, which at that time inspired so many poets and scholars in Europe to delve in the native lore.

This period is not rich in a literary output. The Church hymns and lyrical effusions for the most part show little talent. Probably the best poet was Johana Frosterus (1720-1809), whose *Nuptial Song* and *Song of God's Holy Land* rise above the general mediocrity, while his *Profitable Enjoyment from the Works of Nature* show his style to good advantage. In Acerbi's *Travels through Sweden, Finland and Lapland*, published in 1802, we have the first reference in the English language to Finnish literature, and here are given a *Funeral Elegy*, written in 1765 by Paulo Remes, a Finnish

peasant, and a specimen of an improvised poem, by another Finnish peasant, which may serve as an example of the semi-popular, semi-literary form that the poetry of the time assumed:

#### THE FUNERAL ELEGY

The word went forth from Heaven; from Him in whose hands are all things.

Come hither; I will make thee my friend; approach, for thou shalt henceforth be my companion. Come down from the high hill; leave the seat of sorrow behind thee; enough hast thou suffered; the tears thou hast shed are sufficient; thou hast felt pain and disease; the hour of thy deliverance is come; thou art set free from evil days; peace hasteneth to meet thee; relief from grief to come.

Thus went he out to his Maker; he entered into glory; he hastened to extreme bliss; he departed to enjoy liberty; he quitted a life of sorrow; he left the habitations of the earth.

#### THE PALDAMO-PASTY

My tale is now set out in proper phrase. I sing the treat which an inhabitant of Paldamo prepared for a commissary of the customs; neither more nor less than a cat with the skin and fur, which was baked and presented to him for his supper.

It was on a Sunday evening that the peasants of the good town of Paldamo were assembled together, and fell into discourse about the inhabitants of the city of Uleaborg, whom they all pronounced to be a pack of knaves, and more especially the custom-house officers, for they were paid for eating, and scrupled to pay for what they ate, for they plundered the sledges and robbed the travelers of their provisions.

"Upon this," says a jolly old fellow of the party, "I should like to take a little journey, if I could light upon agreeable companions: I should wish once more to see our great city. I have some tallow to sell, and butter to

dispose of, notwithstanding the season has proved so unfavorable." The peasants all answered with one voice, "We have all a desire to take a trip to Uleaborg; we will accompany you immediately into the low grounds."

Thus then spoke another boon companion, famous for his droll stories: "To be sure," says he, "at Christmas-time there is no work to be done, and I would go with you with all my heart; but I bethink me how I served one of these officers lately, and I am rather fearful that I shall be known. You must all understand that I went lately to Uleaborg, and had an excellent piece of roast veal in my sledge with me, which the officers took away, though I told them I could not spare it, as I was at a distance from home, and brought it with me to eat in town whilst I stayed there. All I could say availed me nothing; those greedy fellows were resolved to have my roast veal, and so they took it from me. Oh! to be sure they are sad dogs, and plunder the peasants of their provisions at a shocking rate.

"When I returned home," continued he, "I told my wife how I had been served, and I got heartily scolded by her for it. 'What a cowardly sot you are,' cried she, 'why did you not break the officer's head? Give him your roast veal truly! Give him the devil to stuff his maw with!'—Thus did my wife exclaim; but what she said put a thought into my head! 'Ah! Ah!' cried I, 'my gentlemen! it shall not be long before I am even with you.' As I said these words I snatched up our great cat by her hind legs, and I presently dispatched her.—'Now,' says I, 'wife, put some fire into the oven, and I will get ready some paste, and puss shall be basted in a pasty.'—As I said this, my wife stopped me—truly she would have our cat's skin to line her pelice with! Upon which I said to her rather angrily, 'What, you are for giving the rogues of officers a tidbit, are you? If we strip off the cat's skin, these gentry will take our puss for a fine Paldamo hare, and grow more and more in love with our good things; and thus the sledges of our poor townsmen will never escape being plundered; no, no,' says I, 'they shall have

the cat, skin and all, and then they will see that we can be a match for their thievery.'

"My wife was not very well pleased to give up the cat's skin, but she was fain to comply, and so the cat was put into the pasty with the skin on, and the pasty put into the oven.

"When the pasty was baked, it was set by till morning, and then clapped into a sack, and away I set off merrily for Uleaborg. Upon the road I lighted upon a peasant who was traveling the same way. Says my new acquaintance, 'Can we cross the river by the bridge?' 'I cannot tell you,' answered I. But when we came to the river side, we found orders had been given to stop the passage over the bridge; 'For,' says the carpenter, who was hard at work upon the barricade, 'none of you peasants of Paldamo are to pass this way.' So we crossed the river over the ice farther up, and when we came to the custom house I presented the officer with a small pasty out of my sack. 'What do you mean by this,' says he; 'you do not surely intend to make the first commissary of the customs so trifling a present as this is! Come, come, I know you Paldamo peasants are never without a good large pasty of jack, or some other excellent fish; give me the largest you have, one that will do credit to your town.' This, you must suppose, was just what I wished to hear; so out I lugged the large pasty that had the cat baked in it, and I gave it to the officer, who was so well pleased that he invited the other peasant and me to take a cup of coffee with him; and so we did; and he gave us a glass of punch after it, and a bumper of excellent brandy besides; after which we took our leave, and went our ways."

Thus ends the peasant's tale which he told to his neighbors of Paldamo, and which I, *Vanonen*, have put into verse for the delight of all who shall hear it: and I suppose I shall get much such a present for my composition as the first commissary of the customs had for his civility—one of puss's hind legs; for the officer eat the other, as you must next hear.

The commissary Ritzi, for so this officer was named who had received this noble present, was sat down to his supper, and the Paldamo-pasty was placed before him. He first cut off a slice of the crust, which he tasted, and found very relishing and good; he next pulled out one of the cat's hind legs. To be sure he scratched his mouth with the claws; but that, he thought, might be the pike's teeth, for he supposed that the pasty had a large jack in it, and the cat's hind leg before him was the jole of the jack. At length he opened the pasty, but what was his astonishment when he beheld a pasty with a baked cat in it, skin, fur and all!

He stamped, he raved, he swore—and at last he broke out into these reflections—"Who could have thought that a peasant of Paldamo would have presented the first commissary of the customs with a cat baked in a pasty! What a wretch is man! Who knows not, if he live to grow in years, what he may chance to eat before he dies, when I, a young man, was very near devouring a cat with her skin and fur on."

Thus endeth this tale, which I, the before-mentioned *Vanonen*, have composed, and which all allow to end well, and with great ingenuity.

From Porthan's works we take a spiritual song, which again shows how little developed the poetic literature was:

#### THE EARTHQUAKE

Even the earth and the firmament of the earth and the canopy of heaven lament the Creator's Death, tremble terribly, shudder mightily from fear, are about to fall to pieces. The highest walls tumble down, lofty houses are broken and cast into dust. Even the hardest rocks, which neither hammer nor axe can sever, nor the smith's sledgehammer can break, nor arrows can pierce, burst from woe, are cleft asunder from fear, are split in anguish, since the Creator is dying!

IV. THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A new path in Finnish literature was opened by Jacob Juteini, or Juden (1781–1855), a pupil of Porthan's, who composed a large number of poems and prose essays on every imaginable subject, in all, nine volumes. Carl Gottlund (1796–1875) and Zacharias Topelius (1781–1835) collected a large number of folk-songs, and the first wrote a number of didactic poems in which he tried to bring to the fore Finnish mythology and history. Among the better poets of this early part of the nineteenth century was Jacob Fredric Lagervall (1787–1865), who imitated Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, but in the ancient runemeter; however, this has no poetic value. A far better poet was the blind Kallio (S. G. Berg, 1803–1853), whose *My Own Country*, *In Sadness Singing*, *Golden Butterflies*, etc., show considerable talent. Among the dramatists may be mentioned Peter Hannikainen (born 1813), whose popular comedy, *The Conjuror*, written in 1847, has considerable merit. The most notable fact for the first half of the century is the founding of the Finnish Literary Society in 1831, which gave an impetus not only to the native literature but chiefly to the production of scientific works. The scientific journal of the Society, *Suomi*, began to appear in 1841.

Elias Lonnrot (1802–1884) is by far the most important Finnish scholar promoted by the activity of the Finnish Literary Society. Traveling about the country, he collected four vol-



umes of the *Kantele*, and soon followed the *Kalevala*, which was printed at the expense of the same Society. In 1840 appeared the *Kanteletar* (*Daughter of the Harp*), from which specimens were given above. Toward the end of his life he compiled the most important of his folklore collections, *The Ancient Magic Songs of the Finnish Folk*, after having written a vast amount on various scientific subjects.

The feverish activity of Lonnrot, Topelius and others in unearthing the popular poetry of the Finnish peasants had the effect of stopping the production of the folk-song and substituting the artificial literature of Europe for the spontaneous outbursts of the common people, because with the enthusiasm for things Finnish came more culture in general, hence, as for example, in the United States, a cessation or diminution of the popular muse. Thus, coincident with the activity of the Fenophiles and the Finnish Literary Society, we get the odes and didactic poems of Paul Korhonen (1775-1840), and such productions as *Song of Joy on the Growth of the Finnish Language*, by Peter Makkonen (1785-1858), and *Lamentation on the Prohibition of Finnish*, by Anthony Puhakka (1816-1893), show how intimately the literature was connected with the linguistic renaissance. But there are also real poets of the modern type since 1850 who compare favorably with those of older European literatures. August Ahlqvist (1826-1889), who wrote Finnish poetry under the

pseudonym of Oksanen, not only enriched the philological science with admirable studies of a number of Ugro-Finnic tribes, but enriched Finnish literature with translations from several languages and furnished a new series of popular songs with the collection of his own lyrics, under the name of *Sparks*. His *The Savolaksian's Song* was set to music and has become a national hymn. We give here his *The Pilot's Sweethearts*, which has become equally popular:

#### THE PILOT'S SWEETHEARTS

"Anna, my dear, be not frightened when the waves of the Pyortaja are running high! Its onrush seems to be untamable, and it never finds rest; but he who knows its shoals well, keeps it under control with a strong hand."

Thus spoke Wilho, the bold fellow, to his sweetheart, as he leaped into the boat, and untied it from the shore, and flew over the high waves. And Wilho rowed on with confident daring, in order to show his bride the madness of the Pyortaja.

"Do you see the silvery sheen of the moon smiling on the glittering waves? Not a bird is stirring, not a branch in the woods, and only the stars in the heavens are keeping watch. Oh, how nice it would be if death came and took me and my beloved one away!"

Thus Anna whispered softly to him, while tears welled from her eyes. The storm raged without cessation, and the boat flew upon the waves. But Wilho rowed on with firm grasp and guided his boat through waves and shoals.

Even as a boy he had often gone down the Lyys in his boat, and as the Pyortaja spit foam into his face he only laughed loud. There was not a hidden rock in the stream which he did not evade with a sure hand.

But where the whirlpool dashed wildly with a thunderous roar against a rock, the pretty daughter of the water-king kept watch, while wrapped in a wavy mantle. She was herding the flock of Wellamo and looking yearningly into the distance.

But Wellamo's daughter had a heart beneath her chill garment, and in the watery flood love burnt as hotly as upon dry land. She felt a burning sensation rising in her bosom. Sighs rose from the maiden's breast, while she sat on the undulating watery throne and waited piningly for her beloved one.

The boat approached in wild flight, like a stormwind from the north. Now it danced lightly upon the waves, now foaming waves covered it, but Wilho rowed without stopping, while Anna's cheeks grew pale.

And behold, Wellamo's daughter ran shouting towards the boat: "Yes, it is Wilho, but he is not alone!" Her heart pulsated with anxious beats: "Woe unto me, Wellamo's daughter, his sweetheart is a human being!"

Wellamo's daughter would avenge her vain hope, so she placed a rock in the stream, and waves broke wildly against it. Upon the rock the boat was wrecked, and Wilho and Anna found there their death.

Even to-day one may see in the blue floods the sheer rock of the maiden, where she destroyed Wilho's boat and his happiness and hope. Even now the maiden wanders in the deep waves, while her heart is consumed by a yearning fire.

Like Ahlqvist, Julius Krohn (1835-1880) distinguished himself as a university professor and eminent Finnologist. Although a German by birth, he became a Finnish patriot, and under the pseudonym of Suonio wrote a considerable number of lyrics, the best being those which he collected in a series called *Emma*. Of his prose works the *Tales from Finnish History* enjoy great popularity. His *Tales of the*

*Moon*, a series of poems in prose dealing with a poetic description of different countries, are among the first literary works of Finland to have been translated into several languages. Krohn was an indefatigable worker and translated not fewer than seven of Walter Scott's novels and Macaulay's *History of England* into Finnish.

Ahlqvist and Krohn were only secondarily poets, their main purpose in life being a scientific treatment of the Finnish antiquities. The first exclusive poet was Alexis Kivi (1834-1872), whose real name was Stenvall. Like Lonnrot, he was the son of a village tailor, and he began his school education when he was seventeen years old. Though physically very ill from childhood and bereft of reason at thirty-seven years of age, he was a productive writer. His first work was a tragedy, *Kullervo*, in which he dealt with the Kullervo episode in the *Kalevala*, given above. But the delineation of character is here as hazy as in the *Kalevala*; nor was he more successful with his next tragedy, *The Fugitives*. His dramatic reputation was established with his famous comedy, *The Shoemakers of the Moor*, which is still the chief play on the Finnish repertoire, retaining its great popularity.

Kivi also distinguished himself in prose, his *Seven Brothers* being considered the model on which later writers have developed their style. It is a story of seven brothers who escape from civilization and try life in solitude. Though

containing some coarse scenes, it in general displays great descriptive powers, especially when dealing with Finnish nature. Among the younger poets is John Errko (1849-1906), who began his career as an imitator of the *Kanteletar*, in the spirit of Ahlqvist and Krohn, and later tried, though less successfully, to give expression to modern social ideas. He is best known for his tragedies *The Fortune Teller* and *Aino*, the latter based on an episode in the *Kalevala*, the first treating the Biblical story of Israel's fight against Moab and Midian. Other poets are Paul Cajander (born 1846), the translator of Shakespeare, Carl Kramsu (born 1855), and Casimir Leino (born 1866), who has written lyrics of love and liberty and has mainly confined himself to the realistic novel.

The modern Finnish novel begins with the activity of Peter Paivarinta (born 1827). Peter was the son of a very poor farmer and always had to struggle hard for a living. In 1876 he fell on the ice and broke his leg; during his long convalescence he for the first time took to writing and produced an autobiography, *My Life*, which was afterwards published by the Finnish Literary Society. Encouraged by his success, he wrote a series of peasant stories which have attracted wide attention. We give here one of his shorter stories, from which it may be seen how close he is to the class for which he writes, that is, to the Finnish peasant:

## THE WIZARD

About thirty years ago there lived in a southern village of the district of Uleaborg a peasant who was known by the name of Viklo, that is, sea-magpie. This nickname he had received because he knew some incantations and passed himself for a magician. In those days there was still a great deal of superstition among the people, and so Viklo had a lot to do in his profession. He enchanted bears, wolves and snakes so that they would attack animals or men, or he bewitched them, if necessary, or, to speak more correctly, according to the pay which he received. It was also his business to get back stolen property, to bring home stray cattle, to drive away evil spirits, and to cure all kinds of diseases in man and beast. To keep up his reputation as a magician, he went on Easter nights into the stables, cut pieces out of the cows' or sheep's ears, and sometimes out of their haunches, and pulled the hair out of the horses' manes and tails. All this he then hid away in his magical bag, in order to inject curiosity and fear in the people.

But a growing culture began to spread its light even among these men, and this led to a diminishing respect for the magician. But Viklo went on with his tricks and continued to make his nightly visits in the stables as before.

The younger generation looked upon it as a bit of nonsense and had lost every sign of respect for the magicians, even as they had lost all faith in their art. But there were some who still persisted in the old conceptions, and thus, as it were, a struggle was kept up between the powers of darkness and of light.

And what is human life anyway?

During one Easter a few enlightened young men of the village decreed to lie in wait for Viklo, in order to see whether he still visited the stables, and it was their intention to leave him a reminder, if they should catch him at his deed. They immediately executed their intention. Easter night arrived, and a number of watchmen guarded Viklo's farm, to see what he would do and

to follow his steps. At the same time they placed guards near the neighbors' stables, in case Viklo should get away from his house unnoticed. To let each other know if they saw the magician, they had provided themselves with hissing whistles. They waited for a long time in their lurking places and were about to decide that their labor was all in vain. But at midnight they heard a whistling sound, like the call of the grouse. They all ran in the direction where the signal was given, and soon were all gathered together.

The man who had given the signal told them that he had seen Viklo going with a bag under his arm into the stable of a neighboring farm, and they considered what they had better do. One of them proposed that they should softly approach the stable and suddenly burst into it as though fleeing from an evil spirit. While the others were to lament and hide themselves, one was to call in a frightened voice that the spirit had come here. The proposition was accepted and the young people slowly gathered near the stable. When they came very close to it, they rushed so wildly through the stable door that they fell over each other. When they were inside, they slammed the door after them and placed guards so that the wizard could not escape.

Then they began the following conversation: "Have you seen the ghost?" one asked; "Yes, I have."—"He flew up in the air."—"With a broom for a tail."—"And two bath mops for wings."—"Where did he fly to?"—"To the South."—"No, I saw him slink along the floor."—"He seems to appear in several forms."—"He carried a black bag under his arm."—"Of course, full of cows' ears and sheep's ears and horsehair."—"And of wasps' nests."—"And of human bones."—"And he had some mercury in a glass bottle."—"Oh, he was horribly fixed up!"—"It has got to be, because the ghost has to travel a long distance to-night."—"As far as Lapland."—"In order to be back by to-morrow for church."—"And to sit with his back to the pulpit."—"Oh, I am so afraid!"—"Whom are you afraid of?"—"Of the ghost."—

"Why are you afraid of him, since he is gone already."—"Oh, no, I saw, I saw . . ."—"Well, what did you see?"—"I saw him come here."—"Here, in the stable?"—"Yes."—"Are you sure?"—"Quite so. Just as we came here, I saw him enter the stable with a bag under his arm."—"So much the better. Then we shall at last have a chance of seeing a ghost face to face."—"We will close the oven doors so that the ghost can't get out that way."—"We will strike a light and look for the ghost."

During the latter part of the conversation a noise was heard in the distant corner of the stable. The young people struck a match, lighted a candle, which they had brought with them, and began to examine the stable, all the time carrying the candle before them.

Viklo had hidden in a corner, where he crouched down, with his back against the wall.

When they saw him, one of them called out: "Ugh, there he is."—"He looks like Viklo."—"All I see is a manure fork."—"That is not Viklo, though you may think so. Ghosts can assume any form they please."—"And he has wings, too."—"And an ointment horn under his left arm."—"Oh, no, that is only a dirty sack."—"How he can fool people!"

While they were speaking that way, carrying the light before them, Viklo did not dare to move a muscle.

"What shall we do with the ghost?" again asked one.

"Since he looks to me like a manure fork, let us knock off one of the prongs, and we shall see to-morrow who will come limping to church, and thus we shall find out who the ghost is."—"I have heard that you can't kill a ghost. Let us see if it is so!"—"Yes, we shall see!" they all called, as if of one accord.

"O good friends, don't harm me. It is only Viklo!" whined Viklo, who was lying in a heap in the corner.

"Just listen to the ghost! He can talk."—"Now I can't see any fork any more, but only Viklo."—"So do I."—"Don't let yourself be taken in. The ghost has bewitched you and has assumed Viklo's shape."—"We'll find out!" said one, dragging him out of the corner.



They had provided themselves in advance with sticks. When they brought him out they laid him flat on his stomach, and began to belabor him roundly. The wizard groaned and writhed under the blows.

"The ghost wants to escape!" called the others, giving him hard blows.

"For God's sake, do not kill me! I will die like any other man!" called Viklo, thinking that his last hour had come, and that the young people tried to kill him, in order to see whether a ghost could really die.

"The ghost has Viklo's voice!" they said, stopping their blows. As a matter of fact, they had pretended more that they were beating him than they really had beaten him.

"Is this truly Viklo?"—"Are you Viklo? Tell the truth!"—"Yes, I am. This is the honest truth."—"How did you get that way?"—"I, I wanted . . ." stammered Viklo, unable to find words of explanation.

"You are Viklo," now said one of the young men, "and we knew it from the start, for we stood guard all night long only to find out your misdeeds. Now you are our captive. You have fooled the people and have cheated them too long, but now there will be an end to it. We will give away your tricks and make you the laughing stock of everybody. If you want to punish us for it, you may do us afterwards all the harm you please, and bewitch us with all kinds of ghosts and fantoms, send snakes upon us, and turn our flocks over to be devoured by bears, wolves, and all the vermin that you command. But you will not get away from us. Bring the rope!"

A rope was fetched, and the poor wizard's hands were tied in such a way that he could be led by it.

Thus they proceeded from the stable into the open.

"But the wizard's bag?" asked one of the company.

"That has to be taken along by all means!"

They looked for the bag which Viklo had tried to put away near the place where he had hidden, by putting a little straw over it.

The bag was brought.

"Give me my bag!" Viklo asked.

"We are not as foolish as all that," his tormentors replied, emptying the bag.

A motley collection came to light.

They found in it cows' ears, dried bits of flesh, horses' hair, wasps' nests, etc., and sheep shears.

"What do you intend to do with me?" asked Viklo.

"We will lead you from farm to farm and show you to people. At the same time we will tell them how we found you."

"No, you can't do that!" Viklo protested.

"Who can keep us from it?" they replied. "And we will not forget to show them the contents of the bag. Then we will see what to do with you next."

After the bag was once more filled with its contents, one of the crowd took it on his back, and thus they marched off. Viklo was led by the rope, and they went in the direction of the nearest farm. Upon arriving there, the people were awakened, and they were told of the adventure. Viklo was in the meantime obliged to stand fettered, like a condemned criminal and to bear all the scorn which the farm people showered upon him.

After showing him in three farms and having had the same fun, they arrived at the ice of a lake, in order to proceed to the next farm. But this time Viklo refused to go on, and threw himself upon the snow. He thought with horror of the fact that it would soon be day, and on no account would he allow them to go on with the jest. No matter how they let the stick descend upon him, he would not get up, and only begged them to let him go.

"Do not imagine that you will get off so easily!" was the reply they gave him, and being unable to budge him, they tried to carry him. But he was heavy and writhed and twisted so much that they had to drop him.

They were near the farm pool.

"Since he is making such fuss, we had better throw him into the pool," said the leader.

"That will be best," replied his comrades. "Let us throw him into the water!"

"Do not kill me!" whimpered Viklo.

"Your prayers will not help you, for you have done such a lot of harm in the world, that such a punishment is none too heavy for you. Pick him up, boys!" said the leader, blinking with his eyes to the others. They seized him and, splash, there he lay in the pool. But they held him by the neck and dragged him again to the ice.

"Have you any wish to fly again?" they asked.—"Spare my life!" complained the wizard.—"We know no pity," they replied.—"Let us plunge him in once more."—"Does he not himself repeat his tricks three times?"—"That's it! Duck him three times into the water."—"And after the third time we will let him go."—"Where?"—"Under the ice."—"Help!" whined Viklo.—"If you open your mouth, we'll chuck you at once under the ice. There you can make use of your art of flying." They seized him again, plunged him twice into the pool, and then dragged him to the ice.

"As he does not want to walk, we'll make him fly," again said one of the young men. "Who will bring a long picket?" One of them ran away and soon came back with the thing asked for. "Now we will untie him and we will shove the picket through his sleeves and behind his back, then he will have wings. And he will certainly need them if he wants to fly to Lapland and back again, for it is beginning to dawn, and at daylight the ghosts do not feel happy." The lads unloosened the rope, shoved the picket through his sleeves and over his back, and then tied his wrists to the picket.

"He'll make a fine ghost," they called out with delight.—"A superb devil, only the horns are wanting."—"Take the shears out of the bag—"—"What about them?"—"We'll put some horns on his head."—"How can this be done?"—"We will stick the shears through his cap, and there you have the horns."—"Very well, that will be jolly."

So they took Viklo's cap, cut two holes in it, bent the shear handles so as to fit the head, stuck the blades through the holes,—and there you had the horns.

"What shall we do with the magical sack?"—"We'll throw it into the pool."—"Full of stones."—"Had we not better give him something to eat so that he can walk home?"—"What shall it be?"—"Well, something he carries in his traveling bag."—"And then we shall leave him alone."—"But he then will shout and get help, and that would be a pity, for lots of people would miss seeing him."—"We must tie up his mouth."—"And jam him full of the contents of the bag."

So they took all the trash from the bag and stuffed with it Viklo's mouth, put a gag on his mouth and tied it at the neck. Then they filled the bag with stones and pushed it with a pole way down under the ice.

Then they set Viklo free and said scornfully: "Now you may go wherever you wish and anywhere you like, on foot or flying, for you have both legs and wings."

Viklo stumbled hastily towards his house, for he felt cold after the bath.

"Bye, bye! Give our regards at home!" they called after him. "And give our regards to anybody you meet on the way."—"And the church folk, if you do not first get home."—"Just see how fine he looks!"—"Such beautiful wings!"—"And the horns."

Thus they made fun of the disappearing man.

We shall now leave them and will follow Viklo in his sad journeying, in order to see how it will end, and in order to get a complete picture of the peculiar adventure.

The poor wizard was, indeed, a sight to look at: stiff in his neck and with a long picket through his sleeves; the cap turned backwards, and the two blades of the shears sticking out from it like horns; a gag in his mouth, with its ends sticking out; the cheeks blown up like a pair of bellows,—thus looked the mighty magician, as he walked all drenched with water towards his house. Fortunately the water was not very cold, for otherwise he would have undoubtedly frozen to death. But it was cold enough in the morning to freeze his coat stiff. It was also a piece of luck for Viklo that the farmpeople were not yet up, so that nobody saw him.

Viklo had a dumb brother at home, who was besides feeble-minded. But he was very strong. When Viklo reached the farm, he could not get in through the gate, except sideways. The dumb brother was already up and dressed, and was looking out of the window. When he saw Viklo coming along the neighbors' hedges, he was frightened at the strange appearance and thought it was the devil incarnate. He immediately grabbed a neck yoke and rushed howling into the yard and up to the uncanny creature.

Viklo tried to get away from his feeble-minded brother, but this one ran after him like mad. It was a queer sight: the one leaping ahead like a crane, afraid for his life, resembling a flying ghost when wings had lost their power of flight in the rising sun; the other with the yoke in his hand, ready to strike, rushing after him. During this ghastly dance both howled wildly, the one because he was dumb and could not speak, the other, in order to tell who he was and to save his life. Who knows how this would have ended if luckily the other farmpeople had not been awakened by their roars and had not made out what it was all about and had not hurried to free the unhappy wizard from the claws of the feeble-minded brother.

The news of this occurrence spread the next day through the whole village and gave the people an occasion for much merriment and scorn, and soon it was known in all the country side.

Viklo had no other inconvenience from it except that he caught a light cold from the chill bath. But he was so much ashamed at his failure in the expedition that he preferred for years not to show up before people, and his magic tricks lost all respect.

The young men's procedure with the poor wizard unquestionably appears cruel, but, on the other hand, the superstition, which is an inheritance from the time of paganism, is still deeply rooted among the people. It was a matter for the growing enlightenment to eradicate this belief, and that could not be done with mild means.

Hard blows were needed. Once this wizard was unmasked, the superstition assumed a milder aspect and could be destroyed with gentler means than those with which Viklo and his ilk had to become acquainted.

With all his suffering, Paivarinta never becomes despondent, and dwells on the brighter aspect of life. He has particularly glorified the Finnish woman; indeed, not only have Finnish women distinguished themselves in life and in politics, they have also taken an active part in literature. The best Finnish dramatist is Minna Canth (1844-1897). Minna Jahnsen was the daughter of a superintendent of a cotton factory, and very early developed great talent in music. At nineteen she attended a normal school for teachers, but left it to marry Ferdinand Canth, a teacher of natural science. When her husband, eight years later, became the proprietor of a paper, she began her literary career as a newspaper writer. A few years later she wrote a drama, *The Burglars*, which proved a success and won for her the prize of the Finnish Literary Society. This was followed by an equally successful play, *At Roinila Farm*. She herself says that she was influenced chiefly by the English writers Taine, Herbert Spencer, John Stewart Mill and Buckle. Under the influence of the Norwegian literary movements she wrote *The Workman's Wife*, in which she described the terrible position of a drunkard's wife, and *The Children of Distress*, where she similarly depicts the unhappy life of a workman, who can

find a way out only through revolution. Her novels, *Poor People*, *Hannah* and *The Breakers*, which describe various classes of society, have attracted wide attention.

John Aho (born 1861) is by far the greatest novelist that has so far appeared in Finnish literature. His best book is a novel in two parts, the first called *The Clergyman's Daughter*, the second, *The Clergyman's Wife*, in which he points out the unhappy condition of a woman in narrow environment. Hermione Ramsden thus characterizes the work of John Aho:

There is something restful about Juhani Aho's style; his characters are made to stand out against a beautiful background of never-ending lakes and distant low-lying hills overgrown with dark pine forests. In his next book, *Panu* (1898), he gives the story of the last struggle between Christianity and heathendom. Panu, the Seer of Korpivaara, is a picturesque figure with his long, thin, straggling black hair, and a worthy descendant of the old magicians. His followers are large-limbed, bearded men, clothed in furs and armed with bows and arrows, their names having a strange sound, uncouth as themselves—Ilpo, Kuisma, Jouko, and others. They are camping out in the snow on their way to a fair with skins of animals for sale, their snow-shoes (ski) are standing upright in the snow round the camp fire, and before starting on their day's journey the men gather in a half-circle round their leader, who half sings, half chants, a prayer to the forest god.

The book is a beautiful panorama from beginning to end, with this peculiarity, that the scene is always laid out of doors and it is always winter. Aho is one of the few writers who know how to describe a northern winter without making their readers long for the fireside, and

is able instead to make them conscious of the beauty and stillness of a great pine forest carpeted with snow where men on ski glide noiselessly in and out among the trees, bearing torches on a dark night.

We give here one of the short stories, in which he symbolizes the national resistance to the Russian attacks upon the Finnish liberties:

#### MATTI'S MILL

Matti was a miller. No name befits better a miller, especially a fine fellow like the one I am going to tell about. Matti's ancestors had been for generations millers in the same mill, which the first one of that name had built on a rocky promontory right over the rapids.

There was nothing peculiar about this mill. It was simply built there on the rock. And yet, the place was chosen luckily. A sizable rock in the middle of the rapids formed a natural channel, which carried the water toward the mill wheel, while the excess of the liquid went whirling to the right.

In the course of the centuries the mill had come to look like the rock on which it was built: they were both of a granite color, and both were so much covered with moss that it was difficult to say where the rock ended and the mill began.

During a thaw, when the water was more abundant than usual and foaming rapids beat against the rock and the base of the mill, it would have been a matter of discussion whether the rock resisted better than the mill or whether the mill was more solid than the rock.

In spite of the terrible water pressure the rapids had never succeeded in doing anything worse than snatching away the wheel and smashing the dam, but the building remained intact or suffering only some unimportant injury.

But since the mill after all had no other support than its own weight and seemed to be in constant danger, the customers of the mill and the passersby frequently shook



their heads and predicted that some day the rapids would carry off Matti's mill.

To this Matti replied:

"Don't worry, it is screwed down tight."

The mill had assumed the color of the rock, and Matti had assumed the color of the mill.

When he was seen in the midst of sacks, white with flour, standing on the lower plank of the mill, with the broad shoulders and fat calves, near the enormous shaft, which, leaning on the rock, supported the stones of the mill, it looked like the spinal column of the mill which would survive the waterspouts, even if the building were carried away. It, too, was screwed down tight.

The previous winter it had snowed a good deal. In the spring there were great freshets.

The rapids had been frozen down to the bottom and all, all was covered over with snow. Where formerly whirlpools had chanted, now rose white mountains, which were so high that the mill disappeared amidst the immobile icebergs. That was as nothing in comparison with the snow that covered the lake and woods up the river.

"Matti would do well now to stay his mill. The rapids are getting ready for a bad trick,—see them get ready their weapons. What is going to happen when the snow melts up the river?"

But to all the cautious and pessimistic predictions Matti invariably answered:

"It won't budge, it is screwed down tight!"

When the catastrophe happened, the water was already higher in the rapids than ever after a preceding thaw. The river above burst its ice mantle with a roar. All the inhabitants of the village came together, to watch the spectacle, and the bank of the river, the rock and the mill itself were black with people. On the river bank there stood dozens of wheat carts, waiting for their turn, because the shortage of water had caused the mill to lie idle a part of the winter. The drivers were excited and swore and predicted worst catastrophes.

The only one who did not seem to be excited was Matti; he carried his bags as of old, walked in, walked out again, and was in a great hurry, because the current was strong and the mill ground all the wheat that was fed into it.

Ice blocks broke loose one after the other. When they arrived at the top of the mill channel, they stood still and undecided for a moment, then the torrent carried them furiously towards the whirlpool and they rushed threateningly against the mill.

"Now, it is up with it! The mill will topple over!" they cried.

It looked, indeed, as though one slight push would make the building tumble down, like a frail swallow's nest on the edge of a roof.

But Matti replied: "It won't budge! It is screwed down tight!"

And it seemed to be so. It looked to be so firmly established that no iceberg could touch it. When one of these white mountains moved towards it, ready to crush it, the rapids carried it off towards the outer rock, where it broke into pieces.

The fragments rushed down the channel, against the wheel, but the wheel, too, seemed to be screwed down tight and rolled over them and decimated them. The more water came down, the swifter did the wheel turn, and the ice blocks were crushed into tiny bits.

But the water kept rising, covering all the rocks of the rapids, and up the river there was a growing sheet of water that formed a lake, which had no other outlet except the rapids on which the mill stood. The wheel house was already half under the water that whirled with a furious rapidity and made all the stones spin around like so many tops. The walls trembled, and Matti himself looked shaken up from head to foot. Only the boldest, the young people, remained near him. The others had made for the bank, in order to survey the catastrophe from a distance. The danger was now of a different nature. The iceblocks had been carried away by the rapids before the water had reached the level of

the rocks. But now barges, posts, bathing booths, barns, fishing cabins, tree trunks came down the torrent. The whirlpools pushed some of these floating islands against the bank, where they stranded, while others were precipitated into the rapids. The floods rose without cessation. The wheel was already up to the hub under water. The water had already carried off the lower plank of the mill, and was leaking in through the cracks of the wall and flowing madly over the floor. The rapids seemed to have made up their mind to carry off the floor.

"So much the better," said Matti, "let it stand in the water."

But there was one thing which worried him. He was no longer able to keep the sacks out of the water, and the flour began to float.

"Now that there is plenty of water, one could go on grinding, that is certain; but it seems useless to me to throw the groats to the fishes," he thought. He decided to close the sluice and stop the mill, while waiting for the water to go down a little.

But he miscalculated the matter. The pressure was too great against the gate so that it was impossible to lower it.

"However, you can't allow the millstones to turn for nothing. They will get heated up, and may set the mill on fire."

He had to choose between the water and the fire. For the first time in his life Matti was embarrassed. This indecision lasted but a moment. Taking the hammer, with which he had vainly tried to lower the gate, he began to strike the lever that turned the millstones. In a minute the upper millstone was lifted up, and the friction stopped. The separated stones began to revolve more swiftly. The transmission wheel whizzed, another whistled, the stones rattled, the whole structure trembled and rocked. Matti was not concerned about all that. He oiled the axles, to prevent overheating. But when the water carried off the upper story of the mill, Matti shouldered the last bag and made for the shore. There

he sat down and poked his pipe. The river banks were black with people, who were saying:

"What the deuce keeps the mill from being carried off?"

"A mill at the rapids is screwed down tight. The spring freshet don't get it."

"But this is a flood, and not a spring freshet."

"That won't hurt it either."

But scarcely had he spoken, when a crack was heard.

"This time she goes!"

A great mass of trunks had gathered above the chutes, and amidst them a big barn was floating. The whole raft had been whirling around, gathering all the loose brush and sticks, and was now forming a little isle that was borne headlong towards the rapids in the direction of the mill.

"There she goes, this time she goes surely!"

Matti himself got up, as though to help his mill, but he sat down again.

The mill did not budge. The shock merely carried off its roof, just as a gust of wind carries off a hat.

The roof plunged into the rapids and disappeared there, and then came up again.

The walls of the mill did not spring. The overshot wheel, the inlet wheel, the transmission wheel went on turning as though nothing had happened. The only difference was that formerly they had been under cover, now everybody could see them. It is true, all they were grinding was water, and white foam was their only flour.

"The rapsallion is staying there where she has always been," they cried.

"Why should she not stay?" Matti exclaimed. "I told you that she is screwed down tight."

He arose from the stone and went below the chutes, to fish up the roof.



# **RUSSIA**





# RUSSIA

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

**I**NHABITANTS AND LANGUAGE.  
European Russia was originally the battle ground of Asiatic races, of whom the Finns, Lapps, Cheremisses, Permyaks and Voguls still occupy solid stretches in the northeast, while Tatar races are scattered in colonies in the governments of Kazan, Ufa, Orenburg, Minsk, Vilna and in the Crimea. Jews are scattered widely through the western half, while German colonies are dotted all the way from the Vistula to the Volga. Since the Bolshevik régime, the Lith-



uanians and Letts, the Rumanians and a few scattered Bulgarian settlements have been excluded from the former Russian Empire, and only small colonies of Greeks, Poles and other nationalities may be found in the south.

All these combined form but a small proportion of the whole population of Russia. The great bulk are not merely Slavs, but Russians proper, chiefly of the Orthodox Greek Church. Since time immemorial they have been divided into Great Russians, who live in a solid mass in the northern half of European Russia, in the long strip immediately to the north of the Black Sea, in the northern part of the Caucasus, and through a considerable part of Siberia; the Little Russians, who occupy mainly the governments of Kiev, Poltava, Volhynia and Podolia, and the Cossack settlements near the Sea of Azov and the Kuban region, while other Cossack settlements have become Great Russians; the White Russians, between Poland, Lithuania and Russia proper. The latter have no literature whatsoever; the Great Russians will be here discussed.

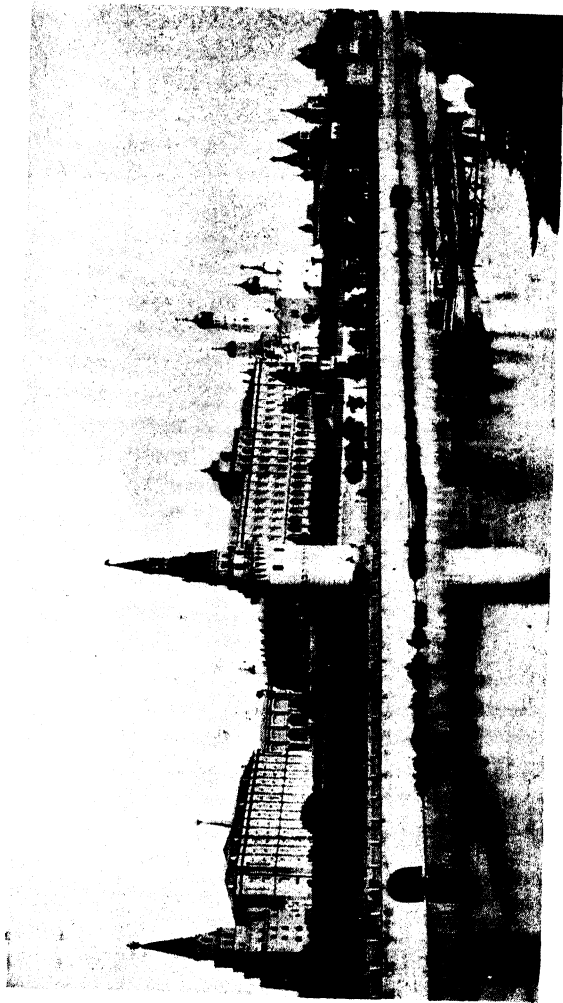
Ethnically the Great Russians have a strong admixture of Finnish blood, and linguistically the Russian language and thought extends over all of the old Russian Empire. Russian, together with Little Russian or Ruthenian, Polish, Czech, Serbian and Bulgarian, belongs to the Slavic group of the Indo-European family of languages. The ancient literature, before Peter the Great, found its expression in

the old Bulgarian tongue of the Church, as used by the proto-apostles Cyril and Methodius, in the tenth century. In Russia, the spoken dialect was in course of time influenced by the Church idiom, and from the mixture of the two, together with a considerable influx of Tatar words for warlike and governmental matters, of German and Dutch words for nautical and scientific terms, and of French and Latin for literary purposes, arose the literary Russian, which is the spoken language of all cultured men and perfectly comprehensible, within proper limitations, by the whole of the Russian people. In spite of its composite nature, Russian is a purer language than either English or literary German, with their abundant non-Germanic constituents. Although a highly complex language grammatically, it is simple in structure, far more resembling the coordinate phrase arrangement of the English than the periodic involutions of the German, is admirable in its delicate shading of meaning, and provokingly rich in vocabulary. It may safely be said that for every word in the English dictionary the Russian can furnish three or four. Besides, though containing a number of consonant sounds that are not common to the other languages of Europe, it is fortunate in possessing only open vowel sounds, which make it one of the finest human speeches for singing, and its wealth of grammatical endings and variety of accents adapt the language for any poetical expression, whether of classical

measure, or modern prosody, that is dependent on the beat, whether for complicated rhyme arrangement or for blank verse. No wonder, then, that the poet Lomonosov exclaimed:

Lording over many tongues, the Russian language surpasses all the others of Europe, not only in the breadth of territory over which it rules, but also in its own extent and wealth. One may find in it the magnificence of the Spanish, the vivacity of the French, the force of the German, the tenderness of the Italian, and, besides, the wealth and the expressive brevity of the Greek and the Latin.

If, in spite of the intrinsic greatness of its language and the powerful development of its literature in the twentieth century, Russia was earlier little affected by the civilization of the West and itself had an insignificant part in the evolution of Aryan thought, the cause for this belated bloom is not to be sought in any inferiority of the Russians or of the Slavs in general, but in the unfortunate geographical position of this branch of the Indo-European family, outside the great roads of commerce, hence of intellectual intercourse as well. Since the fourth century of the Christian era the East and the West had their intercommunication through Byzantium, where the great caravan routes from Asia Minor and, possibly, to the north of the Black Sea, centered, and the maritime trade up the Red Sea also depended upon Constantinople for its staples, whence all roads deviated to the northwest, leaving the great plains of Russia, with their agricultural Slavic people, entirely to themselves. Then,



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW



when in the tenth century and later a connection was established between Russia and Byzantium, culminating in the introduction of the Greek Church, Constantinople was no longer the intellectual center, all industrial, hence also spiritual, activity having passed over to Italy, and thence, over the Alpine passes and by sea, to the Rhine region and Flanders, and ultimately to England and Germany, the poor Slavs to the east might as well have vegetated on another continent. Then, to cap the climax of geographic misfortunes, Russia was compelled, in the thirteenth century, to bear all the calamities from the invasion of the Asiatic Tatars, in order to save the West from utter destruction. Separated from the West, not only by its geographical position, but also by the Eastern rite of the Church, with its old Bulgarian, whereas the Catholic West was in close contact by the use of the Church Latin, Russia had now to undergo a humiliating association with the Tatars, who left a deep impress upon the character of the people.

And yet, in spite of the apparently insuperable difficulties, within the short period of two centuries, from Peter the Great on, Russia by her literature and art has conquered for herself a lasting place among the nations of the world, and has compelled the world to sit wondering at the feet of her literary geniuses. By leaps and bounds Russia has come to the fore, and her political excrescence following the World War, a mere flash of an atavistic

political disease, with dim recollections of Pechenegs and Polovtses, and Tatars, and John the Terrible, and the Interregnum, and Pugachev, and Stenka Razin, and the French Invasion, and Nicholas I, will just as easily slough off its body, as all the previous cancerous growths, and she will once more revert to her cultural destiny that her literature has prepared for her.

II. HISTORY. The early history of the Slavs is clouded in mystery. All we can safely say is that in the seventh century they occupied the region to the east of the Carpathian Mountains. We are equally uninformed as to the origin of the Russians. We only hear of them as inviting the Rus, apparently a Swedish tribe, to come and rule over them. This is placed by the Russian chronicles in the year 859. Rurik, the Rus leader, settled in Novgorod, and his successors rapidly expanded the Russian possessions. Two centuries later Kiev became the head of the many feudal principalities into which Russia had broken up, and which were constantly engaged in civil wars among themselves. Ultimately neither Novgorod, with its nucleus of a republican government, nor Kiev, the splendid, survived as the metropolis of a federated country.

Moscow had been contesting the hegemony of Novgorod, when, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, the rumbling was heard of the nomadic Tatars, who from distant China had been moving toward the plains of Europe.

The Russian princes, who were not all united, were unable to stem the tide, and in 1238 the country became tributary to the Golden Horde of Tatars. In reality the rule of the Tatars was not so oppressive as generally imagined, since the Golden Horde came little in contact with the Russian people and was satisfied merely with collecting a tribute. But the princes were cowed, and constant intrigues to keep themselves on the throne made it impossible for them to pursue more peaceful occupations.

Of all the scheming principalities Moscow managed to stay in fairly good relations with the Mongols, and when internal dissensions of the Asiatics made it possible, the Muscovite princes freed themselves from the Tatar yoke. A beginning was made in 1380, when Dimitri Donskoy defeated the Golden Horde and broke up the Mongol empire into a series of mutually hostile Khanates. Ivan III (1462-1505) succeeded in uniting most of the principalities of Russia under the rule of Moscow, and the work of unification was accomplished under Ivan the Terrible (1533-1584).

Under this emperor Western influence made itself felt, and artisans and artists flocked from Germany, Italy, England and Scotland into Moscow. Under Boris Godunov (1598-1605), a nobleman who had been managing Russia under the weak Theodor (1584-1598), the institution of serfdom, which had been developing for some time, became a permanent



institution by royal decree. Boris was disliked by the great nobles, and soon the country was plunged into anarchy, while two pretended sons of Theodor appeared, and a nobleman, Shuyski, for a brief time occupied the throne. The Interregnum came to an end by the election, in 1613, of Michael Romanov.

The Western relations which had begun under the Ivans were intensified under the Romanovs, and by the end of the seventeenth century the foreign colony at Moscow was exerting a cultural influence upon the court. After the death of Alexis the military party was strong enough to thwart the magnates, who had placed his sons John and Peter simultaneously on the throne, by substituting for them the regency of their sister Sofia, who fortunately stood under the protection of Prince Golitsin, one of the most enthusiastic advocates of Westernism. When Sofia was relegated to a monastery and Peter took the throne, the Western ideas had so permeated the court that Peter had only to continue on the path traveled by his sister. Peter's reforms were the result of his personal acquaintance with the West, where he studied shipbuilding as a common mechanic. By him Russia was modernized by force from above, consequently the intellectual development could not be spread over the whole inert mass of the people, and for an entire century was but a veneer of the upper classes. An improvement came under Catherine the Great, who, like the sovereigns of other coun-

tries, fell completely under the sway of French philosophy and ogled with the liberalism of Voltaire and other French writers, but the French Revolution subdued her ardor, and she tried to repress what she had heretofore fostered. However, the cultural ideas had gained too much impetus, and Alexander I, with his minister Speranski, went even further and proposed new laws for Russia on the basis of the American constitution, which, however, came to naught.

At the death of Alexander I there broke out the Decembrist revolt, which had similarly been fostered by young men of the higher aristocracy, who were enthused by the French and American revolutions. This revolt was premature, since it was not based on the consensus of the majorities, and came to an unfortunate end. The flower of Russian intellect was ruthlessly crushed, and under Nicholas I thought was under the ban of the censorship. Here again, the Emperor's tyrannical attitude toward free thought did not avail him, since the upper middle classes were beginning to take part in the new movements, and literature and the arts flourished more than ever before. Under his successor, Nicholas II, reforms became an imperative necessity, and the ever more pressing demands of the intellectuals led to the emancipation of the serfs by mere governmental authority at a time when the United States lost half a million people in the struggle to establish the same humanitarian principles.

The too rapid dissemination of education among the middle class, where no tradition of culture existed, led to the propagation of socialistic and anarchistic ideas among the growing number of intellectuals without a prospect in life, without any vested rights to defend, without property to lose; hence the most advanced theories of a total reorganization of society found a ready ear among the impassioned and politically inexperienced youths. Nihilism and anarchism flourished among them, and Alexander II fell a victim of overzealous nihilism at a time when he was about to proclaim a new constitution. The struggle between the intellectuals and the government became more acute, but the activities of the revolutionary parties changed. It became obvious to them that no permanent results could be obtained by mere intellectualism, as the stark, ignorant peasants, among whom they had tried their propaganda, did not respond to all their philanthropic promises. They resolved not to go among the people as they had done before, but to create an industrial class in the centers of population, which could be reached more readily because of the precariousness of their existence. At the same time the government thought that it could stem the intellectual unrest by encouraging industries on a large scale. Thus both government and the intellectuals worked hand in hand in laying foundations for socialism, where nihilism and anarchism had raged before. This opened the

door wide for Carl Marx and his extreme opposition to capitalism. Yet there was a sufficient sprinkling of moderates, the Mensheviks (from Russian *menshe*, "less"), who were satisfied with a modicum of reforms and believed in an evolution rather than revolution as adapted to Russian conditions, while the Bolsheviks (from *bolshe*, "more"), could not compromise on anything less than the whole Marxian program. The weakened conditions during the Russo-Japanese War, in 1905, led to a revolution, but the various socialistic parties were not united, and it failed. Then the World War led to the overthrow of the government and later of the semi-socialistic government under Kerenski. The disorganization of society gave the chance to the Bolsheviks, and their extreme principles, coupled with great energy and an autocratic will, were victorious. We shall now see how Russian literature had been reflecting and guiding the intellectual activities of the country, and how its past intensity heralds a future greatness, as soon as the political crisis has passed the danger point.



SAINT VLADEMIR MONUMENT AT KIEF



## CHAPTER II

### THE ORAL LITERATURE

**F**OLK-LORE. Tolstoy, in his *What is Art?* made the statement that men cannot live without art. This is shown to be true in the case of every nation. Where a traditional art, based on schools of literature, on artistic conventions of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, does not exist, the common people none the less tell stories, sing songs and create artifacts, even though untutored in their special departments, and frequently display a greater skill, warmer sentiment and greater appreciation of nature than is recorded in books, notes and paintings of traditional art. In the long

period of history preceding the reforms of Peter the Great, when what little learning there existed in Russia was monopolized by the Church chiefly for ecclesiastic purposes, the people at large still felt the need for moral teachings and rhetorical amusements, and a mass of fairy-tales, legends and romances passed from mouth to mouth, from country to country, and a German scholar, Benfey, has shown that the majority of these have traveled along the trade-routes, from India, the land of wonders, through Constantinople and up through the Balkan passes into Russia and the rest of Europe. In the West much of this material has been obliterated by the artificial literature, which drew its inspiration from Greek and Roman sources, while backward Russia has preserved an enormous mass of these oral productions, to the delight of the great collectors of them in the nineteenth century and the student of comparative literature, who cannot get along without them. While keeping the general trend of the original story, the Russians have endowed them with local color and the native dramatic element, and one may say that these Russian stories have an especial charm for the lovers of the mysterious and the miraculous. We give here one such fairy tale:

#### THE SOLDIER AND THE VAMPIRE

A certain soldier was allowed to go home on furlough. Well, he walked and walked, and after a time he began to draw near to his native village. Not far off from that

village lived a miller in his mill. In old times the Soldier had been very intimate with him: why shouldn't he go and see his friend? He went. The miller received him cordially, and at once brought out liquor; and the two began drinking, and chattering about their ways and doings. All this took place towards nightfall, and the Soldier stopped so long at the Miller's that it grew quite dark.

When he proposed to start for his village, his host exclaimed:

"Spend the night here, trooper! It is very late now, and perhaps you might run into mischief."

"How so?"

"God is punishing us! A terrible warlock has died among us, and by night he rises from his grave, wanders through the village, and does such things as bring fear upon the very boldest! How could even you help being afraid of him?"

"Not a bit of it! A soldier is a man who belongs to the crown, and 'Crown property cannot be drowned in water nor burnt in fire.' I'll be off: I am tremendously anxious to see my people as soon as possible."

Off he set. His road lay in front of a graveyard. On one of the graves he saw a great fire blazing. "What's that?" thinks he. "Let's have a look." When he drew near, he saw that the Warlock was sitting by the fire, sewing boots.

"Hail, brother!" calls out the Soldier.

The Warlock looked up and said:

"What have you come here for?"

"Why, I wanted to see what you're doing."

The Warlock threw his work aside and invited the Soldier to a wedding.

"Come along, brother," says he, "let's enjoy ourselves. There is a wedding just now going on in the village."

"Come along!" says the Soldier.

They came to where the wedding was; there they were given drink, and treated with the utmost hospitality.

The Warlock drank and drank, reveled and reveled, and then grew angry. He chased all the guests and relatives out of the house, threw the wedded pair into a slumber, took out two phials and an awl, pierced the hands of the bride and bridegroom with the awl, and began drawing off their blood. Having done this, he said to the Soldier:

"Now let's be off."

Well, they went off. On the way the Soldier said:

"Tell me; why did you draw off their blood in those phials?"

"Why, in order that the bride and bridegroom might die. To-morrow morning no one will be able to wake them. I alone know how to bring them back to life."

"How's that managed?"

"The bride and bridegroom must have cuts made in their heels, and some of their own blood must then be poured back into those wounds. I've got the bridegroom's blood stowed away in my right-hand pocket, and the bride's in my left."

The Soldier listened to this without letting a single word escape him. Then the Warlock began boasting again.

"Whatever I wish," says he, "that I can do!"

"I suppose it's quite impossible to get the better of you?" says the Soldier.

"Why impossible? If any one were to make a pyre of aspen boughs, a hundred loads of them, and were to burn me on that pyre, then he'd be able to get the better of me. Only he'd have to look out sharp in burning me, for snakes and worms and different kinds of reptiles would creep out of my inside, and crows and magpies and jackdaws would come flying up. All these must be caught and flung on the pyre. If so much as a single maggot were to escape, then there'd be no help for it; in that maggot I should slip away!"

The Soldier listened to all this and did not forget it. He and the Warlock talked and talked, and at last they arrive at the grave.



"Well, brother," said the Warlock, "now I'll tear you to pieces. Otherwise you'd be telling all this to your people."

"What are you talking about? Don't deceive yourself; I serve God and the Emperor."

The Warlock gnashed his teeth, howled aloud, and sprang at the Soldier, who drew his sword and began laying about him with sweeping blows. They struggled and struggled; the Soldier was all but at the end of his strength. "Ah!" thinks he, "I'm a lost man—and all for nothing!" Suddenly the cocks began to crow. The Warlock fell lifeless to the ground.

The Soldier took the phials of blood out of the Warlock's pockets, and went on to the house of his own people. When he had got there, and had exchanged greetings with his relatives, they said:

"Did you see any disturbance, Soldier?"

"No, I saw none."

"There now! Why, we've a terrible piece of work going on in the village. A warlock has taken to haunting it!"

After talking a while, they lay down to sleep. Next morning the Soldier awoke, and began asking:

"I'm told you've got a wedding going on somewhere here?"

"There was a wedding in the house of a rich muzhik," replied his relatives, "but the bride and bridegroom have died this very night—what from, nobody knows."

"Where does this muzhik live?"

They showed him to the house. Thither he went without speaking a word. When he got there, he found the whole family in tears.

"What are you mourning about?" says he.

"Such and such is the state of things, Soldier," say they.

"I can bring your young people to life again. What will you give me if I do?"

"Take what you like, even were it half of what we've got!"

The Soldier did as the Warlock had instructed him, and brought the young people back to life. Instead of weeping there began to be happiness and rejoicing; the Soldier was hospitably treated and well rewarded. Then—left about, face! off he marched to the Starosta, and told him to call the peasants together and to get ready a hundred loads of aspen wood. Well, they took the wood into the graveyard, dragged the Warlock out of his grave, placed him in the pyre, and set it alight—the people all standing round in a circle with brooms, shovels, and fire-irons. The pyre became wrapped in flames, the Warlock began to burn. His corpse burst, and out of it crept snakes, worms, and all sorts of reptiles, and up came flying crows, magpies, and jackdaws. The peasants knocked them down and flung them into the fire, not allowing so much as a single maggot to creep away! And so the Warlock was thoroughly consumed, and the Soldier collected his ashes and strewed them to the winds. From that time forth there was peace in the village.

The Soldier received the thanks of the whole community. He stayed at home some time, enjoying himself thoroughly. Then he went back to the Tsar's service with money in his pocket. When he had served his time, he retired from the army and began to live at his ease.

II. THE FOLK-SONG. The common man does not dissociate music from literature, even as the two were combined in the consciousness of the ancient Greeks. Every pleasurable or sad event in life, birth, marriage, death, find their expression in tunable songs, and the wedding ceremony is, one may say, popular opera, consisting of a string of ancient songs recording all the sentiments that arose in the breast of man in connection with this important event. The yearning for love, love satisfied and disappointed, the feeling of enslavement, which

marriage had meant for the woman, the resentment at the evil mother-in-law, the sense of protection supplied by the husband, the loss of the father, the fate of the fatherless children—all these furnished a long series of poems that frequently surpass the best literary poems in simplicity and directness of appeal. We give here two such songs:

Her mother had counseled Maryushka,  
Has given counsel to her dear Efimovna.  
“Go not, my child,  
Go not, my darling,  
Into thy father’s garden for apples,  
Nor catch the mottled butterflies,  
Nor frighten the little birds,  
Nor interrupt the clear-voiced nightingale.  
For should’st thou pluck the apples  
The tree will wither away;  
Or seize the mottled butterfly,  
The butterfly will die.  
And should’st thou frighten a little bird,  
That bird will fly away;  
Or interrupt the clear-voiced nightingale,  
The nightingale will be mute;  
But catch, my child,  
My dear one, catch  
The falcon bright in the open field,  
The green, the open field.”  
Maryushka dear has caught,  
Caught has the dear Efimovna,  
The falcon bright in the open field,  
The green, the open field.  
She has perched him on her hand,  
She has brought him to her mother.  
“Mother mine, Gosudarynya,  
I have caught the falcon bright.”

The little wild birds have come flying  
From beyond the sea, the blue sea.  
The little birds go fluttering  
About the bushes, over the open field,  
All have their mates and rejoice in love.  
Only the good youth, Alexandrushka,  
A homeless orphan in the wide world,  
Grieves like a pining cuckoo,  
And melts away in burning tears.  
The poor lad has no one,  
No one in the wide world to fondle him,  
No one ever brings joy to the orphan,  
Uttering words of kind endearment.  
Should he go out into the open field—  
There to trample underfoot his cares,  
His misery and his bitter longing—  
His longing and his misery not to be shaken off—  
Or should he go out into the dark forest,  
His sorrow will not fly away.  
The heart of the good youth  
Is eaten up with care.  
He fades, he withers in his loneliness,  
Like a blade of grass in the midst of a wild plain.  
To the youth not even God's light is dear!  
But Dunya dear has taken pity  
On the poor fellow, on the orphan.  
She has caressed the homeless one.  
She has spoken to him in terms of endearment,  
The beautiful maiden has fallen in love  
With the lad, Alexandrushka—  
She has covered him with her silken veil,  
She has called him her darling, her beloved one—  
And his sorrow and sighing have passed away.

III. THE HISTORICAL BALLADS. In addition to these lyrical outbursts there is a vast number of songs sung by beggars, soldiers and artisans, on every possible occasion. The most

interesting from the standpoint of the student of popular creations are the poems composed on the spot by some itinerant bard, to celebrate an historic event, which, therefore, are called historical poems. Such, for example, is the poem on the storming of Azov :

## THE STORMING OF AZOV

The poor soldiers have no rest,  
Neither night nor day !  
Late at evening the word was given  
To the soldiers gay ;  
All night long their weapons cleaning,  
Were the soldiers good,  
Ready in the morning dawn,  
All in ranks they stood.

Not a golden trumpet is it,  
That now sounds so clear ;  
Nor the silver flute's tone is it,  
That thou now dost hear.  
'Tis the great white Tsar who speaketh,  
'Tis our father dear.  
Come, my princes, my Boyars,  
Nobles, great and small !  
Now consider and invent  
Good advice, ye all !  
How the soonest, how the quickest,  
Fort Azov may fall ?

The Boyars, they stood in silence.—  
And our father dear,  
He again began to speak  
In his eye a tear :  
Come, my children, good dragoons,  
And my soldiers all,  
Now consider and invent  
Brave advice, ye all,

How the soonest, how the quickest,  
Fort Azov may fall?

Like a humming swarm of bees,  
So the soldiers spake,  
With one voice at once they spake:  
"Father, dear, great Tsar!  
Fall it must! and all our lives  
Thereon we gladly stake."

Set already was the moon,  
Nearly past the night;  
To the storming on they marched,  
With the morning light;  
To the fort with bulwark'd towers  
And walls so strong and white.

Not great rocks they were, which rolled  
From the mountains steep;  
From the high, high walls there rolled  
Foes into the deep.  
No white snow shines on the fields,  
All so white and bright;  
But the corpses of our foes  
Shine so bright and white.  
Not up-swollen by heavy rains  
Left the sea its bed;  
No! in rills and rivers streams  
Turkish blood so red!

As the historic event fades away into the distance, the personages become dimmer in outline, and the historical recollection has only the consciousness of virtues and exploits as centered in some national hero, who himself is the personification of the national striving. We have already met with such abstractions in the Finnish *Kalevala*, where all the best and most

cherished ideals are distributed among the several dramatic persons, who belong to no time and no place and are the quintessence of the national life since the dawn of history. Russia, too, possesses a large number of epics, called *bylinas*, that is, "happenings," which glorify the national virtues and mantle the national vices. When Kiev was sacked by the Tatars, the peasants emigrated to the northeast, where they escaped the Mongol oppression and frequently the Muscovite tax collector, as well. Here, in the inaccessible swamps, they have preserved in their *bylinas*, collected by Rybnikov and others in the nineteenth century, the reminiscence of the feathergrass steppes of the south, of the splendor of the court of Vladimir, of the exploits of their ancient heroes, mighty at the winecup and in war. But we have also a cycle of *bylinas* dealing with the commercial Novgorod, where the heroes are chiefly rich merchants who sail the seas. Ralston gives the following account of Ilya Muromets, the so-called "younger hero" of Kiev, who has become in Russian literature the representative of the Russian spirit:

Ilya Muromets, the representative of the younger race of heroes, has been told by the mystic beings who infused almost matchless strength into his formerly crippled limbs, that he might safely fight with all the heroes he might meet except three or four—the first of the exceptions being Svyatogor. Accordingly, after a time he saddles his good steed, and goes out in search of adventures. One day, as he rides afield, he sees a white tent beneath a tall oak, and in the tent is a huge bed, on

which he lies down. Going to sleep, he slumbers on for three days and three nights:

On the third day his good steed  
Hears a loud roar from the northern side:  
Damp mother earth staggers,  
The dark forests rock,  
The streams overflow their steep banks.

Then the good steed strikes the ground with its hoofs, but cannot wake Ilya until it cries aloud with a human voice, and tells him that Svyatogor is coming to the tent. Ilya leaps to his feet, lets his horse go free, and climbs up among the branches of the oak. Thence he sees how—

There comes a hero taller than the standing woods,  
Whose head reaches to the fleeting clouds,  
Bearing on his shoulders a crystal coffer.  
The hero comes to the green oak,  
Takes from his shoulder the crystal coffer,  
Opens the coffer with a golden key:  
Out comes thence a heroic woman,  
Such a beauty on the whole earth  
Had never been seen, never been heard of.

As soon as she leaves the coffer she proceeds to spread a sumptuous table, and Svyatogor eats and drinks, and then goes into the tent and falls asleep. His wife comes out from the tent, sees Ilya in the tree, and orders him to come down. This part of the narrative is almost identical with a portion of the story told in the first chapter of the *Arabian Nights*, but the sequel is different. After Ilya has obeyed,

The beautiful one, the hero's wife,  
Placed him in her husband's vast pocket,  
And aroused her husband from his deep sleep.  
The hero Svyatogor awoke,  
Placed his wife in the crystal coffer,



Locked it with the golden key,  
Sat upon his good horse,  
And started for the Holy Mountains.  
Then his good horse began to stumble,  
And the hero struck it with his silken whip  
On its stout haunches.  
Then the horse said, with a human voice,—  
“Formerly I carried the hero and the hero’s wife,  
But now I bear the hero’s wife and two heroes.  
No wonder that I stumble.”  
And the hero Svyatogor drew out  
Ilya Muromets from his pocket,  
And began to question him,  
As to who he was and how he came  
Into his deep pocket.

Ilya tells him all that has happened, and Svyatogor, after making himself a widower, enters into a bond of fraternity with him, adopting him as his “younger brother,” and instructing him in all the science with which it befits a hero to be acquainted. The two comrades afterwards travel on together “to the Northern Mountains,” and on their way they come to a great coffin.

On this coffin was written this inscription,—

“Whosoever is destined to lie in this coffin,  
He will lie down in it.”  
Ilya Muromets lay down in it;  
For him was the coffin too long and too broad.  
Down lay the hero Svyatogor:  
Him did the coffin fit.

Thus spake the hero,

“The coffin is made exactly for me.  
Now lift the lid, Ilya,  
Cover me up.”

Thus answered Ilya Muromets,—

“I will not lift the lid, elder brother,  
Nor will I cover thee up—

No little joke is this thou art playing,  
Intending to bury thyself."  
Then the hero took the lid and closed the coffin with it  
himself,  
But when he wished to raise it,  
In no manner could he do so,  
He struggled and strove hard to lift it,  
And he cried aloud to Ilya Muromets,  
"Ah! younger brother!  
Surely my fate has found me out;  
I cannot lift the coffin-lid,  
Do thou try to lift it."

Ilya Muromets tried to lift the coffin-lid [the story goes on to say in prose], but what could he do! Then thus spoke the hero Svyatogor:—

"Lift up my sword of steel, and strike across the coffin-lid."

But to lift Svyatogor's sword of steel was beyond the strength of Ilya Muromets. Then the hero Svyatogor called to him and said:

"Bend down to the coffin, to the little chink that is in it, and I will breathe upon thee with heroic breath."

So Ilya bent down, and the hero Svyatogor breathed upon him with his heroic breath. Then Ilya felt that thrice as much strength as he had possessed before was added unto him, and he lifted the sword of steel, and struck across the coffin-lid. From that mighty blow wide flew the sparks, and where the sword of steel had struck, on that spot stood out a ridge of iron.

Again did the hero Svyatogor call to him:—

"I stifle, younger brother, once more try to strike with the sword—this time along the coffin-lid."

Ilya Muromets struck the coffin-lid lengthways, and there also there sprang up a ridge of iron.

Again the hero Svyatogor exclaimed:—

"My breath deserts me, younger brother. Bend down to the chink, and I will breathe on thee once more, and will give over to thee all my great strength."

But Ilya Muromets replied:—

“Strength enough have I, elder brother. Were it otherwise, and had I more, the earth would not be able to support me.”

Then spake the hero Svyatogor:—

“Well hast thou done, younger brother, in that thou didst not obey my last command. I should have breathed on thee with the breath of the grave, and thou wouldst have laid dead near me. And now farewell! Take to thyself my sword of steel but fasten to my coffin my heroic good steed. No other than I can hold that steed in hand.”

Then passed out of the chink his dying breath, and Ilya bade farewell to Svyatogor, made fast his good steed to his coffin, girded Svyatogor’s sword of steel on his loins, and went his way into the open field.



SOCIAL AFTERNOON TEA



## CHAPTER III

### BEFORE THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

**B**EFORE PETER THE GREAT. The folk-lore bears evidence of a realistic attitude of the Russian masses toward the phenomena of life. Though most imaginative, the Russian abhors the extravagant and unreal in art. When he, under favorable conditions, took to writing books, he brought to bear upon it the same sincerity and bluntness that is characteristic of his oral productions. However simple and unadorned the writings of Russian antiquity may be, they have a peculiar attractiveness for the Westerner because of the amazing

modernness that breathes in them. The Russian historical chronicles, of which there is a large number from the twelfth century on, make a stronger appeal than the more artificial chronicles of the West, since they seem to be based on direct evidence of eyewitnesses. When Abbot Daniel gives an account of his experiences in Jerusalem during the early days of the Crusades, we see Prince Baldwin before us as a living human being, bereft of his extravagant heroic attributes, and the Lord's sepulcher reveals to us its secrets through the straightforward account of the Abbot, who frankly tells us how he obtained a memento in the form of a piece of rock broken off from the tomb, by bribing its keeper.

Vladimir of Kiev writes an *Instruction* for his children, in which profound piety and a Christian life are preached by the side of purely human interests in hunting. By far the finest production of the early times is *The Story of Igor's Expedition*, an historic poem of the highest excellence, full of lyrical outbursts, in which nature, as though a living being or a divinity, takes part in all the doings of man, itself wrapped in gloom when Prince Igor and his doughty warriors are captured by the nomadic Polovtses. Afanasi Nikitin, in the fifteenth century, traveled to India and gave an account of his experiences there that sounds more like a diary of a modern traveler and is far more truthful than the story of Marco Polo a century earlier.

A ray of light from the West entered Russia in the days of Ivan the Terrible. Maxim Grek, an Albanian immigrant who had become powerful in the Church, fought vigorously in his sermons for enlightenment, and his apt pupil, Prince Kurbski, entered into a literary struggle with the not less scholarly, though tyrannical, Ivan the Terrible. At about the same time there appeared the *Domostroy*, or "Housemanagement," which reflected the severity and credulity of contemporaneous society, but at the same time tried to advance life to a higher moral level. Quite unjustly the Russian authors of the nineteenth century have taken this *Domostroy* as a fairly good example of a harsh age, without any redeeming features.

While Moscow was still under the pall of its undeveloped political and social ideals, Kiev was coming more and more under the influence of Polish scholasticism and produced the first Russian scholars; Western novels all found their way into Russia through Polish translations. In the seventeenth century Moscow became more and more acquainted with Western culture, the leadership belonging to a Croatian, Yuri Krizhanich, who dreamed of a union of all the Slavs under a regenerated Russia.

A few extracts from the writings of the authors just mentioned will give a fair idea of the condition of Russian literature before Peter the Great:

## FROM THE SONG OF IGOR'S EXPEDITION

And Prince Igor put his foot into the golden stirrup, and the retinue followed its prince. The sun barred their way in darkness; night came and howled and groaned, and with its groan awakened the birds. About the camp a beast's whistle was heard, rising high in the tree.—The black monster shrieked, sending word to all the unknown land, to Sula, to the Volga and the Seaborder, to Korsun and the Black Sea, and to you, O idol of Tmutorokan! And a host of the pagans rushes by untrodden paths to the Don, and on all sides their carts creak as though swans were emitting sounds of fright.

Igor wends his way to the great Don, and above him the birds already have a presentiment of the evil and follow in the track of the armies; the wolves howl in the deep ravines, and bristle up as though invoking a storm; the foxes howl at the red shields, and the eagles, with ominous screeching, seem to be calling the beasts in the fields to a feast of bones.

## ON THE DUTIES OF WOMEN, FROM THE "DOMOSTROY"

She goes to church, if possible, after having taken counsel with her husband. Men must teach their wives with love and sensible punishments. If the wife does not live according to her husband's instruction, he must punish her in private, and, after the punishment, have pity upon her and speak kindly to her, and neither should be angry at the other. Similarly are to be punished the servants and the children, according to their guilt and be chastised and, after the chastisement, dealt with mercifully, and if the housewife suffers for the servants it is so much the better for the servants. If a reprimand or scolding does take no effect upon the wife, the son, or the daughter, you may lay on the whip upon them, but you must punish them thus, not before others, but in private; and you must not beat them with the fist over the ear or the face or under the heart, nor kick them, nor strike them with the staff, nor with any iron or wooden implement. If the guilt is great, take off their

shirt, strike them gently with the whip, while holding them by the hands. Wives should ask their husbands about any proprieties and obey them. After getting up and praying, the housewife should lay out the day's work for the servants. She must be able herself to prepare food, meat and fish, and every meat and fasting dish, so that she may be able to instruct her servants. If she knows everything by her husband's command and threat, and her own good sense, everything will go well and there will be plenty. The housewife herself must not be without work, so that the servants, looking at her, will be encouraged to work themselves. Whether her husband or guests come, she should always be sitting with some handiwork, and thus she would gain honor and glory and her husband's praise. The servants must never wake the housewife, but the housewife should wake the servants. She must not speak empty, frivolous prattle with the servants, and tradeswomen, lazy women, and fortune tellers should not visit her, since nothing but evil comes from them. Every day the wife is to consult her husband and take counsel with him as to house matters. She should keep company only with those of whom her husband approves. With her guests she is to converse only about handiwork and the house-keeping, and take notice of anything good. What she does not know, let her politely ask about it, and humbly return thanks for such information, and, upon return home, tell her husband about it. She should keep company with good women, not for the sake of eating and drinking, but for the sake of fair converse and instruction; she should listen to her advantage, not make light of any one, and not interrupt people's speeches. If others ask anything, let her answer: "I know nothing, have heard nothing, and never ask about anything that does not concern me; I do not sit in judgment over princesses, duchesses, and neighbors above all." Let her keep away from intoxicating liquors; she is to drink only non-alcoholic drinks and *kvas*, both at other people's houses and at home. Without her husband's knowledge



she shall neither eat nor drink, nor keep anything strange without her husband's knowledge. She should in all things ask her husband's advice, and not the servants' and slaves'. Let her not tittle-tattle about trifles in the house, and what she cannot herself settle she should truthfully report to her husband.

II. FROM PETER THE GREAT TO ALEXANDER I. The writings of Maxim Grek and Yuri Krizhanich bore their fruit. A copy of Krizhanich's works comes from Peter's own library, and thus we see that Peter was encouraged in his reform, not only by the influence of the foreigners in Moscow but also by the foremost men in Russia, as well. The task Peter set himself was gigantic. Russia was to be modernized immediately, and there was nothing with which to begin. The spoken language had not so far been used for literary purposes, and the Church Slavic of the previous period was unwieldy. There was no scientific terminology, and of books of Western learning there were none. So they began to translate text-books, and Magnitski's *Arithmetic*, that is, "Science of Numbers, from various tongues translated into the Slavic language by a teacher of mathematics, Leonti Magnitski," was received with much joy. The first Russian calendar appeared in 1708, Puffendorf's *History of European States* was translated in 1718, and Prokopovich, who had been educated at Kiev and was well versed in the European manner of thought, upon becoming bishop of Moscow was able so cleverly to imitate the theological liber-



PETER THE GREAT

1672-1725

THE CREATOR AND ORGANIZER OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN EMPIRE.



alism of the West in his *Spiritual Reglement*, written in 1720, as to cause it to be translated three years later into English and to be cited as an example of Russia's advanced civilization, which in reality was only skin deep. The necessity of establishing commerce and industry on a firm basis brought to the front Pososhkov (1670-1726), who had risen from the common ranks to the most influential place in business and in literature by his interesting but crude work, *The Book on Poverty and Wealth*, that is, "an explanation of what produces extreme poverty and abundantly increases wealth," in which there are chapters on the clergy, military affairs, justice, business, manufactures, criminal jurisprudence, peasants, the gentry and the imperial interests. A number of attempts in historical writings were made by Matvyeev and Mankyeev, but especially by Tatishchev (1686-1750), whose *Russian History* was published only in the time of Catherine II.

There was a real beginning in *belles lettres*, credited to Prince A. Kantemir (1708-1744), whose satires, written in an uncouth language, are mere imitations from the French, while Tredyakovski (1703-1769) laid the foundation for the Russian metrical structure on the basis of the German prosody, although his inability to master the verse led him into extraordinary compositions which for a long time remained the laughing stock in Russia. His odes are as insipid as odes can be, and his *Telemachid* is

so vapid that court ladies in the days of Catherine II were made to learn a number of lines by heart for certain transgressions of court etiquette. Nevertheless, Russian literature owes a great deal to Tredyakovski's clear vision; as early as 1735 he had enriched it with his *New and Brief Method of Composing Russian Verses*.

III. LOMONOSOV. A new period dawned upon Russia with the appearance of M. V. Lomonosov (1711–1765), who had begun life as a peasant and ended it as the Russian Franklin—scientist, rhetorician, teacher, historian and poet all in one person. He had acquired the latest scientific methods in Germany, and had not the German clique at the academy at St. Petersburg kept down the cantankerous Lomonosov he would have risen to the highest honors in the academy. He was very active in his labors, and is now remembered chiefly as the scientific poet who in poetry wrote *On the Usefulness of Glass*, *Evening Meditations*, *Odes from Job*, and in prose *On the Origin of Light*, *On the Birth of the Metals*, *On the Agreement between Science and Religion*, and so forth.

#### EVENING MEDITATIONS

(*On Seeing the Aurora Borealis*)

The day retires, the mists of night are spread  
Slowly o'er nature, darkening as they rise;  
The gloomy clouds are gathering round our heads,  
And twilight's latest glimmering gently dies:  
The stars awake in heaven's abyss of blue;  
Say, who can count them?—Who could sound it?—Who?

Even as a sand in the majestic sea,  
A diamond—atom on a hill of snow,  
A spark amidst a Hecla's majesty,  
An unseen mote where maddened whirlwinds blow,  
And I 'midst scenes like these—the mighty thought  
O'erwhelms me—I am nought, or less than nought.

And science tells me that each twinkling star  
That smiles above us is a peopled sphere,  
Or central sun, diffusing light afar;  
A link of nature's chain;—and there, even there,  
The Godhead shines displayed—in love and light,  
Creating wisdom—all-directing might.

Where are thy secret laws, O Nature, where?  
In wintry realms thy dazzling torches blaze,  
And from thy icebergs streams of glory there  
Are poured, while other suns their splendent race  
In glory run: from frozen seas what ray  
Of brightness?—From yon realms of night what day?

Philosopher, whose penetrating eye  
Reads nature's deepest secrets, open now  
This all-inexplicable mystery:  
Why do earth's darkest, coldest regions glow  
With lights like these?—Oh, tell us, knowing one,  
For thou dost count the stars, and weigh the sun!

Whence are these varied lamps all lighted round?—  
Whence all the horizon's glowing fire?—The heaven  
Is splendent as with lightning—but no sound  
Of thunder—all as calm as gentlest even;  
And winter's midnight is as bright, as gay,  
As the fair noontide of a summer's day.

What stores of fire are these, what magazine,  
Whence God from grossest darkness light supplies?  
What wondrous fabric which the mountains screen,  
Whose bursting flames above those mountains rise;

Where rattling winds disturb the mighty ocean,  
And the proud waves roll with eternal motion?

Vain is the inquiry—all is darkness, doubt :  
This earth is one vast mystery to man.  
First find the secrets of this planet out,  
Then other planets, other systems scan!  
Nature is veiled from thee, presuming clod!  
And what canst thou conceive of Nature's God?

IV. DERZHAVIN AND HIS TIME. At the same time A. P. Sumarokov (1718–1777) laid the foundation for the theater by composing a large number of historical dramas in the French style, he himself having corresponded with Voltaire upon the subject of the Russian stage. Sumarokov is also the first of a long series of Russian fabulists. The most interesting, and probably the most useful, kind of literary productions for the eighteenth century are the memoirs, because they were not intended for the public and thus are more sincere than the pale reflections of the French pseudo-classicism. Such memoirs were written by Neplyuev (1693–1773), Krekshin (1684–1763), Princess Dolgoruki (1714–1771), Prince Shakhovskoy (1705–1777), Danilov (1722–1790), and many others. In the second half of the century literature flourished under Catherine II, who herself corresponded with the shining lights of France, and set the example by her own literary productions, especially the comedies, in which in the French fashion she touched lightly upon social vices.

Her *O Tempora* appeared anonymously in 1772, and called forth the following criticism from Novikov, the foremost critic of the time:

Sir, I do not know who you are, but I know this much, that you deserve honor and humble thanks for your production. You were the first to create a comedy based on our manners; you were the first who with such art and wit have caused us to listen to the pungent satire with joy and pleasure; you were the first with such noble daring to attack the vices which prevailed in Russia.

In her literary reforms Catherine was ably supported by another woman, Princess E. P. Dashkov, who had her son educated in Scotland and herself corresponded with the historian Robertson. Her memoirs have been translated into English, and they throw a bright light upon the intellectual conditions under Catherine.

The French influence began to give way to the English, and the English *Spectator* and the whole Addisonian school for a brief time, from 1769 to 1794, found its expression in satirical journals, some of which were ably edited by N. J. Novikov (1744–1818) himself. The theater continued to flourish, and the comedies made rapid strides. D. J. Fonvizin (1744–1792) wrote but two comedies, *The Brigadier* and *The Minor*, and both have become classics in the repertoire. In the latter he painted the gross ignorance and brutality of the country gentry, who were obliged by law to have their minors instructed in “the three R’s,” in order that they might follow the necessary calling of



country gentlemen by some service for the State. A. O. Ablesimov (1742–1783) introduced popular songs and superstition into his comic opera, *The Miller*. M. J. Verevkin (1732–1795), in his “lacrimose” drama, *So It Must Be*, tried to introduce the melodrama of Diderot, La Chaussee and Marivaux. Y. K. Knyazhnin (1742–1791) similarly imitated Pompignan in his heroic dramas, while his famous comedy, *Odd People*, is based on Destouche’s *L’homme singulier*. V. V. Kapnist (1759–1824) began his career with a series of odes and satires, and gained his greatest reputation by his comedy, *The Pettifoggery*, which was based on a litigation he had had with a neighbor. Although dedicated to Paul I, it was removed from the repertoire after its fifth performance, because of its attack upon government officials.

Poetry flourished in the second half of the eighteenth century, and the English influence began to appear through the translation of the Ossianic poetry from the French by E. J. Kostrov (1750–1796), who also translated the *Iliad*. Similarly the English sentimentalism found its way into Russia in A. N. Radishchev’s *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow*, which was obviously inspired by Sterne’s *Sentimental Journey*, but it breathes ideas of liberalism, which landed him in Siberia. But by far the greatest author of the time is G. R. Derzhavin (1743–1816), who began by translating some of the odes of Frederick the Great,

then wrote some odes himself, and finished with the ode *Felitsa*, in which he sang the death knell of all the odes. His most famous poem is his *Ode to the Deity*, in which were incorporated several verses from Haller's *Ode to Eternity*, while other passages remind one of Young's *Night Thoughts*. This poem was translated into many European languages and into Japanese. There are at least four translations of it into English, and we give here the one by Stallybrass:

## ODE TO THE DEITY

O Thou infinite in being;  
Living 'midst the change of all;  
Thou eternal through time's fleeing;  
Formless—Three-in-one withal!  
Spirit filling all creation,  
Who hast neither source nor station;  
Whom none reach, howe'er they plod;  
Who with Thine existence fillest,  
Claspest, mouldest as Thou wilt,  
Keepest all; whom we call—God!

Though the lofty mind could measure  
Deepest seas, and count the sand,  
Of the starry rays the treasure,  
Thou no number hast, no strand!  
Highest souls by Thee created,  
To Thy service consecrated,  
Ne'er could trace Thy counsels high;  
Soon as thought to Thee aspireth,  
In Thy greatness it expireth,  
Moment in eternity.

Thou didst call the ancient chaos  
From eternity's vast sea:

On Thyself, ere time did ray us,  
Thou didst found eternity.  
By Thyself Thyself sustaining,  
From Thyself unaided shining,  
Thou art Light—light flows from Thee;  
By Thy words all things creating,  
Thy creation permeating,  
Thou wast, art and aye shalt be.

All existence Thou containest  
In Thee, quick'nest with Thy breath;  
End to the beginning chainest;  
And Thou givest life through death.  
Life as sparks spring from the fire,  
As, in cold clear wintry day,  
Spangles of the frost shine, sparkling,  
Turning, wavering, glittering, darkling,  
Shine the stars beneath Thy ray.

All the million lights, that wander  
Silent through immensity,  
Thy behests fulfill, and squander  
Living rays throughout the sky.  
But those lamps of living fire,  
Crystals soaring ever higher,  
Golden waves in rich array,  
Wondrous orbs of burning ether,  
Or bright worlds that cling together,  
Are to Thee as night to day.

Like a drop in sea before Thee  
Is the firmament on high:  
What's the universe of glory,  
And before Thee what am I?  
In yon vast ærial ocean  
Could I count those worlds in motion,  
Adding millions to them—ought  
I could fancy or decipher;  
By Thy side is but a cipher;  
And before Thee I am—naught!

Naught! And yet in me Thou rayest,  
By Thy gift and through Thy Son:  
In me Thou Thyself portrayest,  
As in one small drop the sun.  
Naught! Yet life I feel throughout me,  
Upward fly with eager heart.  
That Thou art, my soul supposes,  
Tries, and with this reas'ning closes:  
Sure I am, hence Thou too art.

Yes, Thou art—all nature tells me;  
Whispers back my heart the thought;  
Reason now to this impels me:  
Since Thou art, I am not naught:  
Part of Thine entire creation,  
Set in nature's middle station  
By Thine order I abide;  
Where Thou endest forms terrestrial  
And beginnest souls celestial,  
Chains of beings by me tied.

I'm the link of worlds existing,  
Last high grade of matter I,  
Center of all life subsisting,  
First touch of divinity.  
Death to dust my body sunders.  
In my mind I wield the thunders.  
I'm a king, a slave to Thee:  
I'm a worm, a god! Whence hither  
Came I, wonderful? Oh, whither?  
By myself I could not be.

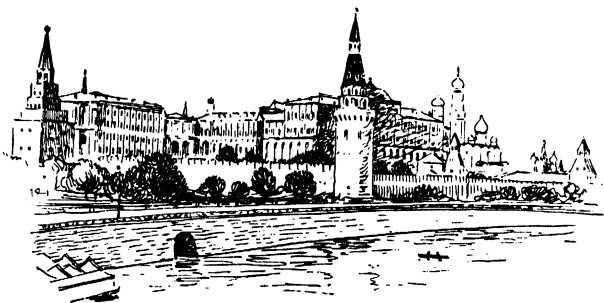
Thine am I, Thou great Creator,  
Outcome of Thy wisdom sole;  
Fount of life, blest conservator;  
Of my soul the king and soul!  
Needful to Thy just decreeing  
Was it that my deathless being  
Pass to Thee through death's abyss:

That my soul, in body vested.  
Wend, by death refined and tested,  
Father, to Thy deathlessness.

Traceless One, unfathomable!  
Now I cannot see Thy face:  
My imagining 's too feeble  
E'en Thy shadow here to trace;  
But, if we must sing Thy glory,  
Feeble mortals, to adore Thee  
In a worthy attitude,  
We must rise to Thee to wreath Thee,  
Lost in distance far beneath Thee,  
And—shed tears of gratitude.



A VILLAGE PRIEST



## CHAPTER IV

### THE PERIOD OF ALEXANDER I

**K**ARAMZIN AND HIS TIME. The romanticism of the West began to exert its influence upon Russia at the end of the eighteenth century. In the reign of Alexander I it was in full blast, under V. A. Zhukovski (1783–1852), whose earliest poem was a translation of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* and who devoted himself to Young and Bürger. His original productions do not compare favorably with his translations, although his *Lyudmila*, which is an imitation of Bürger's *Leonore*, enjoyed an enormous popularity as the first romantic poem in the Russian language. But even before Zhukovski the German romanticism had found a lodging through N. M. Karamzin (1765–1826), who as early as 1783 had translated one of Gesner's idyls and a little later Haller's didactic poem, *On the Origin of Evil*. In 1786 he translated

Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, and in the introduction to this he defended Shakespeare against Voltaire. That this new attitude toward the English author is due to the writings of Lessing is proved by the fact that very soon afterward he translated Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*. Karamzin then passed some time in England, which still further strengthened his admiration for Shakespeare and English literature in general. Karamzin's greatest desert is the stabilization of the Russian literary style, which heretofore had been subject to many changes. Lomonosov had created out of the Church Slavic and conversational language a middle diction, which he proposed for all works not of an ecclesiastic or every-day nature, but it was Karamzin who ultimately refined the norm so as to make it serve for all purposes and abandoned the complex periodic structure for the brief sententiousness of the English language, and Karamzin's diction has remained until the present. He justly could exclaim:

Honor and glory be to our language which in its native wealth, almost without any foreign admixture, flows like a proud, majestic river,—rumbles and thunders and suddenly, if there be need, softens and murmurs as a gentle brook and voluptuously penetrates your soul, producing all measures that may be found in the rise and fall of the human voice.

As the historiographer of Russia, Karamzin wrote a many-tomed history of Russia, which for a long time was eagerly read, not only in



ANCIENT MONASTERY  
NOVGOROD





Russia but elsewhere in Europe, although now it is well known that it is chiefly based on the works of German scholars in Russia and has little value except as literature. His sentimental novel, *Poor Liza* (1792), was not only a most popular novel, but the Simeon Monastery and Liza's Pond, described in it, became places of pilgrimage for sentimental souls. Another interesting work of his is the historical novel, *President Martha, or the Conquest of Novgorod*, which deals with the opposition of republican Novgorod to Ivan the Terrible. It begins as follows:

The council bell is heard, and the hearts flutter in Novgorod. Fathers of families tear themselves away from the embrace of wives and children, in order to hurry whither their country calls them. Consternation, curiosity, terror and hope draw the citizens in noisy crowds to the great square. All ask, and no one answers. There, opposite the ancient house of Yaroslav, are already gathered the *posadniks* (ex-chairmen) with golden medals on their breasts, thousand men with tall staffs, boyars, councilmen with standards, and eldersmen of all the five wards of Novgorod with their silver hatchets. But no one was as yet seen at the presiding place, where the marble statue of Vadim was reared. The people with their shouts drown the bell's sound, and demand the opening of the *vyeche* (council). Joseph Dyelinski, a distinguished citizen, who has been seven times worshipful *posadnik*, and each time with new deserts for the country and with new honors to his name, ascends the iron steps, bares his venerable gray head, humbly greets the people and announces that the Muscovite Prince has sent to Novgorod his Boyar who wishes to proclaim his demands in the hearing of all. The *posadnik* descends, and Ivan's Boyar appears in Vadim's place, proud of mien,

girded with a sword and encased in armor. This was the Voyevod, Prince Kholmski, a thoughtful, stern man, Ivan's right hand in military exploits, his eye in matters of state, brave in battle, eloquent in the Council. All are silent. The Boyar wishes to speak, but the youthful and haughty Novgorodians exclaim: "Humble yourself before the great nation!" he hesitates, and a thousand voices repeat: "Humble yourself before the great nation!" The Boyar doffs the helmet from his head, the noise dies down.

"Citizens of Novgorod!" he exclaims: "the Prince of Moscow and of all Russia speaks to you, pay heed!

"Savage nations love independence, wise nations love order, and there is no order without autocracy. Your ancestors wanted to govern themselves and became the prey of evil neighbors and still worse internal feuds. A virtuous old man, standing upon the threshold of eternity implored them to choose a ruler. They had faith in him, for a man at the gate of the tomb can speak only the truth.

"Citizens of Novgorod! In your walls the autocracy of the Russian land was born, confirmed, and glorified. Here the magnanimous Ryurik sat in judgment; in this place the ancient Novgorodians kissed the feet of their father and prince who settled internal discords and pacified and magnified their city. In this place they cursed the ruinous license and blessed the saving power of the One. Formerly terrible to themselves and unhappy in the eyes of their neighbors, the Novgorodians under the mighty hand of the Varyag hero became the terror and envy of other nations, and when brave Oleg moved with his soldiery to the southern border, all the Slavic tribes gladly submitted to him, and your ancestors, companions of his glory, could scarcely believe their greatness."

II. THE MINOR ROMANTIC POETS. Poetry, so auspiciously begun by Lomonosov, achieved its highest development in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. I. I. Dmitriev (1760–

1837) imitated La Fontaine; G. P. Kamenev (1772–1803) made an unfortunate attempt to introduce the German romanticism; Prince I. M. Dolgoruki (1764–1823), who worshiped Rousseau, sang in the sweetly-sentimental style; N. I. Gnyedich (1784–1833) translated Homer, and K. N. Batyushkov (1787–1855) in a masterly way made the Italian school and the Greek anthology known to Russia. Y. A. Neledinski-Meletski (1752–1829) wrote beautiful lyrics which were put to music and enjoyed great popularity. One of these sounds as follows, in Sir John Bowring's translation:

He whom misery, dark and dreary,  
 Robs of all his spirit's strength;  
 Hopeless—but that wasted, weary,  
 Nature shall repose at length—  
 Not a joy to sparkle o'er him,  
 Not a ray of promised light;  
 Till the deep grave yawns before him,  
 Till his eye is closed in night.

Such am I;—time's changes borrow  
 All their interest from thee:  
 Life is but a midnight sorrow,  
 Thou life's sun-shine veiled from me.  
 But those hopes, with angels seated,  
 Life and death can ne'er subdue;  
 And the heart to thee related,  
 Needs must be immortal too.

Can the spirit ever perish,  
 Which divine emotions fill?  
 Thee on earth I loved to cherish,  
 Thee in heaven must cherish still;

Like a shadow to thee clinging,  
 Ever following—ever nigh;  
 Up to thee each look is springing,  
 Every word, and thought, and sigh.

Up to thee, my saint, my lover?  
 Up to thee my soul is led:  
 Spirit, wilt thou deign to hover,  
 O'er my green and grassy bed?  
 Wilt thou from thy throne descending,  
 Catch thy fond one's dying breath?  
 Wilt thou, near his tomb attending,  
 Consecrate the dreams of death?

III. KRYLOV. The greatest triumph, however, was attained by J. A. Krylov (1768–1844), who began by writing for the stage; in 1806, by the advice of Dmitriev, he turned to translating *La Fontaine* and ended by composing fables of his own, of which there appeared no more than about 150 in a period of about thirty-five years, but they are masterpieces, and every school boy knows a considerable number of them by heart. They have been remarkably well rendered into English by I. Henry Harrison, who has supplied some of them with a commentary:

#### THE QUARTETTE

A Roguish Monkey,  
 A Goat, and Donkey,  
 With a great clumsy Bear,  
 Agreed in a Quartette to share.  
 They got their notes, two fiddles, flute, and bass,  
 And on a grass plot sat, under some limes,  
 Fain to enchant the world with skill and grace;  
 But how they struck up can't be told in rhymes.  
 "Stop, brothers, stop!" the Monkey cries, "Be quiet!

Your music ends in riot,  
Because you all are seated wrong:  
Thou Bruin, seat thee with thy bass  
Before the flute there, face to face!  
And thou, good second fiddler, take thy place  
Gainst this, which doth to me as first belong!  
Our music will now go apace,  
Rousing the woods and mountains into song."  
They change, and the Quartette begins;  
But by it music nothing wins,  
"Hold hard, the secret I have hit!"  
Bawls out the Donkey. "We shall get on better,  
If in a row we sit."  
The Donkey is obeyed unto the letter;  
They all sit in a row:  
Still the Quartette will not consent to go.  
Now worse than ever quarrel they, disputing,  
And refuting  
The place of each.  
It happened that a Nightingale their noise did reach;  
She flew to them; they asked her to decide;  
"Have patience here with us a space," they cried,  
"Set our quartette in order, that we may  
These notes and instruments correctly play;  
Above all show us how to sit!"  
"To be musicians first of all 'tis fit  
Talent to have, and good ears too,"  
Replied the judge that music knew;  
"But ye, my friends, whatever seats ye take,  
Musicians all your lives will never make."

[According to some, this alludes to a quadruple division into committees of the society called literally, "Conversations of the Friends of Russian Literature," to which Krylov belonged, and in which were first read a large number of his fables. This separation merely led to a useless multiplication of Secretaries and Presidents, and in no way advanced the work of the society. According to others, the fable alludes to a similar division of the

labors of the Council of State, and the disputes of the leaders about their titles and precedence. Kenevich considers either explanation equally applicable.]

#### THE CAT AND THE NIGHTINGALE

A Cat a Nightingale once caught,  
Into the poor thing stuck her claws,  
And gently squeezing her, she sought

To soothe with soft applause:

“My dearest Nightingale!

I hear that everywhere thy songs are praised,  
And thou above earth's singers raised.

My friend, the fox there, in the dale,  
Says, that so marvelously sweet thy throat

When from it trills the quivering note,  
The shepherds and the shepherdesses fail

To know themselves for joy.

Could'st thou not now employ

A talent which I die to hear?

Be not too stubborn, friend; tremble not thus with fear

Thou hast no cause; I will not eat thee, dear.

Sing me but something, and I make thee free.

It is from love of music that I keep

Thee, for I often purr myself to sleep.”

Meanwhile the hapless Bird,

Scarce breathing in her claws, not once had stirred.

“Well, well, begin!” encourages the Cat:

“A song, my friend, or else—have done with that!”

Our Songstress, though, won't sing, she can but  
whine.

“So, this is what the forests call divine!”

Spitting out scorn, the Cat doth ask:

“Where are the tones so clear thou once could'st taste,

Their wondrous strength, affirmed by all?

I could not stand it did my kittens squall

Thus, and I see in singing thou'rt a dunce,

So, let us try how well thou'lt taste for once!”

And she the singer ate,

To the last bone.

Shall I in whispers now my meaning here out set,

Reader, for thee alone?

A nightingale's best songs fall flat,

Caught in the sharp claws of a cat.

[All the contemporaries of Krylov agreed in understanding this fable to mean the censorship, then in all the rigor of a strong reaction, and the closing allusions to the necessity for "whispering" makes the allusion more evident and cutting.]

IV. GRIBOYEDOV'S DRAMA. The liberalism of Alexander I was only superficial, and beneath the surface there never ceased a ferment of discontent, not only with the political condition of the country but also with the social corruption of the time. The best minds gathered in secret societies and encouraged every movement that made for liberty, and these were caught in the whirlpool of the abortive Decembrist revolt, in 1825, when Ryl'eev, "the poet of liberty," was condemned to death. One of the men of this circle, A. S. Griboyedov (1795-1829), escaped this fate, because he was generally away from the capitals and from 1819 for several years served as ambassador to Persia. Upon his return in 1823 he worked on his comedy *Gore ot Uma* (*Intelligence Comes to Grief*), in which he mercilessly scourged the servility of the official class. Upon his return to Persia in 1829 he was killed in a riot at Teheran. Griboyedov's comedy has, like Fonvizin's *The Minor*, become a classic and still delights Russian audiences. We give here the beginning of the second act, in Bernadaky's translation:



## SCENE I

FAMUSOV *and his* FOOTMAN

*Famusov.* Petrushka! There is always something happening to you! I see you are out at the elbows again! Bring the almanac. Read it to me. Not like a parish-clerk, but with sentiment, sense, and correct pauses! Stop! Write on the blank page, opposite next week, "I am invited to the house of Praskovya Feodorovna to dinner." How marvelously this world is constituted! Begin to philosophize and your head turns round. To-day you keep diet—to-morrow you go to a great dinner party! In three days you don't digest what you eat in three hours! Mark for the same day; no, no, for Thursday, "*I am invited to a funeral.*" What a generation! It quite forgets that every one must at last go to the same place, to the small chest in which there is neither standing nor sitting room. *Here* is an example to all who wish to leave the memory of an honorable life. The deceased was a worthy chamberlain—with a key too—and contrived to leave it to his son. He was wealthy and married a rich wife. He lived to see his children and his grand-children married; he died, and everybody said with deep sorrow, "Poor Kuzma Petrovich! Peace be to him!" What illustrious dignitaries live and die in Moscow. Write on: "on Thursday," to bring the list to a close, "or perhaps on Friday, or it may be on Saturday, I must stand godfather to the child of the doctor's widow." She has not yet given birth to it, but according to my calculations, by that time it must be born!

## SCENE II

FAMUSOV, *the* FOOTMAN, *and* CHATSKI

*Famusov.* Ah! Alexander Andreevich. Come in! sit down!

*Chatski.* You are occupied?

*Famusov (to the FOOTMAN).* You may go! Yes; I am putting down all sorts of memoranda. My memory is so treacherous!

*Chatski.* You do not seem particularly gay. From what cause, tell me? Is my arrival ill-timed? Has anything disagreeable happened to Sophia Pavlovna? There is a restlessness in your face and motions.

*Famusov.* Here is a piece of news! I am not gay! Would you have me, at my age, start into a hornpipe?

*Chatski.* Nobody invites you to do so! I merely inquired for Sophia Pavlovna. Perhaps she is ill?

*Famusov.* The hundredth time you repeat the same thing! At one time you say that Sophia Pavlovna is the handsomest girl in the world, and then that Sophia Pavlovna is ill. Tell me at once: Do you love her? Now that you have traversed the world, do you intend to settle down as a married man?

*Chatski.* Why?

*Famusov.* It would not be amiss to ask my advice, as I am in some sort a relation of hers. At least from an old date I was not called papa for nothing.

*Chatski.* But what answer would you give me if I were to make a proposal?

*Famusov.* I would say, firstly, don't talk nonsense; secondly, keep your private affairs in order, and, above all, enter the service!

*Chatski.* Serve, willingly, be obsequious, never!

*Famusov.* You young fellows are all proud alike. But you ought to ask how your fathers acted! It would be much better to learn from those who are older than yourselves—from me, for example, or my late uncle Maxim Petrovich. His meals were served not only on silver but on gold plate, with a hundred servants in waiting. He was covered with decorations, and always drove a carriage and four. He passed his whole life at court—and *such* a court! How different from the present one! *It was the court of the Empress Catherine.* At that time all the courtiers weighed at least forty poods. Even if you bowed to the earth, *they* never honored you with a recognition. I shan't speak of magnates, who of course ate and drank differently from other people. As for my uncle, he was

worth a dozen princes, throwing as many counts into the bargain. He had a serious aspect and a haughty bearing, but in the presence of his superiors he could bend his body into a circle. Once at a great ball at the palace he slipped and fell so effectually as nearly to break his neck. The old man groaned deeply and was honored with an imperial smile. The Empress deigned to laugh. . . . What do you think he did? He rose, shook himself, made an effort to bow, and fell a second time, but intentionally. The laughter was continued!—A third time he performed the same feat. What is your opinion of that? We found it clever, for he rose by his fall! On account of exploits of this kind, who was always invited to the imperial card-table and favored with the most gracious words? Maxim Petrovich! Who was treated with most respect? Maxim Petrovich! It is no joke! Who used to scatter ranks and pensions? Maxim Petrovich! Yes! Who among you young fellows could hold the candle to him?

*Chatski.* It is true! the world is becoming stupid! we may say so with a sigh. Were we to compare the past century with the present, it would be difficult to believe—fresh as might be the tradition that the man whose neck was most supple was all the rage—that the brazen front was of more use in peace than in war, for they used their foreheads most unmercifully by beating them against the earth! Poverty was allowed to lie in the dust without attracting any compassionate look, while flattery was weaving its network around the great. Yes! It was indeed the century of fear and servility! All was done under the mask of zeal for the Sovereign (I make no allusion to your uncle; we shall leave his ashes in repose)!—However, now we find few amateurs ready to break their necks for the amusement of the public; and though there are always men prone to baseness, yet in our days the fear of ridicule deters them, and takes the place of honest shame. That is the cause of slow advancement in the service.

*Famusov.* Good Lord! He is a carbonaro!

*Chatski.* No! Society has changed.

*Famusov.* He is a dangerous individual!

*Chatski.* Everybody now breathes more freely, and is not in such haste to write himself down in the guild of buffoons.

*Famusov.* How he talks! And yet he talks well!

*Chatski.* To yawn and look at the ceiling of one's patron, to make one's bow, to shuffle about the drawing-room, to dine, to hand a chair, to pick up a handkerchief. . . .

*Famusov.* Good heavens! He is preaching revolutions!

*Chatski.* He who travels or lives in his country has . . .

*Famusov.* He has no respect for the powers that be!

*Chatski.* He who serves his country, and not certain personages . . .

*Famusov.* On such worthies I would inflict the severest penalties of the law, if caught within gun-shot of the capital!

*Chatski.* At last I will allow you to draw breath.

*Famusov.* You have driven me beyond the bounds of patience!

*Chatski.* I have been unmercifully severe on *your* century, and I now allow you to turn the tables upon ours. There's no danger of any tears!

*Famusov.* You are a stranger to me. I can't bear immorality!

*Chatski.* I am silent!

*Famusov* (*closing his ears*). Go on—I have shut my ears.

*Chatski.* But why? I shan't wound them.

*Famusov* (*apart*). In this way they course about the world, and without having learned anything they return.—How can any good be expected from them?

*Chatski.* I have ceased!

*Famusov.* Have mercy on me!

*Chatski.* I have no desire to continue the discussion.

*Famusov.* Leave me alone!

## SCENE III

*The same and a FOOTMAN*

*Footman.* Colonel Skalozub!

*Famusov* (not hearing nor seeing anything). But I don't lose hope of seeing you before the tribunal.

*Chatski.* A stranger has called!

*Famusov.* I don't hear a word!—*To the tribunal!*

*Chatski.* A gentleman wishes to present his report to you.

*Famusov.* I don't hear a word!—*To the tribunal, to the tribunal!*

*Chatski.* But turn around; you are wanted.

*Famusov.* Ah! a conspiracy! The devil to pay!

*Footman.* Colonel Skalozub!—Shall I admit him? What do you say?

*Famusov.* Asses! A hundred time have I repeated the same thing to you—Admit him, call him back, beg him to enter, tell him that I am at home, that I am delighted to see him! Be off! Make haste!

[*Exit FOOTMAN*]

*Famusov* (to *Chatski*). I entreat you, sir, to be prudent in his presence. He is a man of note, loaded with distinctions, and has a very important post. To-morrow he may become a general! I entreat you to restrain yourself in his presence. Ah! Alexander Andreevich, I did not expect such opinions from you . . . he often comes to me! You know I am glad to see everybody; but in Moscow they make a mountain of a mole-hill . . . they say that he intends to propose for Sophia . . . nonsense; I do not say that he would not be glad to do so, but I do not see any necessity to marry my daughter either to-day or to-morrow! Besides, Sophia is very young! Heaven knows what may happen. I entreat you not to speak at hap-hazard in his presence, and not to give way to your foolish ideas. But why does he not come in? What reason . . . Ah! I suppose he has entered my other apartment! .

[*Exits hurriedly*]

## SCENE IV

*Chatski (alone).* In what a flurry he is! And Sophy?  
. . . Is there no matrimony in all this? Why does she shun me, as though I were a stranger? Why is she not here? Who is this Skalozub? Her father is wrapped up in him. And perhaps not only the father.  
. . . Ah! no woman's love can stand an absence of three years!

## SCENE V

CHATSKI, FAMUSOV, and SKALOZUB

*Famusov.* Sergey Sergeich! I give you a right hearty welcome. Come in! You are completely frozen! We'll warm you! I'll make the stoves blaze!

*Skalozub (in a hoarse tone).* But why take that trouble yourself? Word of a soldier, you overpower me!

*Famusov.* My dear Sergey Sergeich, one may well take some trouble for so old a friend. Put down your hat and sword. Here's a sofa! Make yourself at ease!—

*Skalozub.* Wherever you please I can sit down. (*All three sit down—Chatski a little way off.*)

*Famusov.* By the by! not to forget the matter, I think we are related, though remotely; but that is of no consequence, as we have no heritage to quarrel about. We were both ignorant of this, till I learnt it, thanks to your cousin!—What relation are you to Natalia Nikolaevna?

*Skalozub.* I am sorry to say I don't know, as we never served together!

*Famusov.* Sergey Sergeich! how droll you are. I should find my relations out though they were at the bottom of the sea. In my chancery there are few strangers. Almost all are nephews or cousins. Molchalin alone is no relation of mine. And I keep him merely because he is useful.—When there are orders and places to be given, how can I overlook a relation?—Your own brother, an intimate friend of mine, has told me that he owed to you much of his rapid advancement in the service.

*Skalozub.* In the campaign of '13 my brother and I distinguished ourselves in the 30th Rifles, and afterwards in the 45th of the Line.

*Famusov.* Happy is the father of such a son! If I mistake not, your brother has received an Order.

*Skalozub.* Ah! Yes! For the memorable 3rd of August, on which we opened a trench. He received it in the buttonhole—I on the neck!

*Famusov.* What a noble fellow your brother is! And then his martial appearance!—How grateful I am to your cousin!

*Skalozub.* Yes! He is a good fellow, save for his new-fangled ideas! He was just going to be advanced, when all at once he left the service and retired to his country-seat to pore over a set of musty books.

*Famusov.* There is a youth for you! To go and read . . . and afterwards regret the step he has taken! You know better! You have been long a colonel, and yet you have been a shorter time in the service.

*Skalozub.* I have been very fortunate in my colleagues. There have often been openings for me. I have stepped over the heads of some, and others were killed.

*Famusov.* Sometimes Providence selects an individual from a crowd, and raises him to honor.

*Skalozub.* But there are many still more fortunate, without going out of our fifteenth division. Take, for example, our Brigadier-General.

*Famusov.* But you have everything you want!

*Skalozub.* I make no complaint. I have never suffered any great injustice, though they kept me waiting two years for my regiment.

*Famusov.* Is it possible? And yet there are few officers who have seen longer service.

*Skalozub.* Not a all! In our corps there are many who have served longer; but as you know, there are many ways of getting promotion. As to that point I am quite a philosopher. The rank of a general is the highest point of my ambition.

*Famusov.* Right again! I hope Providence will grant

your wish, and then it will be time for you to think of a wife!

*Skalozub.* A wife! I have no objection to that.

*Famusov.* Besides, one has got a sister, another a niece, and a third a daughter! There is no want of brides in Moscow. Ah! Colonel! you must acknowledge that it would be difficult to find another such capital.

*Skalozub.* It covers an immense space of ground!

*Famusov.* What taste, Colonel! What refinement of manners! The slightest motion is regulated by a fixed law! It is an ancient custom with us to honor the son of a rich father, even when he has nothing to distinguish him, provided he has a couple of thousand serfs. He is ever a welcome bridegroom! His rival may be as wise as Solomon, but they will never allow him to enter their families. This cannot surprise you, because it is in Moscow alone that the true value of noble birth is felt.—But this is not our only virtue! Look at our hospitality! We keep open table, particularly to a foreigner, whether he be an honest fellow or not . . . *that* is a matter of indifference—a cover is always laid for him! A Muscovite . . . from head to foot has a peculiar stamp! Take our young men, our sons and our grandsons. We don't flatter them, and yet at fifteen they are able to give lessons to their own teachers. And our old men . . . listen to them disputing . . . why! every word rings like a sentence of death. They are all of the ancient nobility, and don't care a fog for anybody! They even sometimes speak of the government in such a way that, were they overheard, there would be the devil to pay! It is not that they wish any innovations—Heaven forbid! No! But they lay hold of this or that point, and more frequently of nothing at all. They wrangle, make a disturbance, and . . . part in peace! If we judge them by their intelligence, they are worthy to be Lord High Chancellors. Let me tell you, the time is not yet come, but one day or another we shall want men of that stamp!



. . . And the ladies? He would be a rash man who ventured to dispute with them! *They* are the judges of all, and there is no judge over *them*! All your patience is needed when they occasionally make a revolt at cards. —I myself have been married. Why! they might head a battalion.—Irina Vlashevna, Lukerya Alekseevna, Tatiana Yuryevna, Pulkherya Andreevna, might be presidents of the senate, and the fate of him who has cast a bold look on their daughters is sealed forever. His Majesty the King of Prussia, during his last visit to Moscow, was justly astonished, more by the refined manners of the young ladies than by their beauty. And without a jest, where are to be found better educated girls? How becomingly they are always dressed in velvet, silk and gauze! They cannot utter a single syllable like other girls, but must always accompany it with a peculiar grimace. They sing French romances, and contrive to reach the highest notes in the scale. They flock round the young guardsmen . . . because they are patriots! I repeat that it would be difficult to find another such capital as Moscow!

*Skalozub.* In my opinion it owes a great part of its embellishment to the fire of 1812.

*Famusov.* Don't recall that event, for since that time the roads, the pavements, are all new.

*Chatski.* The houses are new, but the prejudices are old! Be under no alarm . . . neither years, nor fashions, nor conflagrations will destroy *them*.

*Famusov (to CHATSKI).* Ah! Be kind enough to make a knot in your handkerchief to remember my request (it is no great sacrifice) to be silent for a moment. (*Turning to SKALOZUB*). Allow me, sir, to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Chatski, the son of the late Andrey Ilich. He does not occupy any government place—that is to say, he has no desire to do so, but if he pleased he might be a useful man. It's a pity, sir, a great pity! He has a good head, writes a good hand, and translates tolerably. It is impossible to help regretting that such an intellect . . .

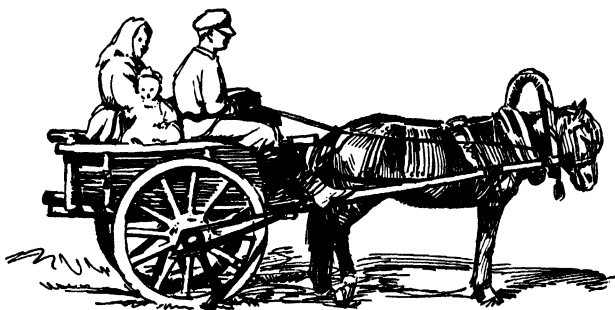
*Chatski.* If you have no objection, pray preserve your pity for somebody else. I would willingly be spared your praises.

*Famusov.* I am not alone in my opinion—all judge like myself.

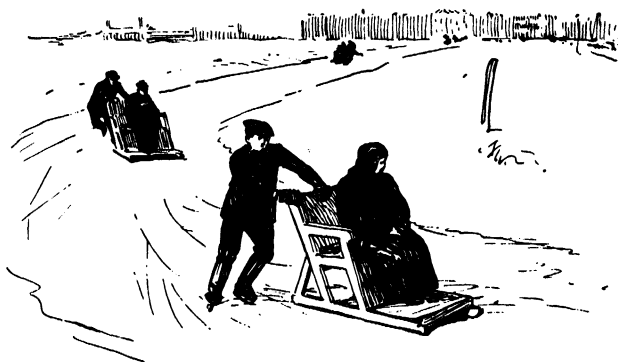
*Chatski.* And pray who are the judges? Their hatred towards us is of no great antiquity. *Their* opinions are all pilfered from the forgotten newspapers which announced the fall of Ochakov and the conquest of the Crimea. Always ready to preach homilies, and to croak the same everlasting lamentation, the older they become the worse they are! Show me the ancestors who ought to be our models. Those, perhaps, who have gorged themselves with plunder—who are only safe from the hands of justice by the protection of their friends—who, after rearing princely palaces, are dissolved in debauchery and dissipation, and strive, in the society of foreign hirelings, to revive the meanest traits of an ignoble past. But in Moscow all mouths are shut by dinners, by suppers, and by balls. And you . . . was it not you who, for some purposes unknown to me, first brought me to learn the base trade of servility? . . . Look at yonder Nestor of noble villains! He is surrounded by a crew of lackeys, who only show their zeal in debauchery and quarrels! Were one of them to save his life and honor . . . that would not prevent his patron from exchanging him for a leash of greyhounds. Now, turn towards the hoary dotard who, for the sake of a ballet of his own invention, tore all the children on his estates from the arms of their despairing fathers and mothers. His *Loves* and *Zephyrs* had made him indifferent to the rest of the world. It is true that all Moscow flocked to admire the ballet, but that did not procure from his creditors a longer delay, and his *Loves* and *Zephyrs* were brought to the hammer. Such are the men who now wear gray hair! Such are the men to whom we must look up with reverence! Such are our inexorable censors and judges! But woe to any one of the

rising generation who, above servility and aspiring to no rank or post, devotes his best energies to the pursuit of science, or is God-illuminated by the love of art, and of all that is beautiful! *He* is a murderer, an incendiary. *He* will be taunted with a dangerous Utopia. All their respect is reserved for the uniform, a one, which, in former times, concealed under its embroidered trappings the cowardice and imbecility of their natures, and they beckon *us* to follow them on the same glorious path. Their wives and daughters are victims of the same passion. It is not long since I felt something of the same childish admiration, for I was carried away by the same common impulse. You must remember when some of the guardsmen arrived at Moscow on a short visit, that all the women rent the air with acclamations, and threw up their caps in applause.

*Famusov.* He'll end by getting me also in a scrape. Sergey Sergeich, I will go and wait for you in my closet. [Exit



OFF TO MARKET



## CHAPTER V

### LITERATURE UNDER NICHOLAS I

**P**USHKIN. Every possible adaptation of Western literary models had been successfully accomplished in the reign of Alexander I, and all that was needed was a genius of the first order, to emerge from the foreign influences into native creation. This was left to A. S. Pushkin (1799–1837), who was descended on his father's side from a distinguished noble family and on his mother's side from a negro slave presented by the Sultan of Turkey to Peter the Great. He attended the Lyceum School at Tsarskoe Selo, and the poet Dershavin, who was present at the graduation, recognized in the valedictory verses read by Pushkin the germs of a new poetry, wherefore he said he placed his crown of poetry upon the youthful graduate.

Pushkin began his poetic career with the prevailing romanticism and produced an epic

in that style, *Ruslan and Lyudmila* (1820). He took a sympathetic part in the liberal movement, and his poem *Liberty* and some other political indiscretions caused him to be banished to the south of Russia; his stay in the Crimea and the Caucasus enhanced his romantic predilection, which caused him to study Byron, under whose influence he wrote some of his finest poems. It was Byron's *Don Juan* that led him to create a corresponding Russian hero in his beautiful novel in verse, *Evgeni Onyegin*. But it is not so much the blasé hero that makes the story attractive as the wonderful creation of Tatiana, the gentle maiden who grows up in the blissful surroundings of the country. We give here a few cantos from the translation by Spalding:

## CANTO THE FOURTH

## I

The less we love a lady fair  
The easier 'tis to gain her grace,  
And the more surely we ensnare  
Her in the pitfalls which we place.  
Time was when cold seduction strove  
To swagger as the art of love,  
Everywhere trumpeting its feats,  
Not seeking love but sensual sweets.  
But this amusement delicate  
Was worthy of that old baboon  
Our fathers used to dote upon;  
The Lovelaces are out of date,  
Their glory with their heels of red  
And long perukes hath vanishèd.

## II

For who imposture can endure,  
A constant harping on one tune,  
Serious endeavors to assure  
What everybody long has known;  
Ever to hear the same replies  
And overcome antipathies  
Which never have existed, e'en  
In little maidens of thirteen?  
And what like menaces fatigues,  
Entreaties, oaths, fictitious fear,  
Epistles of six sheets or near,  
Rings, tears, deceptions and intrigues,  
Aunts, mothers and their scrutiny,  
And husbands' tedious amity?

## III

Such were the musings of Eugene.  
He in the early years of life  
Had a deluded victim been  
Of error and the passions' strife.  
By daily life deteriorated,  
A while this beauty captivated,  
And that no longer could inspire.  
Slowly exhausted by desire,  
Yet satiated with success,  
In solitude or wordly din,  
He heard his soul's complaint within,  
With laughter smothered weariness:  
And thus he spent eight years of time,  
Destroyed the blossom of his prime.

## IV

Though beauty he no more adored,  
He still made love in a queer way;  
Rebuffed—as quickly reassured,  
Jilted—glad of a holiday.  
Without enthusiasm he met  
The fair, nor parted with regret,  
Scarce mindful of their love and guile.

Thus a guest with composure will  
To take a hand at whist oft come :  
He takes his seat, concludes his game,  
And straight returning whence he came,  
Tranquilly goes to sleep at home,  
And in the morning doth not know  
Whither that evening he will go.

## V

However, Tania's letter reading,  
Eugene was touched with sympathy ;  
The language of her girlish pleading  
Aroused in him sweet reverie.  
He called to mind Tatiana's grace,  
Pallid and melancholy face,  
And in a vision, sinless, bright,  
His spirit sank with strange delight,  
May be the empire of the sense  
Regained authority a while,  
But he desire not to beguile  
Such open-hearted innocence.  
But to the garden once again  
Wherein we lately left the twain.

## VI

Two minutes they in silence spent,  
Oneguine then approached and said :  
"You have a letter to me sent.  
Do not excuse yourself, I read  
Confessions which a trusting heart  
May well in innocence impart.  
Charming is your sincerity,  
Feelings which long had ceased to be  
It wakens in my breast again.  
But I came not to adulate :  
Your frankness I shall compensate  
By an avowal just as plain.  
An ear to my confession lend ;  
To thy decree my will I bend.

## VII

“If the domestic hearth could bless—  
My sum of happiness contained;  
If wife and children to possess  
A happy destiny ordained:  
If in the scenes of home I might  
E’en for an instant find delight,  
Then, I say truly, none but thee  
I would desire my bride to be—  
I say without poetic phrase,  
Found the ideal of my youth,  
Thee only would I choose, in truth,  
As partner of my mournful days,  
Thee only, pledge of all things bright,  
And be as happy—as I might.

## VIII

“But strange am I to happiness;  
’Tis foreign to my cast of thought;  
Me your perfections would not bless;  
I am not worthy them in aught;  
And honestly ’tis my belief  
Our union would produce but grief.  
Though now my love might be intense,  
Habit would bring indifference.  
I see you weep. Those tears of yours  
Tend not my heart to mitigate,  
But merely to exasperate;  
Judge then what roses would be ours,  
What pleasure Hymen would prepare  
For us, may be for many a year.

## IX

“What can be drearier than the house,  
Wherein the miserable wife  
Deplores a most unworthy spouse  
And leads a solitary life?  
The tiresome man, her value knowing,  
Yet curses on his fate bestowing,  
Is full of frigid jealousy,



Mute, solemn, frowning gloomily.  
Such am I. This did ye expect,  
When in simplicity ye wrote  
Your innocent and charming note  
With so much warmth and intellect?  
Hath fate apportioned unto thee  
This lot in life with stern decree?

## X

"Ideas and time ne'er backward move;  
My soul I cannot renovate—  
I love you with a brother's love,  
Perchance one more affectionate.  
Listen to me without disdain.  
A maid hath oft, may yet again  
Replace the visions fancy drew:  
Thus trees in spring their leaves renew  
As in their turn the seasons roll.  
'Tis evidently Heaven's will  
You fall in love again. But still—  
Learn to possess more self-control.  
Not all will like myself proceed—  
And thoughtlessness to woe might lead."—

## XI

Thus did our friend Oneguine preach:  
Tatiana, dim with tears her eyes,  
Attentive listened to his speech,  
All breathless and without replies.  
His arm he offers. Mute and sad  
(*Mechanically*, let us add),  
Tatiana doth accept his aid;  
And, hanging down her head, the maid  
Around the garden homeward hies.  
Together they returned, nor word  
Of censure for the same incurred;  
The country hath its liberties  
And privileges nice allowed,  
Even as Moscow, city proud.

## XII

Confess, O ye who this peruse,  
Oneguine acted very well  
By poor Tatiana in the blues;  
'Twas not the first time, I can tell  
You, he a noble mind disclosed,  
Though some men, evilly disposed,  
Spared him not their asperities.  
His friends and also enemies  
(One and the same thing it may be)  
Esteemed him much as the world goes.  
Yes! every one must have his foes,  
But Lord! from friends deliver me!  
The deuce take friends, my friends, amends  
I've had to make for having friends!

## XIII

But how? Quite so. Though I dismiss  
Dark, unavailing reverie,  
I just hint, in parenthesis,  
There is no stupid calumny  
Born of a babbler in a loft  
And by the world repeated oft,  
There is no fishmarket retort  
And no ridiculous report,  
Which your true friend with a sweet smile  
Where fashionable circles meet  
A hundred times will not repeat,  
Quite inadvertently meanwhile;  
And yet he in your cause would strive  
And loves you as—a relative!

## XIV

Ahem! Ahem! My reader noble,  
Are all your relatives quite well?  
Permit me; is it worth the trouble  
For your instruction here to tell  
What I by relatives conceive?  
These are your relatives, believe:  
Those whom we ought to love, caress,

With spiritual tenderness;  
Whom, as the custom is of men,  
We visit about Christmas Day,  
Or by a card our homage pay.  
That until Christmas comes again  
They may forget that we exist.  
And so—God bless them if He list.

## XV

In this the love of the fair sex  
Beats that of friends and relatives:  
In love, although its tempests vex,  
Our liberty at least survives:  
Agreed! but then the whirl of fashion,  
The natural fickleness of passion,  
The torrent of opinion,  
And the fair sex as light as down!  
Besides the hobbies of a spouse  
Should be respected throughout life  
Be every proper-minded wife,  
And this the faithful one allows,  
When in an instant she is lost,—  
Satan will jest, and at love's cost.

## XVI

Oh! where bestow our love? Whom trust?  
Where is he who doth not deceive?  
Who words and actions will adjust  
To standards in which we believe?  
Oh! who is not calumnious?  
Who labors hard to humor us?  
To whom are our misfortunes grief  
And who is not a tiresome thief?  
My venerated reader, oh!  
Cease the pursuit of shadows vain,  
Spare yourself unavailing pain  
And all your love on self bestow:  
A worthy object 'tis, and well  
I know there's none more amiable.

## XVII

But from the interview what flowed?  
Alas! It is not hard to guess.  
The insensate fire of love still glowed  
Nor discontinued to distress  
A spirit which for sorrow yearned.  
Tatiana more than ever burned  
With hopeless passion: from her bed  
Sweet slumber winged its way and fled.  
Her health, life's sweetness and its bloom,  
Her smile and maidenly repose,  
All vanished as an echo goes.  
Across her youth a shade had come,  
As when the tempest's veil is drawn  
Across the smiling face of dawn.

## XVIII

Alas! Tatiana fades away,  
Grows pale and sinks, but nothing says;  
Listless is she the livelong day  
Nor interest in aught betrays.  
Shaking with serious air the head,  
In whispers low the neighbors said:  
'Tis time she to the altar went!  
But enough! Now, 'tis my intent  
The imagination to enliven  
With Love which happiness extends;  
Against my inclination, friends,  
By sympathy I have been driven.  
Forgive me! Such is the love I bear  
My heroine, Tatiana dear.

It is difficult to select from the great mass of Pushkin's lyrical poems some models, since they all are of a high degree of excellence. Soon after his *Ruslan and Lyudmila* there appeared *The Bakhchisaray Fountain*, *The Prisoner of the Caucasus*, and other poems

dealing with his Southern experience. Karamzin's *History* directed his attention to the Russian antiquity, and the result of this was the beautiful ballad, *Lay Concerning the Wise Oleg*. When he returned from the South, the government relegated him to his paternal estate, where he devoted himself to the study of popular literature, and some of his finest lyrics date from that period. We give here a few poems, as translated by T. B. Shaw:

OCTOBER 19, 1825

The woods have doff'd their garb of purple gold;  
The faded fields with silver frost are steaming;  
Through the pale clouds the sun, reluctant gleaming,  
Behind the circling hills his disk hath roll'd.  
Blaze brightly, hearth! my cell is dark and lonely:  
And thou, O Wine, thou friend of Autumn chill,  
Pour through my heart a joyous glow—if only  
One moment's brief forgetfulness of ill!

Ay, I am very sad; no friend is here  
With whom to pledge a long unlooked-for meeting,  
To press his hand in eagerness of greeting,  
And wish him life and joy for many a year.  
I drink alone; and Fancy's spells awaken—  
With a vain industry—the voice of friends:  
No well-known footstep strikes mine ear forsaken,  
No well-beloved face my heart attends.

I drink alone; ev'n now, on Neva's shore,  
Haply my name on friendly lips had trembled . . . .  
Round that bright board, say, are ye *all* assembled?  
Are there no other names ye count no more?  
Has our good custom been betray'd by others?  
Whom hath the cold world lured from ye away?  
Whose voice is silent in the call of brothers?  
Who is not come? Who is not with you? Say!

*He* is not come, he of the curled hair,  
He of the eye of fire and sweet-voiced numbers :  
Beneath Italia's myrtle-groves he slumbers ;  
He slumbers well, although no friend was there,  
Above the lonely grave where he is sleeping,  
A Russian line to trace with pious hand,  
That some sad wanderer might read it weeping—  
Some Russian, wandering in a foreign land.

Art *thou* too seated in the friendly ring,  
O restless Pilgrim? Haply now thou ridest  
O'er the long tropic-wave ; or now abidest  
'Mid seas with ice eternal glimmering !  
Thrice happy voyage! . . . With a jest thou leapedst  
From the Lyceum's threshold to thy bark,  
Thenceforth thy path aye on the main thou keptest,  
O child beloved of wave and tempest dark !

Well hast thou kept, 'neath many a stranger sky,  
The loves, the hopes of Childhood's golden hour :  
And old Lyceum scenes, by memory's power,  
'Mid lonely waves have ris'n before thine eye :  
Thou wav'dst thy hand to us from distant ocean,  
Ever thy faithful heart its treasure bore ;  
"A long farewell!" thou criedst, with fond emotion,  
"Unless our fate hath doom'd we meet no more."  
The bond that binds us, friends, is fair and true !  
Destructless as the soul, and as eternal—  
Careless and free, unshakable, fraternal,  
Beneath the Muses' friendly shade it grew.  
We are the same : wherever Fate may guide us,  
Or Fortune lead—wherever we may go,  
The world is aye a foreign land beside us :  
*Our* father land is Tsarskoe Selo !

From clime to clime, pursued by storm and stress,  
In destiny's dark nets long time I wrestled,  
Until on Friendship's lap I fluttering nestled,  
And bent my weary head for her caress . . .

With wistful prayers, with visionary grieving,  
With all the trustful hope of early years,  
I sought new friends with zeal and new believing;  
But bitter was their greeting to mine ears.

And even here, in this lone dwelling place  
Of desert-storm, of cold and desolation,  
There was prepared for me a consolation:  
Three of ye here, O friends: did I embrace.  
Thou enteredst first the poet's house of sorrow,  
O Pustchin! thanks be with ye, thanks, and praise  
Ev'n exile's bitter day from thee could borrow  
The light and joy of old Lyceum-days.

Thee too, my Gorchakov; although thy name  
Was Fortune's spell, though her cold gleam was on thee,  
Yet from thy noble thoughts she never won thee:  
To honor and thy friends thou'rt still the same.  
Far different paths of life to us were fated,  
Far different roads before our feet were traced,  
In a by-road, but for a moment mated,  
We met by chance, and brotherly embraced.

When sorrow's flood o'erwhelmed me, like a sea;  
And like an orphan, houseless, poor, unfriended,  
My head beneath the storm I sadly bended,  
Seer of the Aonian maids! I look'd for thee:  
Thou camest—lazy child of inspiration,  
My Delvig; and thy voice awaken'd straight  
In this numb'd heart the glow of consolation;  
And I was comforted, and bless'd my fate.

Even in infancy within us burn'd  
The light of song—the poet-spell had bound us;  
Even in infancy there flittered round us  
Two Muses, whose sweet glamour soon we learn'd.  
Even then I loved applause—that vain delusion!—  
*Thou* sang'st but for thy Muse, and for thy heart;  
I squander'd gifts and life with rash profusion,  
*Thou* cherishedst thy gifts in peace apart.

The worship of the Muse no care beseems;  
The Beautiful is calm, and high, and holy;  
Youth is a cunning counselor—of folly!—  
Lulling our sense with vain and empty dreams . . .  
Upon the past we gaze—the same, yet other—  
And find no trace,—We wake, alas! too late.  
Was it not so with us, Delvig, my brother?—  
My brother in our Muse as in our fate!

'Tis time, 'tis time! Let us once more be free!  
The world's not worth this torturing resistance!  
Beneath retirement's shade will glide existence—  
Thee, my belated friend—I wait for thee!  
Come! with the flame of an enchanted story  
Tradition's lore shall wake, our hearts to move;  
We'll talk of Caucasus, of war, of glory,  
Of Schiller, and of genius, and of love.

'Tis time no less for me . . . Friends, feast amain!  
Behold, a joyful meeting is before us;  
Think of the poet's prophecy; for o'er us  
A year shall pass, and we shall meet again!  
My vision's covenant shall have fulfilling;  
A year—and I shall be with ye once more!  
Oh, then, what shouts, what hand-grasps warm and thrill-  
ing!  
What goblets skyward heaved with merry roar!

Unto our Union consecrated be  
The first we drain—fill higher yet, and higher!  
Bless it, O Muse, in strains of raptured fire!  
Bless it! All hail, Lyceum! hail to thee!—  
To those who led our youth with care and praises,  
Living and dead! the next we grateful fill;  
Let each, as to his lips the cup he raises,  
The good remember, and forget the ill.

Feast, then, while we are here, while yet we may:  
Hour after hour, alas! Time thins our numbers;



One pines afar, one in the coffin slumbers;  
 Days fly; Fate looks on us; we fade away;  
 Bending insensibly to earth, and chilling,  
 We near our starting-place with many a groan . . .  
 Whose lot will be in old age to be filling  
 On this Lyceum-day, his cup *alone*?

Unhappy friend! Amid a stranger race,  
 Like guest intrusive, that superfluous lingers,  
 He'll think of us that day, with quivering fingers  
 Hiding the tears that wet his wrinkled face . . .  
 O, may he then at least, in mournful gladness,  
 Pass with his cup this day for ever dear,  
 As even I, in exile and in sadness,  
 Yet with a fleeting joy, have pass'd it here!

## THE MOB

"Procul este, profani!"

A Poet o'er his glowing lyre  
 A wild and careless hand had flung.  
 The base, cold crowd, that nought admire,  
 Stood round, responseless to his fire,  
 With heavy eye and mocking tongue.

"And why so loudly is he singing?"

('Twas thus that idiot mob replied,)

"His music in our ears is ringing;

But whither flows that music's tide?

What doth it teach? His art is madness!

A wayward necromantic spell!

Free as the breeze his music floweth,

But fruitless, too, as breeze that bloweth,

What doth it profit, Poet, tell?"

*Poet.* Cease, idiot, cease thy loathsome cant!

Day-laborer, slave of toil and want!

I hate thy babble vain and hollow.

Thou art a worm, no child of day:

Thy god is Profit—thou wouldst weigh

By pounds the Belvedere Apollo.

Gain—gain alone to thee is sweet.  
The marble is a god! . . . what of it  
Thou count'st a pie-dish far above it—  
A dish wherein to cook thy meat!

*Mob.* But, if thou be'st the Elect of Heaven,  
The gist that God has largely given,  
Thou shouldst then for our good impart  
To purify thy brother's heart.  
Yes, we are base, and vile, and hateful,  
Cruel, and shameless, and ungrateful—  
Impotent and heartless tools,  
Slaves, and slanderers, and fools.  
Come then, if charity doth sway thee,  
Chase from our hearts the viper-brood;  
However stern, we will obey thee;  
Yes, we will listen, and be good!

*Poet.* Begone, begone! What common feeling  
Can e'er exist 'twixt ye and me?  
Go on, your souls in vices steeling;  
The lyre's sweet voice is dumb to ye:  
Go! foul as reek of charnel-slime,  
In every age, in every clime,  
Ye aye have felt, and yet ye feel,  
Scourge, dungeon, halter, axe, and wheel.  
Go, hearts of sin and heads of trifling,  
From your vile streets, so foul and stifling,  
They sweep the dirt—no useless trade!  
But when, their robes with ordure staining,  
Did e'er your *priests* ply broom and spade?  
'Twas not for life's base agitation  
That *we* were born—for gain nor care—  
No—we were born for inspiration,  
For love, for music, and for prayer.

## PRESENTIMENT

Clouds anew have gather'd o'er me,  
Sad and grim, and dark and still;  
Black and menacing before me  
Glooms the Destiny of ill . . .

In contempt with fate contending,  
Shall I bring, to meet her flood,  
The enduring and unbending  
Spirit of my youthful blood?

Worn with life-storm, cold and dreary,  
Calmly I await the blast,  
Saved from wreck, yet wet and weary,  
I may find a port at last.

See, it comes—the hour thou fearest!  
Hour escapeless! We must part!  
Haply now I press thee, dearest,  
For the last time, to my heart.

Angel mild and unrepining,  
Gently breathe a fond farewell—  
Thy soft eyes, through tear-drops shining,  
Raised or lower'd—shall be my spell:

And thy memory abiding,  
To my spirit shall restore  
The hope, the price, the strong confiding  
Of my youthful days once more.

#### THE FEAST OF PETER THE FIRST

O'er the Neva gaily dancing,  
Flag and pennant flutter fair:  
From the boats, in line advancing,  
Oars-men's chorus fills the air.  
Loud and joyous guests assembling  
Throng the palace of the Tsar;  
And to cannon-crash is trembling  
All the Neva from afar.

Wherefore feasts our Tsar of Wonders?  
Why is Petersburg so gay?  
Why those shouts and cannon-thunders,  
And the fleet in war array?

Is new glory dawning o'er ye,  
Russia's Eagle, Russia's Sword?  
Has the stern Swede fled before ye?  
Has the foe for peace implored?

Is it Brandt's slight boat, appearing  
On the shore that *was* the Swede's?  
Through our young fleet proudly steering  
Like a *grandame* she proceeds.  
They, her giant-brood, seem kneeling  
'Fore their grandame—black and grim;  
And to Science' name are pealing  
Cannon-crash and choral hymn.

Is't Poltava, red and glorious,  
That he feasts—the Lord of War?  
When his Empire's life, victorious,  
Saved from Charles the Russian Tsar?  
Greet they Catherine's saint, those thunders?  
Hath she given a Prince to life?  
Of our Giant-Tsar of Wonders,  
She, the raven-tressèd wife?

No! a Subject's crime remitting,  
To the guilty, guilt he sinks;  
By a Subject's side he's sitting,  
From a Subject's cup he drinks:  
And his brow he kisses, smiling,  
Gay of heart, and bright of eye;  
And he feasts a Reconciling  
Like some mighty Victory.

Hence those shouts of joy and wonder;  
Hence is Petersburg so gay;  
Hence the songs and cannon-thunder,  
And the fleet in war array;  
Hence the guests in joy assembling;  
Hence the full cup of the Tsar;  
Hence, with cannon-crash, is trembling  
All the Neva from afar.

Pushkin wrote one tragedy, *Boris Godunov*, but it is not adapted for the stage. His historical reading led him to the study of the Pugachev Rebellion, and the result was the interesting story, *The Captain's Daughter*. His minor prose stories are all in the same romantic vein. A summary of *The Queen of Spades* will give an example of Pushkin's tales of this kind:

At a card party, in a certain Narumov's room, Tomski, a young Russian nobleman, tells the story of how his grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedorovna, who was once a famous beauty, paid back a large sum of money which she had lost at cards to the Duke of Orleans. Her husband had refused to pay the debt, and in her despair she called on a remarkable old character, the Count St. Germain, to help her out of her financial difficulty. Instead of lending her the money, of which he had plenty, he told her of three cards, which, if played in proper succession, would win back to her all that she had lost. Since that time she has only revealed the secret cards to one person, and then only after extracting a promise of secrecy from him and also a promise never to touch cards again.

Hermann, a young Russian of slender means, is very much interested in the story. He has a passionate fondness for cards, but because of his small income is not in the position "to sacrifice the necessary in hope of winning the superfluous." He is later attracted to the



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RUSSIAN PEASANTS



home of the old Countess, and while gazing up at the windows sees Lizaveta Ivanovna, the Countess's companion. They become acquainted by letters, and plan to meet a certain night in Lizaveta's room, Hermann gaining an entrance to the house while the Countess is at a dance. Instead of going to Lizaveta's room, he remains hidden in the room of the Countess, and there awaits her return. When she is about to retire for the night, Hermann presents himself and pleads with her to give him the secret of the three cards. Finding his pleadings without effect, Hermann threatens her with a pistol, and the Countess falls dead. By obtaining from Lizaveta the key to a secret passage, Hermann escapes unseen to the street. Three days later, Hermann, who is exceedingly superstitious and fears that the Countess may exert an evil influence on his life, repairs to the convent where the remains of the Countess lie, in order to implore her pardon. He approaches the coffin and kneels in prayer. When at length he arises, he bends over the corpse, and the Countess seems to look at him mockingly and wink her eye. Hermann falls fainting to the ground. That night he awakens while it is still dark, and can sleep no more. He sits up in his bed and thinks of the funeral of the old Countess. We shall give the rest in Keane's translation:

At that moment somebody in the street looked in at his window, and immediately passed on again. Hermann paid no attention to this incident. A few moments



afterwards he heard the door of his ante-room open. Hermann thought that it was his orderly, drunk as usual, returning from some nocturnal expedition, but presently he heard footsteps that were unknown to him: somebody was walking softly over the floor in slippers. The door opened, and a woman dressed in white, entered the room. Hermann mistook her for his old nurse, and wondered what could bring her there at that hour of the night. But the white woman glided rapidly across the room and stood before him—and Hermann recognized the Countess!

"I have come to you against my wish," she said in a firm voice: "but I have been ordered to grant your request. Three, seven, ace, will win for you if played in succession, but only on these conditions: that you do not play more than one card in twenty-four hours, and that you never play again during the rest of your life. I forgive you my death, on condition that you marry my companion, Lizaveta Ivanovna."

With these words she turned round very quietly, walked with a shuffling gait toward the door and disappeared. Hermann heard the street-door open and shut, and again he saw some one look in at him through the window.

For a long time Hermann could not recover himself. He then rose up and entered the next room. His orderly was lying asleep upon the floor, and he had much difficulty in waking him. The orderly was drunk as usual, and no information could be obtained from him. The street-door was locked. Hermann returned to his room, lit his candle, and wrote down all the details of his vision.

Two fixed ideas can no more exist together in the moral world than two bodies can occupy one and the same place in the physical world. "Three, seven, ace" soon drove out of Hermann's mind the thought of the dead Countess. "Three, seven, ace" were perpetually running through his head and continually being repeated by his lips. If he saw a young girl, he would say: "How slender she is! quite like the three of hearts." If any-

body asked: "What is the time?" he would reply: "Five minutes to seven." Every stout man that he saw reminded him of the ace. "Three, seven, ace" haunted him in his sleep, and assumed all possible shapes. The threes bloomed before him in the forms of magnificent flowers, the sevens were represented by Gothic portals, and the aces became transformd into gigantic spiders. One thought alone occupied his whole mind—to make a profitable use of the secret which he had purchased so dearly. He thought of applying for a furlough so as to travel abroad. He wanted to go to Paris and tempt fortune in some of the public gambling-houses that abounded there. Chance spared him all this trouble.

There was in Moscow a society of rich gamesters, presided over by the celebrated Chekalinsky, who had passed all his life at the card-table and had amassed millions, accepting bills of exchange for his winnings and paying his losses in ready money. His long experience secured for him the confidence of his companions, and his open house, his famous cook, and his agreeable and fascinating manners gained for him the respect of the public. He came to St. Petersburg. The young men of the capital flocked to his rooms, forgetting balls for cards, and preferring the emotions of faro to the seductions of flirting. Narumov conducted Hermann to Chekalinsky's residence.

They passed through a suite of magnificent rooms, filled with attentive domestics. The place was crowded. Generals and Privy Counselors were playing at whist; young men were lolling carelessly upon the velvet-covered sofas, eating ices and smoking pipes. In the drawing-room, at the head of a long table, around which were assembled about a score of players, sat the master of the house keeping the bank. He was a man of about sixty years of age, of a very dignified appearance; his head was covered with silvery-white hair; his full, florid countenance expressed good-nature, and his eyes twinkled with a perpetual smile. Narumov introduced Hermann to him. Chekalinsky shook him by the hand in a friendly

manner, requested him not to stand on ceremony, and then went on dealing.

The game occupied some time. On the table lay more than thirty cards. Chekalinsky paused after each throw, in order to give the players time to arrange their cards and note down their losses, listened politely to their requests, and more politely still, put straight the corners of cards that some player's hand had chanced to bend. At last the game was finished. Chekalinsky shuffled the cards and prepared to deal again.

"Will you allow me to take a card?" said Hermann, stretching out his hand from behind a stout gentleman who was punting.

Chekalinsky smiled and bowed silently, as a sign of acquiescence. Narumov laughingly congratulated Hermann on his abjuration of that abstention from cards which he had practiced for so long a period, and wished him a lucky beginning.

"Stake!" said Hermann, writing some figures with chalk on the back of his card.

"How much?" asked the banker, contracting the muscles of his eyes; "excuse me, I cannot see quite clearly."

"Forty-seven thousand roubles," replied Hermann.

At these words every head in the room turned suddenly round, and all eyes were fixed upon the man who was plunging so heavily.

"He has taken leave of his senses!" thought Narumov.

"Allow me to inform you," said Chekalinsky, with his eternal smile, "that you are playing very high; nobody here has ever staked more than two hundred and seventy-five roubles at once."

"Very well," replied Hermann; "but do you accept my card or not?"

Chekalinsky bowed in token of consent.

"I only wish to observe," said he, "that although I have the greatest confidence in my friends, I can only play against ready money. For my own part, I am quite convinced that your word is sufficient, but for the sake of

the order of the game, and to facilitate the reckoning up, I must ask you to put the money on your card."

Hermann drew from his pocket a bank-note and handed it to Chekalinsky, who, after examining it in a cursory manner, placed it on Hermann's card.

He began to deal. On the right a nine turned up, and on the left a three.

"I have won!" said Hermann, showing his card.

A murmur of astonishment arose among the players. Chekalinsky frowned, but the smile quickly returned to his face.

"Do you wish me to settle with you?" he said to Hermann.

"If you please," replied the latter.

Chekalinsky drew from his pocket a number of bank-notes and paid at once. Hermann took up his money and left the table. Narumov could not recover from his astonishment. Hermann drank a glass of lemonade and returned home.

The next evening he again repaired to Chekalinsky's. The host was dealing. Hermann walked up to the table; the punters immediately made room for him. Chekalinsky greeted him with a gracious bow.

Hermann waited for the next deal, took a card and placed upon it his forty-seven thousand roubles, together with his winnings of the previous evening.

Chekalinsky began to deal. A knave turned up on the right, a seven on the left.

Hermann showed his seven.

There was a general exclamation. Chekalinsky was evidently ill at ease, but he counted out the ninety-four thousand roubles and handed them over to Hermann, who pocketed them in the coolest manner possible and immediately left the house.

The next evening Hermann appeared again at the table. Every one was expecting him. The generals and Privy Counselors left their whist in order to watch such extraordinary play. The young officers quitted their sofas, and even the servants crowded into the room. All

pressed round Hermann. The other players left off punting, impatient to see how it would end. Hermann stood at the table and prepared to play alone against the pale, but still smiling Chekalinsky. Each opened a pack of cards. Chekalinsky shuffled. Hermann took a card and covered it with a pile of bank-notes. It was like a duel. Deep silence reigned around.

Chekalinsky began to deal; his hands trembled. On the right a queen turned up, and on the left an ace.

"Ace has won!" cried Hermann, showing his card.

"Your queen has lost," said Chekalinsky, politely.

Hermann started; instead of an ace, there lay before him the queen of spades! He could not believe his eyes, nor could he understand how he had made such a mistake.

At that moment it seemed to him that the queen of spades smiled ironically and winked her eye at him. He was struck by her remarkable resemblance. . . .

"The old Countess!" he exclaimed, seized with terror.

Chekalinsky gathered up his winnings. For some time, Hermann remained perfectly motionless. When at last he left the table, there was a general commotion in the room.

"Splendidly punted!" said the players. Chekalinsky shuffled the cards afresh, and the game went on as usual.

Hermann went out of his mind, and is now confined in room Number 17 of the Oboukhoff Hospital. He never answers any questions, but he constantly mutters with unusual rapidity: "Three, seven, ace! Three, seven, queen!"

II. LERMONTOV (1814-1841). Pushkin is the Byron of Russian literature, while Lermontov is its Shelley. Just as in Shelley the romanticism was etherialized into an indefinite longing for freedom through revolt, so Lermontov uses his poetry as an expression of contempt for the philistinism of Russian life and

of struggling for a union with nature. He was even more refined than Pushkin in sentiments, and more intensely romantic than he. Unfortunately for Russia, he died in a duel at the age of twenty-seven, when his development had not yet reached its apogee, and the most brilliant poet has to be judged only by the few volumes he has left behind. But these contain the whole gamut of passion and despair, of hope and spiritual triumph. Lermontov is less accessible to the people at large than is Pushkin, but the intellectually refined turn rather to Lermontov than to Pushkin for a portrayal of the innermost feelings that have actuated not only the men of his own time but of all time and in all climes. Lermontov is Russia's universal poet.

There is not a sentiment that is not touched upon in Lermontov's exquisite lyrics. Each one of them is a gem, and, as the critic Byelinski said, "everything is contained in Lermontov's poetry—heaven and earth, paradise and hell." Like all the Russian romanticists he reveled in the exotic nature of the Caucasus and preferably placed the scenes of his poems in that country. *Ishmael Bey*, one of his earliest epics, describes the struggle of the mountaineers of the Caucasus against the Russian rule. Ishmael is torn by contrary passions. He has tasted the fruits of a foreign civilization, but he loves his native mountain fastnesses even more. He tries to divest himself of that which has been superimposed on his

unrestrained primitive nature, but the struggle is in vain, and he succumbs to despair. Lermontov later again returned to this love for freedom in the mountaineers of the Caucasus, in his *Mtsyri*, which tells of a Circassian boy who was being trained to become a monk, but who could not withstand the call of the mountains, and for four days wandered about until overcome by fatigue. Just before his death he tells of his unconquerable desire to taste freedom once more.

In 1829 Lermontov began to work on his superb poem, *The Demon*, which was not finished at his death. In this he treated of the transformation of the Spirit of Evil wrought by his love for the nun Tamara. Lermontov also wrote a novel, *The Hero of Our Time*, which, as the title indicates, was trying to determine the typical Russian of his day, and which did not succeed in getting a more positive character than found in Pushkin's *Evgeni Onyegin*. The hero is just such a refined, cultured, blasé man, with no definite purpose in life.

We give here a passage from *The Demon*, in Stephen's translation, and of *Mtsyri*, in Conant's translation:

## THE DEMON

### FIRST CANTO

#### I

The exiled Demon, Spirit of Despair,  
Was flying o'er earth's sinful climes;  
While in his weary brain rose, dark and bare,

Remembrances of happier times,—  
 When, pure and holy, in the realms of light  
 He shone amid God's cherubim;  
 When, coursing in its golden tracks at night,  
 The fleeting Comet ever would delight  
 To interchange a smile with him;  
 When, through the circling ether's vast extent,  
 Thirsting some knowledge to achieve,  
 He watch'd the movements of the firmament,  
 And all its wonders could perceive;  
 When he could love and still believe,  
 First of creation, happy and devout,  
 Guiltless of sin and ignorant of doubt;  
 Nor had his tranquil mind beset  
 A range of fruitless centuries past in ill . . .  
 His brain could hold no more . . . and yet  
 The past, the lost came crowding still!

II

Long—homeless and irresolute—  
 Roam'd o'er the desert earth the proud outcast,  
 While, as a minute tracks a minute,  
 So roll'd the ceaseless centuries past,  
 Unvarying in their endless stream.  
 O'er the vile earth he ruled supreme,  
 Sowing in apathy sin's fatal seeds;  
 No being there could check his whim,  
 Or bid defiance to his wicked deeds;—  
 And sin began to weary him.

III

When downward he his course inclining  
 Discerns the Caucasus below.  
 Behold! Kazbek, like a diamond shining,  
 Beams in its wealth of endless snow,  
 And far beneath, in winding banks' embrace,  
 As in a cleft where serpents breed their race,  
 The waters of the Darial flow;  
 And Terek, tossing foam amid his rocks,  
 As lions shake their shaggy manes,



Majestic thunders on, and feather'd flocks,  
Hov'ring aloft amid the azure plains,  
Hark to the words the waters echo forth;  
And from the south the golden clouds,  
Wafted along in fleecy crowds,  
Escort him on his passage north;  
While sullen crags, in ever low'ring group,  
The eddies and the surge among,  
Drowsily nodding, o'er the waters stoop  
To watch the waves that creep along;  
And castle towers upon the rocks on high,  
Frowning athwart the rising mists,  
As guards the mountain gateways fortify:  
Dumb giant-limb'd antagonists!  
Thus wild and wonderful around  
Lay all the world; but with profound  
Disdain did the imperious Spirit now  
His glance o'er God's creation spread,  
Whilst on the surface of his lofty brow  
No sign of interest could be read.

## IV

And lo! the beauties of another scene  
Before his deadened gaze expand:  
Afar in spreading folds of budding green  
The vales of Georgia may be scann'd,  
A joyous stately tract of land!  
Ruins, where once tall pillar'd towers had been;  
Whispering brooks, whose pebbly bed  
Nought but the richest color'd stone pervades;  
Rose-bowers, where nightingales are said  
To sing the praises of the bright-eyed maids  
Who to their tuneful love are dead;  
Shades, that the widely overspreading plane  
Forms with its ivy-plaited boughs;  
Groves, where the timid red deer browse,  
Or from the heat a cool repose obtain;  
Leaves, lucent, sportive, murmuring;  
Voices that thro' the valley ring,

And thousand flowers that breathe and breathe again;  
 And noontide with voluptuous rays;  
 And fragrance that the night conveys  
 In fresh 'ning dew, with her thin veil of white;  
 And lustrous stars, like the entrancing light  
 The Georgian in her eve displays.  
 But in the fallen Spirit's fleshless breast,  
 Except a cold and envious thought,  
 Nature, in all her fairest raiment dress'd,  
 No vernal power, no new sensation brought—  
 And all that coldly round his eye glanced o'er  
 Unmoved, he only scorned and hated more.

V

Within a broadly-based court-yard  
 Had gray-hair'd Goudal raised his castle walls.  
 What tears it cost to build those sumptuous halls!  
 How long the slaves had labor'd hard!  
 From morn upon the mountain sward  
 In silence fell the ramparts' low'ring shade—  
 There in the rock had winding steps been made,  
 Descending from the castle flank,  
 Whence, tripping joyfully across the dale,  
 Tamara, heedless of her stately rank,  
 And hid in beauty by a snow-white veil,  
 Sought water at Aragwa's bank.  
 Long had those towers nor life nor vigor shown,  
 But frown'd upon the vale below.  
 This day the wines in goblets flow,  
 And loud resounds the Zurna's happiest tone;  
 All are invited in the land,  
 For Goudal plights his daughter's hand.  
 Upon the ramparts, which the kinsfolk fill,  
 The bride amid her maidens sits;  
 In song and revelry time flits;  
 While now, half hid behind a distant hill,  
 The sun a parting ray transmits.  
 And beating time the virgin chorus sings;  
 And lo! a tambourine in hand,

From out the group the bride in rapture springs,  
While dancing lighter than a bird she skips;  
Then stops and smiles, yet knows not why.  
In humid luster beams her eye,  
And hope and love breathe through her balmy lips:  
Then suddenly, with eyebrows slightly bent,  
She bows,—and still in movements fleet,  
Once more upon the carpet's full extent  
Hover and glide her heavenly feet;  
And glad with all that youth beguiles,  
In innocence and faith she smiles.  
In sooth, no moon-shed rays that through the night  
O'er merry rippling waters dance  
In grace or beauty or in subtle light  
Could ever emulate that glance.

## MTSYRI

## III

Thanks, Graybeard, for thy pious zeal!  
And wouldst thou, then, my story know?  
'Tis well for heart's repose and weal  
To give imprisoned thoughts outflow.  
Yet in my life I've injured none,  
And so to know what I have done  
Would be of little worth to any.  
How can I utter what I feel?  
In slavery passed my days,—not many,  
But ignominious!—such a life  
Glad would I give twice o'er for one  
Of freedom and of glorious strife!  
One passion only, wild and high,  
Has ruled my spirit, fired my blood,  
Has urged me on, to do or die,  
Has gnawed my heart, and chafed my mood:  
In dreams, in watches of the night  
To deserts, where the mountains wear  
Wild cloud and mantling storm, and where  
Men live as free as eagles fly!  
Nor grew this stormy passion still;

I fanned the flame with ardent will:—  
 Yes, I confess it, ere I die,  
 To God and man, with open face;  
 But not to sue for priestly grace.

IV

Old man, I've often heard them say  
 That thou didst snatch me from the grave;  
 Oh, why? Oppressed with woes, a slave,—  
 A driven leaf, storm-rent away,  
 Must I, within these gloomy walls,  
 Mourn out my youthful years alone,  
 Monk-like, though childhood not outgrown;  
 My life went out like dying flames.  
 Those words, which memory still recalls,—  
 Father and mother—holy names!—  
 I could not speak; and thou wouldst fain  
 Make me forget them, but in vain.  
 And others, mates in age, I knew,  
 Who, blessed with home and kindred grew,  
 And then, I felt, alas! too well,  
 The loss my youthful years befell,—  
 Beloved kindred not alone,  
 Their very graves to me unknown!  
 But wasted tears I would not shed,  
 And vowed to live, ere life was sped,  
 Once, once, if but one rapturous hour,  
 The lover's joy when clasped and pressed  
 By loving arms to loving breast;—  
 Alas! that joy is past my power;  
 My dream, even as it came, has fled.  
 I languish towards an alien grave,  
 An orphan stranger,—and a slave.

V

The grave I fear not;—still and deep,  
 There fiery passion sinks to sleep;  
 I shrink, so young, to close my eyes  
 In dreamless sleep on earth and skies,—  
 So young, so young! Hast thou ne'er known

The joyous dreams of youth, O Sage?  
Has not thy heart, ere withering age  
Turned all its fibers into stone,  
Burned hot with love, beat wild with hate?  
Has it not throbb'd with deeper joy,  
When, from the watch-tower o'er the gate,  
Thou saw'st the tranquil sun go down?—  
That tower where oft the stranger boy  
Cowered in the rent walls, old and brown,  
As a young dove, flown from its cage,  
Seeks refuge from the wind and rain.  
What though, in weakness of old age,  
With failing eyes, and whitened hair,  
The world, grown hard for thee to bear,  
Thou dost renounce with forced disdain;  
Ah, Graybeard, thou hast had thy share,  
Hast known what youthful years can give;  
In thy renunciation yet  
Thou still hast something to forget.  
Thou *hast* lived,—would that I might live!

## VI

And what I saw in my short dream  
Of freedom?—Waving woods, and plains  
Green with the wealth of summer rains;  
Unfettered waterfall and stream;  
Fair hills, with groves luxuriant plumed,  
That shook and gleamed with every gust;  
Grim rocks, that darkly heavenward loomed,  
Uncheered with grass their rugged crust;  
Between, the chafing torrent fumed;  
Gulf-rent and vast, they stood apart;  
I looked them through and read their heart.  
Their monstrous fronts together seem  
To nod, as in some awful dream,  
But years may fly, and ages follow,—  
They'll ne'er meet over that dread hollow:  
And mountains, altars of the world,  
The mists about their summit curled,

Sun-kindled at the break of day ;  
 And bands of clouds, like pilgrims gray,  
 Slow wandering towards the sacred East ;  
 And distant, shimmering through the mist,  
 In his eternal robe of snow,  
 I saw the old Caucasus glow.

I knew not why my heart grew light ;  
 I heard a voice of secret might  
 Say, "Once those regions were they home!"  
 I sank, in glorious dreams to roam ;  
 Visions of happier days of yore  
 Made my soul clearer than before.

VII

My home flashed back upon my sight ;—  
 The grim defile, where blackest night  
 At sunset reigns ; the open ground  
 Spotted with folds, and cottages  
 Under the shadow of great trees ;  
 I heard the baying of the hound,  
 The bleat of flocks, on homeward way,  
 The herdsman's shout, the horse's neigh.  
 Old men, with faces scarred and browned,  
 Sat talking by our cottage door,  
 In the soft twilight ; and the gleam  
 Of arms flashed sharply through my dream,  
 And there my father stood once more,  
 With that proud look he always wore.  
 In shirt of mail I saw him stand,  
 With shield on arm and sword in hand.  
 Still, still I see him lifelike, clear ;  
 The rattle of his mail I hear !

My sisters in my visions came,  
 Their eyes with tenderest love aflame ;  
 I heard, but not with mortal ears,—  
 Echoes they were of far-off years,—  
 Their low songs round my cradle sung.  
 And, clattering through the dark defile,

The shallow rivulet raced and sprung,  
 Upon whose banks I used to while  
 Whole hours and summer days away,  
 And watch the swallows at their play,  
 Low skimming, ere the fall of rain,  
 Dip their light wings and soar again.  
 I saw the blazing hearth once more,  
 And heard the long old legends o'er,  
 Of men who lived in days of yore;  
 And what in happier times was done,  
 When earth bloomed lovelier in the sun.

## VIII

And what I did while I was free?  
 I lived! And had I never known  
 That riotous joy, my years had flown  
 In gloomier torpor than thine own,  
 Weak Graybeard, creep away with thee.  
 Ah, long my captive heart has burned  
 To know the world which thou hast spurned;  
 At last, thou knowest the dreadful night,  
 When all, in wonder and affright,  
 Were stretched before the altar, praying,  
 I fled! O strange and wild delight,  
 In friendship with the tempest straying!  
 My spirit looked abroad uncowed;  
 And when the lightning rent the cloud  
 I sprang to grasp it through the rain!  
 Say, Graybeard, hast thou aught to give  
 Within these dismal walls, that form  
 My prison-house of dread and pain,  
 Better than one free hour to live  
 In riotous fellowship with storm?

III. GOGOL. Brilliant as the romantic movement had been in Russia, producing the two great poets, Pushkin and Lermontov, and some novelists of note, it was doomed to a speedy decline. because the works of pure imagination

did not have a firm hold upon the historically realistic nation. In the thirties of the nineteenth century this native tendency was still more enhanced by the preoccupation with natural science, gained through a study in German universities. The critic Byelinski, in the forties, in a number of essays condemned the romanticism of the *litterateurs*, which was adapted only for a leisure upper class, and demanded a treatment of the realities of life, with all its gray hues, as it appeared in Russia, and the enthronement of the average man, with all his foibles and vices, as the hero of the Russian novel. He proclaimed Gogol as the author who had made this change for the better, and denominated his school as the "Natural School," which, according to him, was the only legitimate one for Russia, if it was to remain natural and not a mere reflex of the West. There can be no doubt that Gogol was the earliest "naturalist" in Russian literature, but a study of his works shows that he was merely the most pronounced and most talented transitional writer, and that after he had obtained popularity there was nothing left to do but to push on in the direction indicated by Byelinski, to realism, ultrarealism, modernism, and, ultimately, decadence.

N. V. Gogol (1809-1852) was born and educated in the Ukraine, where his father had been an honorary regimental scribe among the Zaporogian Cossacks; hence by tradition he was connected with a romantic past. He was



therefore by birth especially fitted to be an exponent of the prevailing fashion in the Great-Russian literature, into which he could bring the lighter and happier moods of his Little-Russian surroundings. He began his career with a series of failures: a tragedy, *The Brigands*; a poem, *Italy*, and an idyl, *Hans Kuchelgarten*, which latter was so ridiculed by the critics that he bought up and destroyed the whole edition. But he gained an instantaneous success by a series of descriptions of his Ukraine country, under the name of *Evenings in a Farm near Dikanka*. From that time on his reputation proceeded by leaps. His romantic story, *Taras Bulba*, which described the struggle of the Cossacks with the Poles, already indicated a strong bias for realism, and a short story, *The Mantle*, in which he dealt with the pathetic interest of a petty government official in his new mantle, was proclaimed by Byelinski as indicating the turning point in Gogol's career.

Then came his masterful comedy, *The Revisor*, or *The Inspector General*, which Professor Phelps declares to be the best constructed comedy in any literature. It certainly will appear to any foreign audience, if correctly represented on the stage, as an inimitable farce before which even Moliere fades in interest. The plot is insignificant. A young St. Petersburg official who has been gambling on his way to his paternal estate is stranded in a hotel of a provincial town, where he is taken for the

Inspector-General, who was to come incognito to inspect the local officials. He is invited to the burgomaster's house, where he makes love to his wife and daughter, receives bribes from the officials and burghers, who complain of the officials, and after leaving the town sends a letter to a friend in St. Petersburg describing the motley crowd of officials. This letter is opened by the postmaster of the town, as has been his custom to do with suspicious or simply interesting correspondence, and read to the assembled officials, when a policeman announces the arrival of the real Inspector-General. As we said, a foreign audience would delight in listening to the endless chain of funny situations, and, indeed, the incontinent laughter of Nicholas I during a private performance saved the play from prohibition of the censor, at the request of the infuriated officialdom. The effect upon the intellectuals was momentous. Russian intellectuals saw in it an arraignment of corrupt Russia, which evoked sadness even more than mirth. We give here the beginning of the play, in Hart-Davis' translation:

## ACT I

SCENE—*A Room in the Prefect's House.*

## PRESENT

Anton Antonovich—*Prefect*Ammos Feodorovich—*Judge*Iuka Lukich—*School Manager*Christian Ivanovich—*Doctor*Artemi Phillipovich—*Manager of Hospital*

Two Orderlies.

*Pre.* I have called you together, gentlemen, to tell you a piece of news, which I am afraid you won't much like. A Government Inspector is coming here.

*Ammos and Art. (together).* What, an Inspector?

*Pre.* Yes, an Inspector from St. Petersburg, incognito, having secret instructions too.

*Ammos.* That is the game, is it?

*Art.* As if we had not worry enough without that.

*Pre.* I had a presentiment of it—last night I dreamt about a couple of most extraordinary rats. It is a fact, I assure you, such brutes I never saw before in my life. They were black and of a monstrous size. They came and sniffed about and off they went again; and now here is a letter I have received from Andrei Ivanovich Chmykhov—you know him, Artemi Fillipovich; this is what he says—"My dear old kind friend and gossip (*mumbles in a low voice, running his eyes rapidly over it*) to tell you"—hum, hum! Oh, here it is—"I hasten to tell you amongst other things that an official has arrived with instructions to make an inspection of the whole province, and especially of our district. I have this information from a thoroughly trustworthy source, though he gives himself out as a mere ordinary traveler. However, as I know that you, like every one else, have your little peccadilloes, and are not such a fool as to let slip any little pickings that you might have made,"—hum, well, these are his ideas; oh, here it is—"I advise you to look out, for he may arrive at any moment, if indeed he is not already come, and is living somewhere in your town incognito." Yes, hum, hum! Well, the rest is all family matters. "Sister Anna has come here with her husband; Ivan Kirilovich has grown excessively fat and is always playing on the fiddle." And so on, and so on. Well, there's a pretty state of things.

*Ammos.* Most extraordinary circumstance, most extraordinary; and it is no laughing matter, I can tell you.

*Luka.* What does it all mean, Anton Antonovich? What is it all about? Why should an Inspector come at all?

*Pre.* Why? (*With a sigh*). It's fate, I suppose. So far, thanks be to God, they confined their attentions to other districts. Now our turn had come, that's all.

*Ammos.* I think, Anton Antonovich, that there is some profound political meaning in all this. I will tell you that, Russia, that is to say, intends to go to war, and the Government, you see, have sent an official to find out if there is not anything like treason somewhere about here.

*Pre.* What a brilliant idea! You are a sharp fellow, you are! Treason in a district town! Are we in the frontier, I should like to know? Why, you might gallop away from here for three years without coming to a foreign country.

*Ammos.* That is all very well, but still, I tell you, you don't understand, you don't; the Government sees far, and never mind what the distance may be, they have their eye on everything, I can tell you.

*Pre.* Well, whether they have or not, I don't care; I have given you fair warning, gentlemen, and I advise you to look out; for my part I have taken certain precautions and I advise you to do the same, especially you, Artemi Fillipovich. There is not the slightest doubt that the first thing that this official will want to do as soon as he comes is to inspect the hospitals placed in your charge, to see that everything is in good order, that the nightcaps are clean, and that the patients do not look like sweeps as they usually do.

*Art.* Oh, don't bother about that. Well, perhaps they might as well have clean nightcaps on.

*Pre.* And then you must get written over each bed in Latin, or some other foreign language, what each patient had got. This is your business, Doctor Christian—when each patient fell ill, the day of the week, and the month, and really you must not let the patients smoke such strong tobacco. It makes you sneeze when

you go in, and I think it would be better if there were not quite so many of them. It might be thought that they were not looked after properly, or the Doctor was not up to his work, or something of that kind.

*Art.* Oh, as for that, Dr. Christian and I manage first rate; "let Nature take her course," that is our motto. We don't go in for expensive medicines. Man is a perfectly simple animal. If he is going to die he will die, and if he is going to get well, why, he will get well, that's all; besides, our friend Dr. Christian could not very well explain himself to the patients as he does not know a single word of Russian. (DR. CHRIS. grunts.)

*Pre.* Well, you know, Ammos, I should advise you to look a little after the Sessions Court House; just in the vestibule, where the petitioners generally wait, the porter keeps a lot of geese and goslings which go waddling about under your very feet. Of course it is highly praiseworthy in any one to go in for household economy, but still there is no reason why a hall porter should do so, and indeed, you know that is not exactly the place for it. I meant to have told you about this before, but somehow or other I always forgot to.

*Ammos.* All right. I will have them all driven out to-day into the kitchen. I tell you what, come and dine with me, and we will get rid of a few.

*Pre.* Another bad thing is that in the Court itself there is all manner of rubbish put out to dry, and there is a hunting whip hanging above the very cupboard which contains the Rolls of the Court. I know you are a great man for sport, but still I think you had better take it down temporarily, and when the Inspector has gone away, you can hang it up again if you like. Then that Assessor of yours, I believe he is a good man at his work, but he smells so infernally of liquor as if he had just come out of a distillery. I don't think that is quite the correct thing. I would have spoken to you about this a long time ago, but

something or other put it out of my head. You know there is a remedy for that sort of thing, although I believe he says he has had that peculiar odor about him since he was born. He might be advised to eat onions or garlic or something of that kind. Our friend Dr. Christian here could give him lots of drugs which would set him all right. (DR. CHRIS. *grunts again.*)

*Ammos.* No, he says it is incurable, he says that his nurse injured him when he was a child, and he smelt of brandy ever since.

*Pre.* Well then, it can't be helped, I merely wanted to call your attention to it; and now as to the private arrangements, and what Andrei Ivanovich is pleased to call "little peccadilloes." I really don't know what to say, and indeed what is there to be said. Every man has his little weaknesses, he was created by Providence like that, and it is no good your Voltairean free-thinkers saying he was not.

*Ammos.* But Anton Antonovich, what do you understand by these little weaknesses as you call them? There are weaknesses and weaknesses. I tell every one openly that I take bribes, but then, what kind of bribes are they, greyhound pups, that is all, that is quite another thing.

*Pre.* That does not matter a bit, greyhound puppies, or anything else, they are bribes all the same.

*Ammos.* I don't agree with you there. Now, if some one has a fur coat worth 500 roubles or a shawl for your wife—

*Pre.* Well, that is not a bit worse than taking greyhound puppies. You are an atheist, you are, you don't go to church, whereas I am firm in the faith, at all events, and go every Sunday. Oh, I know you, when you begin to talk about the creation of the world, it is enough to make one's hair stand on end.

*Ammos.* Well, they are my own opinions, I have reasoned them out for myself.

*Pre.* In some cases a great deal of talent is worse than none at all. However, I merely mentioned the Court

as it were casually, for to tell the truth, it is hardly to be supposed that any one would be such a fool as to look into it: it is just one of those blessed institutions which Providence itself looks after, I suppose; but there is another thing of much more importance, the schools, Luka Lukich, you really must look after the masters, and see that they are all right. They are learned men, of course, educated in various colleges, but they have very queer manners, as indeed is always the case with men of that profession. One of them, for instance,—that fellow with the fat face, I can't remember his name—he never can go up into his chair without making the most extraordinary faces, like this (*imitates him*), and then he takes hold of his beard and smoothes it under his necktie. Of course it is all very well for him to make faces like that at the boys, I dare say that is part of their training, it is all right for them, I am no judge of that; but fancy if he did it at some official visitor! It might be a most serious matter. This Inspector, or some other personage might take it as a personal insult, and heaven knows what might be the consequences.

*Luka.* Well, but what can I do with him? I have told him about it lots of times; only the other day, when our Director came, he made the most hideous faces I have ever seen in my life. He doesn't mean any harm, but I get a reprimand for it, all the same, in the shape of, "Why are the youth corrupted with free-thinking?"

*Pre.* Well, then there is the History Master. I must really speak about him; he has a learned head on his shoulders, no doubt about that, and has absorbed a tremendous lot of information, but he lectures with such warmth that he quite forgets himself. I heard him once in class. So long as he kept to the Assyrians and the Babylonians, he was all right, but when he came to Alexander of Macedon, I can't tell you how he went on. I declare I thought the place was on fire. He jumped down from his desk, seized his chair and

dashed it on the ground; he meant, of course, that Alexander the Great was a great hero; still that is no reason why you should go breaking chairs; it is a loss to the Government, too.

*Luka.* Yes, he is an enthusiastic fellow. I have spoken to him lots of times about it, and all his answer is: "Say what you like, I will not spare life itself in the cause of learning."

*Pre.* Yes, that is the inscrutable law of Fate, a man of genius either takes to drink, or else he goes and makes hideous faces which frighten the very life out of one.

*Luka.* Heaven forbid that I should ever have to be a teacher. Nothing but worry; every one interferes with you; everybody wants to show that he, too, is a man of talent.

*Pre.* Well, this is all very well, but what does it matter? There is that cursed incognito I can't get over. He will pop in all of a sudden with "You are here, my friend, are you? Who is the judge?" "Liapkin Tiapkin," says I. "Send Liapkin Tiapkin here," says he. "And who looks after the hospitals?" "Zemliaka," says I. "Oh, send him here too!" That's the mischief of it.

(*Enter THE POSTMASTER.*)

*Post.* Tell me, gentlemen, what is this official coming here for?

*Pre.* Haven't you heard?

*Post.* Yes, sir, I heard of it from Peter Ivanovich Bobchinski who was with me at the Post-office a moment ago!

*Pre.* Well, come, what do you think about it?

*Post.* What do I think? I think that it means war with the Turks.

*Ammos.* By Jove! that is just what I thought too.

*Pre.* Oh, you both found a regular mare's nest.

*Post.* It is a fact—with Turks, I say, and it is France that does all the mischief.



*Pre.* What humbug you are talking! War with the Turks! Stuff and rubbish! We shall get it hot, not the Turks. I have got a letter.

*Post.* Well, then, there is *not* going to be war with the Turks, I suppose.

*Pre.* Ivan Kizmich, what do you think about it all?

*Post.* What do I think? What do *you* think, Anton Antonovich?

*Pre.* What do I think? I am not much afraid, just a little anxious; it is the shopkeepers and the townspeople that trouble me; they said that I put them through their facings, but heaven is my witness, if I *have* taken a trifle or so from any one, it was all done without any malice. I say (*leading him aside*) I have just been thinking whether there has not been some report or other made against me. Why, if you come to think of it, should an Inspector be sent here at all? Look here, Ivan Kizmich, this is a matter that concerns us all; could not you just manage to unseal somehow and read every letter that enters the Post-office, both coming and going, and see if by chance it contains any report or correspondence about us in it? If not, you can seal it up again, and then deliver it or simply deliver it open.

*Post.* Oh, you need not tell me how to carry on a Post-office, I know all about it, don't teach your grandmother; I open every letter as it is, not so much as a precaution, but out of pure curiosity; I am always dying to know what is going on in the world; I tell you, I get some interesting reading. I keep some letters for the simple pleasure of reading them; such descriptions of various occurrences, highly edifying, I can tell you, much better than the *Moscow Gazette*.

*Pre.* Well, tell me then, have you read anything about an official coming from St. Petersburg?

*Post.* No, nothing about a Petersburg official, but plenty about the officials of Kostroma and Saratov. I declare it is a pity you don't read these letters, there are some first-rate things in them. Not long ago, for

instance, a young subaltern wrote to his friend describing a ball and all the larks he had. It was grand. "My dear friend," he said, "my life is simply heavenly, lots of girls, bands always playing, and uniforms all over the shop." He put his whole heart into this letter, I can tell you. I kept it on purpose; shall I read it to you?

*Pre.* Oh, no, I don't care, I have no time for it now; but look here, Ivan Kizmich, if by any chance a report or complaint should happen to go in, don't hesitate a moment but lay hands on that and keep it.

*Post.* Of course I will, with the greatest pleasure.

*Ammos.* You had better look out, my friend, you will come to grief some day over this.

*Post.* Oh, never fear.

*Pre.* It is all right, all right! It would be a different matter altogether if you were to make any public use of it, but as it is, it is merely a private affair.

*Ammos.* Well, we have got into a mess somehow. But look here, Anton Antonovich, what I really came for to-day was to make you a present, a nice little puppy, own sister to the dog you know. You heard, of course, that Cheptovich has gone to law with Varkhovinski, and I am having a rare good time of it. I get coursing over the grounds of both defendant and plaintiff.

*Pre.* My dear fellow, don't bother me about your coursing now. It is that cursed incognito that haunts me like a nightmare, I can't get it out of my head. I expect every moment that the door will fly open and in will walk—

*(Enter BOBCHINSKI and DOBCHINSKI at a rush, tumbling over each other in their anxiety to get their story out.)*

*Bob.* { *(Together)* } Marvelous event!

*Dob.* { *(Together)* } Extraordinary news!

*All.* What is it, what is it?

*Dob.* Something utterly unforeseen. We come to the inn—

*Bob.* We come to the inn, Peter Ivanovich and I—

*Dob.* Peter, don't, do let me tell the story.

*Bob.* No, let me, you can't tell stories a bit.

*Dob.* You will make a mess of it, and leave out half of it.

*Bob.* I won't, I remember it all perfectly, I swear; don't interrupt me; do let me tell it; don't interfere. Gentlemen, kindly tell Peter not to interfere with me.

*Pre.* Well, tell us what it is, for heaven's sake, I feel quite bewildered. Sit down, sit down, take a chair. Here, you sit here; now, then, what is it?

*Bob.* All right, gentlemen, I will tell you everything as it happened. No sooner had I had the pleasure of leaving you after your honor had been pleased to be disturbed by the letter you had received, yes, well, then at once—now don't interrupt me, Peter, I know it all quite well—yes, off I ran, be pleased to take note, to Karobkin, did not find Karobkin at home, so I went to Rastakovski, found Rastakovski out, so off I went to Ivan Kiznich here, to tell him the news you have received. Well, I was just going there when I met Peter here.

*Dob.* Near the stall where they sell pies.

*Bob.* Yes, near the stall where they sell pies. Well, yes, I met Peter there, and I said to him: "Have you heard the news which Anton Antonovich has just received from a trustworthy source?" And it appears Peter had heard of it from your housekeeper, Avdotia, who had been sent I don't know why to Phillip Antonovich's house.

*Dob.* Yes, for a little keg to put some French brandy into.

*Bob. (thrusting him off).* Yes, for a little keg to put French brandy into. Well, we were coming, Peter and I, to Pechechuev's house—don't interrupt me, Peter, how tiresome you are, don't interrupt, do keep still—well, we were going to Pechechuev's house, and on the way Peter says, "Let us go to the inn," says he, "there is a vacuum in my stomach, I have eaten nothing since the morning, and I have got quite a stomach-ache." So Peter's stomach, you see—and says he, "I hear that they received some fresh salmon

at the inn, so we will go there and have a little lunch.” We had hardly entered the inn when we saw a young man.

*Dob.* A good-looking young fellow, not in uniform.

*Bob.* Yes, a good-looking young fellow, not in uniform, walking up and down the room like (*suited to the action to the word*). And there was a kind of thoughtfulness, there was something in his face, his manners, and here (*touching his forehead*) there was all that kind of thing, don't you know? I suspected something at once, and I said to Peter, “Hallo! there is something a little out of the common here.” Yes, and Peter beckoned to the landlord; you know, that fellow Vlas, his wife was confined about three weeks ago—such a fine sturdy boy, he will keep an inn some day like his father. Well, Peter beckoned to Vlas and asked him in a whisper, “Who is that young fellow?” he says, and to this Vlas answers, “That young fellow,” says he,—Oh, don't interrupt me, Peter, don't interrupt me, you could not tell the thing yourself, you lisp so; you have got a tooth that whistles—“Well,” says he, Vlas, you know, I mean, “that young fellow,” says he, “is an official, he is from St. Petersburg, his name is Ivan Aleksandrovich Khlestakov; he is going to the Saratov district,” says he, “and he has a queer way of recommending himself. He has been here a fortnight, never leaves the inn, tells me to put down everything in the bill, doesn't pay a farthing for anything.” When he told me this it all flashed across me in a moment. “Whew!” says I to Peter.

*Dob.* No, Peter, I said “Whew!”

*Bob.* Well, first of all you said “whew,” and then I said “whew.” “Whew,” said I to Peter, “what is he here for, when is he going to the Saratov district? Yes, indeed.” Well, there you have this very official.

*Pre.* Who, what do you mean?—what official?

*Bob.* The official you got the letter about;—the Inspector.

*Pre.* (*in terror*). What do you mean? Gracious heaven, this can't be the man?

*Dob.* It is, it is! He pays for nothing, and he stays here. Who else can it be? And his road-pass is made out for Saratov.

*Bob.* By Jove, I tell you it is the very man; he is so sharp, he looks into everything. He saw we were eating salmon, Peter and I, chiefly, you know, because Peter's inside was not—well, he looked into our plates; I assure you I nearly fainted with fright.

*Pre.* The Lord may have mercy upon us, miserable sinners! What room has he got?

*Dob.* He is in No. 5 under the staircase.

*Bob.* The same room that the two officers had a fight in last year on their way through.

*Pre.* Has he been here long?

*Dob.* A fortnight, he came on St. Basil's Day.

*Pre.* A fortnight. (*Aside.*) Holy saints and martyrs, bring me safely out of this! During this last fortnight I have had the non-commissioned officer's wife flogged—the prisoners had had no provisions served out to them, and the pothouses and the streets, they are simply like a gin shop; filthy beyond anything. Oh! it is an awful business this, I swear it is perfectly awful. (*Clutches his hair.*)

*Art.* Well, Anton Antonovich, shall we all set out for the inn in martial array?

*Ammos.* No, we must go in due order, headed by the Mayor, then the Clergy, then the Merchants' Guilds. In the works of John Mason—

*Pre.* No, no; leave it all to me, I have been in as bad scrapes as this in my life, and have got out of them and have even got thanks for my admirable conduct. Maybe heaven will not abandon me now. (*Turning to BOB.*) So you say he is a young fellow, eh?

*Dob.* Yes, about twenty-three or twenty-four, not much more.

*Pre.* Well, all the better, you can easily get over a young man. It would be a job if he were some old

devil of a fellow, but a young man, why, he is all on the surface. Well, gentlemen, you go and get your departments into order, and I will go there alone with Peter here, but only quite privately, you know, for a stroll, just to find out if the travelers are properly treated in the inn. Hallo, there, Swestunov!

*Swes.* What do you want?

*Pre.* Go at once for the District Police Inspector. No, wait a bit, I want you here. Just tell some one to send me the District Police Inspector as quickly as possible and then come here.

*Art.* Let us go, Ammos Feodorovich, some misfortune may really happen.

*Ammos.* What are you afraid of? Put clean nightcaps on to your patients, then you are all right.

*Art.* Nightcaps, indeed, the orders are to give the patients oatmeal soup, but there is such a smell of cabbage all through the corridors that we have to hold your nose.

*Ammos.* Well, I am all right at all events, I have not got to worry. Who would ever dream of coming into the Sessions Court House; and if any one does, and looks into some file of papers, he would have a bad time of it, I can tell you. Here have I been sitting fifteen years on the Judges' Bench, and when I glance at a report, ha! ha! I give it up. Solomon himself could not tell what was true and what were lies in those reports.

(*Exeunt* AMMOS, LUKA, ARTEMI, CHRISTIAN, and POST-MASTER)

*Pre.* Now, then, is the droschky ready?

*Ord.* All ready, sir.

*Pre.* Go into the street; no, stay; yes, go and fetch—where are the rest of the fellows? You can't surely be here alone. I ordered Prokarov to be here as well, where is he?

*Ord.* Prokarov is in a private house, but he is not able to attend to duty.

*Pre.* What do you mean?

*Ord.* I mean what I say. He came home dead drunk this morning. They emptied a couple of buckets of water over him, but it is of no use, he is not come yet.

*Pre.* Good God, what shall I do? Well, you go into the street then; no, wait a bit—run first to my room, and get my sword and my new hat. Now, then, Peter, let us be off.

*Bob.* Me too, me too, let me come too, Anton Antonovich.

*Pre.* No, no, it is impossible, it would not do, and besides there is no room for you in the droschky.

*Bob.* Never mind, I will come; I shall manage somehow; I will run behind. If I can only have a look at him through a crack in the door, and see how he behaves; these wonderful manners of his they talk about.

*Pre.* Run at once and collect the head Dvorniks; let each one take—Now look at that sword, it is all scratched; that cursed shop-keeper Abdulin, he sees that his Prefect has an old sword and he doesn't bring me a new one; cunning rascals, the scoundrels! with their petitions always ready under their coats. Tell each man to take a street in his hand—what the devil am I talking about, a street in his hand—a broom in his hand, I mean, and sweep the streets that lead to the inn, and sweep them clean, do you hear, you rogues? I know you; you make cupboard love, and stuff away the silver spoons into your boots. Just look out or I will be down on you pretty sharp. What did you do with the merchant Tchernaiiev, eh? He gave you a couple of yards of cloth for your uniform and you charged for the whole piece. Just you look out; you swindle above your rank; off with you, you thief.

The climax of Gogol's realism was reached in his *Dead Souls*, of which the first part appeared in 1842. Apparently he was actuated by his reading of *Don Quixote* to create a sim-

ilar hero for Russia, but the resemblance is very faint. Chichikov is traveling about the country, buying up "dead souls," that is, serfs who have died but who are still figured as living until the next census and for which the landed proprietors have to pay taxes. Chichikov's purpose is to receive from the government a large grant for the colonization of his "dead souls," and in turn to use this grant as a basis for obtaining real serfs. But the plot does not matter. It simply gives Gogol a chance to string together a long series of pictures of country life. Here we find masterful descriptions of the miser, the brute, the gambler, the shrewd farmer, all of whom have become proverbial and part of every man's literary consciousness. Unfortunately Gogol's mind, like that of so many Slavic writers, became dimmed by mysticism, and in the second part of his *Dead Souls*, which is much inferior to the first, he tried to build up a new Russia, but the Russian realists have ever been greater in tearing down the existing order than in building up an ideal society.

IV. DOSTOEVSKI. Byelinski, who had created the name "Natural School" in 1846, discovered and proclaimed another realist in F. M. Dostoevski (1821-1881), while reading the manuscript of his first story, *Poor Folk*. Dostoevski was soon afterwards involved in the political activity of Petrashevski, under whose guidance Fourier and other sociological writings were discussed, and was at first sentenced,



together with the other conspirators, to be shot, but the sentence was commuted to a four years' exile in Siberia. Here his gloomy realism, coupled with his own physical ailment of epilepsy, gave him an extraordinary insight into the mentality of the criminal, which he later described in his *Dead House, or Ten Years in Siberia*. Here we see, as in all his other works, both the beneficent and deleterious influences of that naturalism which Byelinski had invoked as the representative expression of the Russian mind. Form counts for nothing, and the literary style deteriorates rapidly. All endeavor centers upon a psychological analysis of mental processes, and neither the plot nor the external details are of much consequence. But when it comes to the comprehension of the internal life of the "average" man, and by this the lowliest are to be understood, Dostoevski is inimitable. His excruciating sounding of the human heart spells the reader as firmly as the boa constrictor spells its victim.

The climax in such analysis was reached by Dostoevski in 1866 in his *Crime and Punishment*. Here he described the commission of murder by a student, Raskolnikov, who was driven to it by his extreme poverty and his living in low-studded rooms with little light, as well as by his brooding on abstract ideas, such as this—whether Napoleon would have shrunk from committing a crime if through it lay the road to a greater glory and a greater usefulness to humanity. The scene in which we get

Raskolnikov's confession to the prostitute Sonya, who with her untutored mind sees only the sufferings of Raskolnikov's heart and declines to accept the enormity of his self-confessed crime, is one of the most stirring in all literature. And then, the psychological conflict in the criminal's consciousness, on the verge of insanity, when he declines to make the same confession to the police and tries to lead them astray, is said to be one of the finest studies in insipient insanity in all medical science.

Dostoevski's significance is greater than that of having supplied Russian literature with studies in psychological analysis. His love for the peasant and for the lowliest man led him into the camp of the Slavophiles, of which he is taken to be the most ardent exponent. He came to dislike the West and considered its civilization unsuited for Russia, which must work out its salvation from within; hence nihilism, to which he had been prone before, became to him an expression of a revolt against Russia itself. In his later works Dostoevski never reached the heights attained in his *Crime and Punishment*. Shortly before his death he wrote a remarkable study of family resemblance in his *The Brother Karamazov*, which was never finished. We give here a few passages from the *Dead House*:

This Luka Kouzmitch was the smallest and thinnest man in all the barracks. He was from the South. He had been a serf, one of those not attached to the soil, but

who serve their masters as domestics. There was something cutting and haughty in his demeanor. He was a little bird, but had a beak and nails. The convicts sum up a man instinctively. They thought nothing of this one, he was too susceptible and too full of conceit.

That evening he was stitching a shirt, seated on his camp-bedstead. Close to him was a narrow-minded, stupid, but good-natured and obliging fellow, a sort of Colossus, Kobylín by name. Luka often quarreled with him in a neighborly way, and treated him with a haughtiness which, thanks to his good-nature, Kobylín did not notice in the least. He was knitting a stocking, and listening to Luka with an indifferent air. Luka spoke in a loud voice and very distinctly. He wished every one to hear him, though he was apparently speaking only to Kobylín.

"I was sent away," said Luka, sticking his needle in the shirt, "as a brigand."

"How long ago?" asked Kobylín.

"When the peas are ripe it will be just a year. Well, we got to K——v, and I was put into the convict prison. Around me there were a dozen men from Little Russia, well-built, solid, robust fellows, like oxen, and how quiet! The food was bad, the Major of the prison did what he liked. One day passed, then another, and I soon saw that all these fellows were cowards.

"'You are afraid of such an idiot?' I said to them.

"'Go and talk to him yourself,' and they burst out laughing like brutes that they were. I held my tongue.

"There was one fellow so droll, so droll," added the narrator, now leaving Kobylín to address all who chose to listen.

"This droll fellow was telling them how he had been tried, what he had said, and how he had wept with hot tears.

"'There was a dog of a clerk there,' he said, 'who did nothing but write and take down every word I said. I told him I wished him at the devil, and he actually wrote that down. He troubled me so, I quite lost my head.'"

"Give me some thread, Vassili; the house thread is bad, rotten."

"There is some from the tailor's shop," replied Vassili, handing it over to him.

"Well, but about this Major?" said Kobylin, who had been quite forgotten.

Luka was only waiting for that. He did not go on at once with his story, as though Kobylin were not worth such a mark of attention. He threaded his needle quietly, bent his legs lazily beneath him, and at last continued as follows:

"I excited the fellows to such an extent that they all called out against the Major. That same morning I had borrowed the 'rascal' [prison slang for knife] from my neighbor, and had hid it, so as to be ready for anything. When the Major arrived, he was as furious as a madman. 'Come now, you Little Russians,' I whispered to them, 'this is not the time for fear.' But, dear me, all their courage had slipped down to the soles of their feet, they trembled! The Major came in, he was quite drunk.

"'What is this, how do you dare? I am your Tzar, your God,' he cried.

"When he said that he was the Tzar and God, I went up to him with my knife in my sleeve.

"'No,' I said to him, 'your high nobility,' and I got nearer and nearer to him, 'that cannot be. Your "high nobility" cannot be our Tzar and our God.'

"'Ah, you are the man, it is you,' cried the Major; 'you are the leader of them.'

"'No,' I answered, and I got still nearer to him; "no, your "high nobility," as every one knows, and as you yourself know, the all-powerful God present everywhere is alone in heaven. And we have only one Tzar placed above every one else by God himself. He is our monarch, your "high nobility." And, your "high nobility," you are as yet only Major, and you are our chief only by the grace of the Tzar, and by your merits.'

"'How? how? how?' stammered the Major. He could not speak, so astounded was he.

"This is how I answered, and I threw myself upon him and thrust my knife into his belly up to the hilt. It had been done very quickly; the Major tottered, turned, and fell.

"I had thrown my life away.

" 'Now, you fellows,' I cried, 'it is for you to pick him up.' "

"You got well skinned for that, I suppose," asked Kobylin.

"As for being skinned, indeed, there is no denying it. Ali, give me the scissors. But, what next; are we not going to play at cards to-night?"

"The cards we drank up long ago," remarked Vassili. "If we had not sold them to get drink they would be here now."

"If!—— Ifs fetch a hundred roubles apiece on the Moscow market."

"Well, Luka, what did you get for sticking him?" asked Kobylin.

"It brought me five hundred strokes, my friend. It did indeed. They did all but kill me," said Luka, once more addressing the assembly and without heeding his neighbor Kobylin. "When they gave me those five hundred strokes, I was treated with great ceremony. I had never before been flogged. What a mass of people came to see me! The whole town had assembled to see the brigand, the murderer, receive his punishment. How stupid the populace is!—I cannot tell you to what extent. Timoshka the executioner undressed me and laid me down and cried out, 'Look out, I am going to grill you!' I waited for the first stroke. I wanted to cry out, but could not. It was no use opening my mouth, my voice had gone. When he gave me the second stroke—you need not believe me unless you please—I did not hear when they counted two. I returned to myself and heard them count seventeen. Four times they took me down from the board to let me breathe for half-an-hour, and to souse me with cold water. I stared at them with my eyes

starting from my head, and said to myself, 'I shall die here.' "

"But you did not die," remarked Kobylin innocently.

Luka looked at him with disdain, and every one burst out laughing.

"What an idiot! Is he wrong in the upper story?" said Luka, as if he regretted that he had condescended to speak to such an idiot.

"He is a little mad," said Vassili on his side.

Although Luka had killed six persons, no one was ever afraid of him in the prison. He wished, however, to be looked upon as a terrible person.

Of these sketches there are a number in the book, and each is that of a distinct character. Perhaps the one of Baklouchin is as interesting as any:

I never knew a man of a more agreeable disposition than Baklouchin. It must be admitted that he never forgave a wrong, and that he often got into quarrels. He could not, above all, endure people interfering with his affairs. He knew, in a word, how to take care of himself; but his quarrels never lasted long, and I believe that all the convicts liked him. Wherever he went he was well received. Even in the town he was looked upon as the most amusing man in the world. He was a man of lofty stature, thirty years old, with a frank, determined countenance, and rather good-looking, with his tuft of hair on his chin. He possessed the art of changing his face in such a comic manner by imitating the first person he happened to see, that the people around him were constantly in a roar. He was a professed joker, but he never allowed himself to be slighted by those who did not enjoy his fun. Accordingly, no one spoke disparagingly of him. He was full of life and fire.

He told me, among other things, that he had not served at St. Petersburg alone. He had been sent to

R—— with the rank of non-commissioned officer in a garrison battalion.

"From there they sent me on here," added Baklouchin.

"And why?" I asked him.

"Why? You would never guess, Alexander Petrovitch. Because I was in love."

"Come, now. A man is not exiled for that," I said, with a laugh.

"I should have added," continued Baklouchin, "that it made me kill a German with a pistol-shot. Was it worth while to send me to hard labor for killing a German? Only think."

"How did it happen? Tell me the story. It must be a strange one."

"An amusing story indeed, Alexander Petrovitch."

"So much the better. Tell me."

"You wish me to do so? Well, then, listen."

And he told me the story of his murder. It was not "amusing," but it was indeed strange.

"This is how it happened," began Baklouchin; "I had been sent to Riga, a fine, handsome city, which has only one fault, there are too many Germans there. I was still a young man, and I had a good character with my officers. I wore my cap cocked on the side of my head, and passed my time in the most agreeable manner. I made love to the German girls. One of them, named Luisa, pleased me very much. She and her aunt were getters-up of fine linen. The old woman was a true caricature; but she had money. First of all I merely passed under the young girl's windows; but I soon made her acquaintance. Luisa spoke Russian well enough, though with a slight accent. She was charming. I never saw any one like her. I was most pressing in my advances; but she only replied that she would preserve her innocence, that as a wife she might prove worthy of me. She was an affectionate, smiling girl, and wonderfully neat. In fact, I assure you, I never saw any one like her. She herself had suggested that I should marry her, and how was I not to marry her? Suddenly Luisa

did not come to her appointment. This happened once, then twice, then a third time. I sent her a letter, but she did not reply. 'What is to be done?' I said to myself. If she had been deceiving me she could easily have taken me in. She could have answered my letter and come all the same to the appointment; but she was incapable of falsehood. She had simply broken off with me. 'This is a trick of the aunt,' I said to myself. I was afraid to go to her house.

"Even though she was aware of our engagement, we acted as if she were ignorant of it. I wrote a fine letter in which I said to Luisa, 'If you don't come, I will come to your aunt's for you.' She was afraid and came. Then she began to weep, and told me that a German named Schultz, a distant relation of theirs, a clockmaker by trade, and of a certain age, but rich, had shown a wish to marry her—in order to make her happy, as he said, and that he himself might not remain without a wife in his old age. He had loved her a long time, so she told me, and had been nourishing this idea for years, but he had kept it a secret, and had never ventured to speak out. 'You see, Sasha,' she said to me, 'that it is a question of my happiness; for he is rich, and would you prevent my happiness?' I looked her in the face, she wept, embraced me, clasped me in her arms.

" 'Well, she is quite right,' I said to myself, 'what good is there in marrying a soldier—even a non-commissioned officer? Come, farewell, Luisa. God protect you. I have no right to prevent your happiness.'

" 'And what sort of a man is he? Is he good-looking?'

" 'No, he is old, and he has such a long nose.'

"She here burst into a fit of laughter. I left her. 'It was my destiny,' I said to myself. The next day I passed by Schultz' shop (she had told me where he lived). I looked through the window and saw a German, who was arranging a watch, forty-five years of age, an aquiline nose, swollen eyes, a dress-coat with a very high collar. I spat with contempt as I looked at him. At that moment I was ready to break the shop windows,



but 'What is the use of it?' I said to myself; 'there is nothing more to be done: it is over, all over.' I got back to the barracks as the night was falling, and stretched myself out on my bed, and—will you believe it, Alexander Petrovitch?—began to sob—yes, to sob. One day passed, then a second, then a third. I saw Luisa no more. I had learned, however, from an old woman (she was also a washerwoman, and the girl I loved used sometimes to visit her), that this German knew of our relations, and that for that reason he had made up his mind to marry her as soon as possible, otherwise he would have waited two years longer. He had made Luisa swear that she would see me no more. It appeared that on account of me he had refused to loosen his purse-strings, and kept Luisa and her aunt very close. Perhaps he would yet change his idea, for he was not very resolute. The old woman told me that he had invited them to take coffee with him the next day, a Sunday, and that another relation, a former shopkeeper, now very poor, and an assistant in some liquor store, would also come. When I found that the business was to be settled on Sunday, I was so furious that I could not recover my cold blood, and the following day I did nothing but reflect. I believe I could have devoured that German. On Sunday morning I had not come to any decision. As soon as the service was over I ran out, got into my great-coat, and went to the house of this German. I thought I should find them all there. Why I went to the German, and what I meant to say to him, I did not know myself.

"I slipped a pistol into my pocket to be ready for everything; a little pistol which was not worth a curse, with an old-fashioned lock—a thing I had used when I was a boy, and which was really fit for nothing. I loaded it, however, because I thought they would try to kick me out, and that the German would insult me, in which case I would pull out my pistol to frighten them all. I arrived. There was no one on the staircase; they were all in the work-room. No servant. The one girl who waited upon them was absent. I crossed the shop

and saw that the door was closed—an old door fastened from the inside. My heart beat; I stopped and listened. They were speaking German. I broke open the door with a kick. I looked round. The table was laid; there was a large coffee-pot on it, with a spirit lamp underneath, and a plate of biscuits. On a tray there was a small decanter of brandy, herrings, sausages, and a bottle of some wine. Luisa and her aunt, both in their Sunday best, were seated on a sofa. Opposite them, the German was exhibiting himself on a chair, got up like a bridegroom, and in his coat with the high collar, and with his hair carefully combed. On the other side, there was another German, old, fat, and gray. He was taking no part in the conversation. When I entered, Luisa turned very pale. The aunt sprang up with a bound and sat down again. The German became angry. What a rage he was in! He got up, and walking towards me, said:

“‘What do you want?’

“‘I should have lost my self-possession if anger had not supported me.

“‘What do I want? Is this the way to receive a guest? Why do you not offer him something to drink? I have come to pay you a visit.’

“‘The German reflected a moment, and then said, ‘Sit down.’

“‘I sat down.

“‘‘Here is some vodka. Help yourself, I beg.’

“‘‘And let it be good,’ I cried, getting more and more into a rage.

“‘‘It is good.’

“‘I was enraged to see him looking at me from top to toe. The most frightful part of it was, that Luisa was looking on. I took a drink and said to him:

“‘‘Look here, German, what business have you to speak rudely to me? Let us be better acquainted. I have come to see you as friends.’

“‘‘I cannot be your friend,’ he replied. ‘You are a private soldier.’

"Then I lost all self-command.

" 'Oh, you German! You sausage-seller! You know how much you are in my power. Look here; do you wish me to break your head with this pistol?'

"I drew out my pistol, got up, and struck him on the forehead. The women were more dead than alive; they were afraid to breathe. The eldest of the two men, quite white, was trembling like a leaf.

"The German seemed much astonished. But he soon recovered himself.

" 'I am not afraid of you,' he said, 'and I beg of you, as a well-bred man, to put an end to this pleasantry. I am not afraid of you!'

" 'You are afraid! You dare not move while this pistol is presented at you.'

" 'You dare not do such a thing!' he cried.

" 'And why should I not dare?'

" 'Because you would be severely punished.'

"May the devil take that idiot of a German! If he had not urged me on, he would have been alive now.

" 'So you think I dare not?'

" 'No.'

" 'I dare not, you think?'

" 'You would not dare!'

" 'Wouldn't I, sausage-maker?' I fired the pistol, and down he sank on his chair. The others uttered shrieks. I put back my pistol in my pocket, and when I returned to the fortress, threw it among some weeds near the principal entrance.

"Inside the barracks I laid on my bed, and said to myself, 'I shall be taken away soon.' One hour passed, then another, but I was not arrested.

"Towards evening I felt so sad, I went out at all hazards to see Luisa; I passed before the house of the clockmaker. There were a number of people there, including the police. I ran on to the old woman's and said: 'Call Luisa!'

"I had only a moment to wait. She came immediately, and threw herself on my neck in tears.

“‘It is my fault,’ she said. ‘I should not have listened to my aunt.’

“She then told me that her aunt, immediately after the scene, had gone back home. She was in such a fright that she fell and did not speak a word; she had uttered nothing. On the contrary, she ordered her niece to be as silent as herself.

“‘No one has seen her since,’ said Luisa.

“The clockmaker had previously sent his servant away, for he was afraid of her. She was jealous, and would have scratched his eyes out had she known that he wished to get married.

“There were no workmen in the house, he had sent them all away; he had himself prepared the coffee and collation. As for the relation, who had scarcely spoken a word all his life, he took his hat, and, without opening his mouth, went away.

“‘He is quite sure to be silent,’ added Luisa.

“So, indeed, he was. For two weeks no one arrested me nor suspected me the least in the world.

“You need not believe me unless you choose, Alexander Petrovitch.

“These two weeks were the happiest in my life. I saw Luisa every day. And how much she had become attached to me!

“She said to me through her tears: ‘If you are exiled, I will go with you. I will leave everything to follow you.’

“I thought of making away with myself, so much had she moved me; but after two weeks I was arrested. The old man and the aunt had agreed to denounce me.”

The horrors of the whippings scarcely need be described, and yet they were so much a part of convict life at that time that to pass them over without a word is impossible. Besides, it will be remembered that Dostoevski himself was one of the sufferers:

I have spoken here of punishments and of those who have administered them, because I got a very clear idea on the subject during my stay in the hospital. Until then I knew of them only by general report. In our room were confined all the prisoners from the battalion who were to receive the spitzruten [rods], as well as those from the military establishment in our town and in the district surrounding it.

During my first few days I looked at all that surrounded me with such greedy eyes that these strange manners, these men who had just been flogged or were about to be flogged, left upon me a terrible impression. I was agitated, frightened.

As I listened to the conversation or narratives of the other prisoners on this subject, I put to myself questions which I endeavored in vain to solve. I wished to know all the degrees of the sentences; the punishments, and their shades; and to learn the opinion of the convicts themselves. I tried to represent to myself the psychological condition of the men flogged.

It rarely happened, as I have already said, that the prisoner approached the fatal moment in cold blood, even if he had been beaten several times before. The condemned man experiences a fear which is very terrible, but purely physical—an unconscious fear which upsets his moral nature.

During my several years' stay in the convict prison I was able to study at leisure the prisoners who wished to leave the hospital, where they had remained some time to have their damaged backs cured before receiving the second half of their punishment. This interruption in the punishment is always called for by the doctor who assists at the execution.

If the number of strokes to be received is too great for them to be administered all at once, it is divided according to advice given by the doctor on the spot. It is for him to see if the prisoner is in a condition to undergo the whole of his punishment, or if his life is in danger.

Five hundred, one thousand, and even one thousand five hundred strokes with the stick are administered at once. But if it is two or three thousand the punishment is divided into two or three doses.

Those whose back had been cured after the first administration, and who are to undergo a second, were sad, somber and silent the day they went out, and the evening before. They were almost in a state of torpor. They engaged in no conversation, and remained perfectly silent.

It is worthy of remark that the prisoners avoid addressing those who are about to be punished, and, above all, never make any allusion to the subject, neither in consolation nor in superfluous words. No attention whatever is paid to them, which is certainly the best thing for the prisoner.

There are exceptions, however.

The convict Orloff was sorry that his back did not get more quickly cured, for he was anxious to get his leave-ticket in order that he might take the rest of his flogging, and then be assigned to a convoy of prisoners, when he meant to escape during the journey. He had a passionate, ardent nature, and with only that object in view.

A cunning rascal, he seemed pleased when he first came; but he was in a state of abnormal excitement, though he endeavored to conceal it. He had been afraid of being left on the ground, and dying before half of his punishment had been undergone. He had heard steps taken in his case, by the authorities, when he was still being tried, and he thought he could not survive the punishment. But when he had received his first dose he recovered his courage.

When he came to the hospital I had never seen such wounds as his; but he was in the best spirits. He now hoped to be able to live. The stories which had reached him were untrue, or the execution would not have been interrupted.

He now began to think of a long Siberian journey, possibly of escaping to liberty, fields, and forests.

Two days after he had left the hospital he came back to die—on the very couch which he had occupied during my stay there. . . .

All the prisoners without exception, even the most pusillanimous, even those who were beforehand tormented night and day, supported it courageously when it came. I scarcely ever heard groans during the night following the execution; our people, as a rule, knew how to endure pain.

I questioned my companions often in reference to this pain, that I might know to what kind of suffering it might be compared. It was no idle curiosity which urged me. I repeat that I was moved and frightened; but it was in vain, I could get no satisfactory reply.

“It burns like fire!” was the general answer; they all said the same thing.

First I tried to question M——tski. “It burns like fire! like hell! It seems as if one’s back were in a furnace.”

I made one day a strange observation, which may or may not have been well founded, although the opinion of the convicts themselves confirms my views; namely, that the rods are the most terrible punishment in use among us.

At first it seems absurd, impossible, yet five hundred strokes of the rods, four hundred even, are enough to kill a man. Beyond five hundred death is almost certain; the most robust man will be unable to support a thousand rods, whereas five hundred sticks are endured without much inconvenience, and without the least risk in the world of losing one’s life. A man of ordinary build supports a thousand sticks without danger; even two thousand sticks will not kill a man of ordinary strength and constitution. All the convicts declared that rods were worse than sticks or ramrods.

“Rods hurt more and torture more!” they said.

They must torture more than sticks, that is certain, that is evident; for they irritate much more forcibly the nervous system, which they excite beyond measure. I

do not know whether any person still exists, but such did a short time ago, to whom the whipping of a victim procured a delight which recalls the Marquis de Sade and the Marchioness Brinvilliers. I think this delight must consist in the sinking of the heart, and that these nobles must have experienced pain and delight at the same time.

There are people who, like tigers, are greedy for blood. Those who have possessed unlimited power over the flesh, blood, and soul of their fellow-creatures, of their brethren according to the law of Christ, those who have possessed this power and who have been able to degrade with a supreme degradation, another being made in the image of God; these men are incapable of resisting their desires and their thirst for sensations. Tyranny is a habit capable of being developed, and at last becomes a disease. I declare that the best man in the world can become hardened and brutified to such a point, that nothing will distinguish him from a wild beast. Blood and power intoxicate; they aid the development of callousness and debauchery; the mind then becomes capable of the most abnormal cruelty in the form of pleasure; the man and the citizen disappear for ever in the tyrant; and then a return to human dignity, repentance, moral resurrection, becomes almost impossible.

That the possibility of such license has a contagious effect on the whole of society there is no doubt. A society which looks upon such things with an indifferent eye, is already infected to the marrow. In a word, the right granted to a man to inflict corporal punishment on his fellow-men, is one of the plague-spots of our society. It is the means of annihilating all civic spirit. Such a right contains in germ the elements of inevitable, imminent decomposition.

Society despises an executioner by trade, but not a lordly executioner. Every manufacturer, every master of works, must feel an irritating pleasure when he reflects that the workman he has beneath his orders is dependent upon him with the whole of his family. A



generation does not, I am sure, extirpate so quickly what is hereditary in it. A man cannot renounce what is in his blood, what has been transmitted to him with his mother's milk; these revolutions are not accomplished so quickly. It is not enough to confess one's fault. That is very little! Very little indeed! It must be rooted out, and that is not done so quickly.

I have spoken of the executioners. The instincts of an executioner are in germ in nearly every one of our contemporaries; but the animal instincts of the man have not developed themselves in a uniform manner. When they stifle all other faculties, the man becomes a hideous monster.

There are two kinds of executioners, those who of their own will are executioners and those who are executioners by duty, by reason of office. He who, by his own will, is an executioner, is in all respects below the salaried executioner, whom, however, the people look upon with repugnance, and who inspires them with disgust, with instinctive mystical fear. Whence comes this almost superstitious horror for the latter, when one is only indifferent and indulgent to the former?

I know strange examples of honorable men, kind, esteemed by all their friends, who found it necessary that a culprit should be whipped until he would implore and beg for mercy; it seemed to them a natural thing, a thing recognized as indispensable. If the victim did not choose to cry out, his executioner, whom in other respects I should consider a good man, looked upon it as a personal offense; he meant, in the first instance, to inflict only a light punishment, but directly he failed to hear the habitual supplications, "Your nobility!" "Have mercy!" "Be a father to me!" "Let me thank God all my life!" he became furious, and ordered that fifty more blows should be administered, hoping thus, at last, to obtain the necessary cries and supplications; and at last they came.

"Impossible! he is too insolent," cried the man in question, very seriously.

As for the executioner by office, he is a convict who has been chosen for this function. He passes an apprenticeship with an old hand, and as soon as he knows his trade remains in the convict prison, where he lives by himself. He has a room, which he shares with no one. Sometimes, indeed, he has a separate establishment, but he is always under guard. A man is not a machine. Although he whips by virtue of his office, he sometimes becomes furious, and beats with a certain pleasure. Notwithstanding he has no hatred for his victim, a desire to show his skill in the art of whipping may sharpen his vanity. He works as an artist; he knows well that he is a reprobate, and that he excites everywhere superstitious dread. It is impossible that this should exercise no influence upon him, and not irritate his brutal instincts.

Even little children say that this man has neither father nor mother. Strange thing!

All the executioners I have known were intelligent men, possessing a certain degree of conceit. This conceit became developed in them through the contempt which they everywhere met with, and was strengthened, perhaps, by the consciousness of the fear with which they inspired their victims, and of the power over unfortunate wretches.

The theatrical paraphernalia surrounding them developed, perhaps, in them a certain arrogance. I had for some time an opportunity of meeting and observing at close quarters an ordinary executioner. He was a man about forty, muscular, dry, with an agreeable, intelligent face, surrounded by long curly hair. His manners were quiet and grave, his general demeanor becoming. He replied clearly and sensibly to all questions put to him, but with a sort of condescension as if he were in some way my superior. The officers of the guard spoke to him with a certain respect, which he fully appreciated, for which reason, in presence of his chiefs, he became polite, and more dignified than ever.

He never departed from the most refined politeness. I am sure that, when I was speaking to him, he felt incomparably superior to the man who was addressing him. I could read that in his countenance. Sometimes he was sent under escort, in summer, when it was very hot, to kill the dogs of the town with a long, very thin spear. These wandering dogs increased in numbers with such prodigious rapidity, and became so dangerous during the dog days, that, by the decision of the authorities, the executioner was ordered to destroy them. This degrading duty did not in any way humiliate him. It should have been seen with what gravity he walked through the streets of the town, accompanied by a soldier escorting him; how, with a single glance, he frightened the women and children; and how, from the height of his grandeur, he looked down upon the passers-by generally.

Executioners live at their ease. They have money to travel comfortably, and drink vodka. They derive most of their income from presents which the prisoners condemned to be flogged slip into their hands before the execution. When they have to do with convicts who are rich, they then fix a sum to be paid in proportion to the means of the victim. They will exact thirty roubles, sometimes more. The executioner has no right to spare his victim; and he does so at the risk of his own back. But for a suitable present he agrees not to strike too hard. People almost always give what he asks; should they in any case refuse, he would strike like a savage, and it is in his power to do so. He sometimes exacts a heavy sum from a man who is very poor. Then all the relations of the victim are put in movement. They bargain, try and beat him down, supplicate him; but it will not be well if they do not succeed in satisfying him. In such a case the superstitious fear inspired by the executioner stands them in good part. I had been told the most wonderful things—that at one blow the executioner can kill his man.

“Is this your experience?” I asked.

Perhaps so. Who knows? Their tone seemed to decide, if there could be any doubt about it. They also told me that he can strike a criminal in such a way that he will not feel the least pain, and without leaving a scar.

Even when the executioner receives a present not to whip too severely, he gives the first blow with all his strength. It is the custom! Then he administers the other blows with less severity, above all if he has been well paid.

I do not know why this is done. Is it to prepare the victim for the succeeding blows, which will appear less painful after the first cruel one; or do they want to frighten the criminal, so that he may know with whom he has to deal; or do they simply wish to display their vigor from vanity? In any case the executioner is slightly excited before the execution, and he is conscious of his strength and of his power. He is acting at the time; the public admires him, and is filled with terror. Accordingly, it is not without satisfaction that he cries out to his victim, "Look out! you are going to have it!"—customary and fatal words which precede the first blow.

It is difficult to imagine a human being degraded to such a point.



THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT ISAAC, PETROGRAD







